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Edited by

GEORGE HARVEY

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
SEPTEMBER, 1924

THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE

COOLIDGE OR CHAOS

BY THE EDITOR

ONCE upon a time an obviously apposite and somewhat searching question was propounded to the richest man in the world. It was this:

"To what do you ascribe the unequalled success of your endeavors?"

Mr. Rockefeller looked meditatively across the lawn for a moment and then replied quietly and gravely:

"We never deceived ourselves."

It was a simple answer, but he seemed to consider it sufficiently comprehensive and said no more.

The most apt deduction of the present time, we should say, would be that there is deeper philosophy in business than in politics.

How dearly do our men of mystery, now termed Boards of Strategy, cherish illusions! Witness the confident assertions now being made by the representatives of the three candidates for President respecting the determination of approximately thirty millions of voters who will go to the polls two full months hence. Mr. Coolidge is to "sweep the country"; Mr. Davis is to "win in a walk"; even Mr. La Follette's prospective poll has increased from five millions to fifteen millions in a fortnight.

All this conforms strictly to political tradition. To strengthen the weak-hearted, to stiffen weak knees, to point the way to the

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wagon bearing the band—such are the purposes of the skillful directors, who hope thereby to sway the feeble-minded. It is an amusing and not wholly absurd custom. No serious harm can ensue unless—but mark you this—unless we "deceive ourselves". Therein lies peril. To underrate an adversary is no less foolish in politics than in war.

The simple truth is that never before in our history have there been fewer sound bases, either in popular psychology or in trustworthy information, upon which to rest an intelligent forecast of the result of the coming election.

A useful purpose, nevertheless, may be served, for reasons which shall be made manifest, by dispassionate examination of the situation as it exists today.

What would be the result if the election were to take place next week? To our mind the answer is plain. Neither Mr. Davis nor Mr. La Follette could be expected to win. Assuming that Mr. Davis's minimum of 139 electoral votes from the South were increased by 8 from West Virginia, 3 from Delaware, 8 from Maryland, 18 from Missouri, 8 from Nebraska, 3 from Nevada, 10 from Oklahoma, 15 from Indiana, 24 from Ohio and 13 from California—an incredible supposition—he would still lack a majority.

Mr. La Follette, whose highest hope is to reach second place, admittedly would have no chance of attaining to first.

The only question is, Could Mr. Coolidge obtain a clear majority over the two combined? Let us see. Conceding to him, as one might do safely at the present time, New England, the Middle States, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Utah and Oregon, he would secure 218 electoral votes. He would require, for a majority, 48 additional from the following aggregation of States:

Wisconsin	13	Montana	4
Minnesota	12	Wyoming	3
Iowa	13	Colorado	6
Missouri	18	New Mexico	3
North Dakota	5	Idaho	4
South Dakota	5	Arizona	3
Nebraska	8	Washington	7
Kansas	10	California	13
Oklahoma	10		

Could Mr. Coolidge, *next week*, obtain 48 votes from this group of States? We doubt it.

In any case, whether our misgiving be correct or not, one fact stands forth as clear as the noonday sun. This campaign has resolved into a contest, not between the Republican party and the Democratic party, not between Coolidge and Davis, but between Coolidge and No Election.

That is the sole practical issue. A vote for Coolidge would be a vote for a President to be elected by the people. A vote for either Davis or La Follette would be (1) a vote for a President to be selected by a House of Representatives chosen two years ago; or (2) for a President to be designated first as Vice President by a Senate, of whose members thirty-two were elected six years ago; or (3) by a Secretary of State, for whom not a single vote for President would have been cast. Which of these three would actually be installed in the White House, in the event of no election, is a problem, which finds no solution in precedent and none that is clear in the Constitution and statutes.

The method of procedure, in the event of no candidate receiving a clear majority of electoral votes, is provided by the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution, which reads as follows:

The electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for President and Vice President, one of whom at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice President; and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice President, and of the number of votes for each, which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit, sealed, to the seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate; the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted; the person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President, whenever the right of

choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice President shall be the Vice President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the Vice President; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of the Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice President of the United States.

Two instances of no choice by electors are recorded. The first was in 1800, three years before the Twelfth Amendment was adopted, and the second was in 1824. In each case the House of Representatives finally chose a President by a majority vote. Neither, therefore, affords a precedent for the prospective situation, which involves a virtual certainty that no one of the three candidates could obtain a clear majority of votes by States in the present House of Representatives, which would be called upon to make a choice.

Each State, as provided by the Twelfth Amendment quoted, would have one vote, and twenty-five would be requisite to a choice of one of the three candidates who had received the largest number of votes by electors.

The ballots in the House of Representatives as now constituted, making no allowance for possible deaths or resignations of members, would be as follows:

FOR MR. COOLIDGE

California	Minnesota
Colorado	North Dakota
Connecticut	Ohio
Idaho	Oregon
Illinois	Pennsylvania
Indiana	Rhode Island
Iowa	South Dakota
Kansas	Utah
Maine	Vermont
Massachusetts	Washington
Michigan	Wyoming

FOR MR. DAVIS

Alabama	Nevada
Arizona	New Mexico
Arkansas	New York
Delaware	North Carolina
Florida	Oklahoma
Georgia	South Carolina
Kentucky	Tennessee
Louisiana	Texas
Mississippi	Virginia
Missouri	West Virginia

FOR MR. LA FOLLETTE

Wisconsin

EQUALLY DIVIDED

Maryland	New Hampshire
Montana	New Jersey

Nebraska

Totals: Coolidge, 22; Davis, 20; La Follette, 1; not counting, under the precedents established in 1800 and 1824, 5.

Mr. Coolidge would lack three of a majority, Mr. Davis five and Mr. La Follette twenty-four. The suggestion of a transfer, by the Farm *bloc*, of Wisconsin and four additional States from Mr. Coolidge to Mr. Davis, thus giving the latter the requisite twenty-five, may be disregarded. If the Democratic party had nominated a Radical for President, such transference would have been within the range of conjecture, but the fact that Mr. Davis, whom Mr. La Follette and his followers depict as "the Wall Street candidate," is vastly more offensive in their eyes than Mr. Coolidge, definitely eliminates the possibility. Nor is it conceivable that the Democrats would join with the recalcitrant Republicans in voting for Mr. La Follette.

Clearly, there could be no election of a President by the House of Representatives.

Simultaneously,—that is to say, on February 11 next, as provided by the Statutes,—while the House of Representatives would be balloting in vain for a President, the Senate would be

engaged in electing or trying to elect a Vice President. Under the Twelfth Amendment quoted, their selection, assuming Mr. Wheeler to have polled the fewest votes, would be restricted to a choice between Mr. Dawes and Mr. Bryan, and the votes would be cast, not by States, as in the House for President, but by individual Senators.

Forty-nine are required for an election.

The Senate now comprises nominally 51 Republicans, 43 Democrats and 2 Farmer-Labor members. Assuming further, as must be assumed, that the two Farmer-Labor members, Senators Shipstead and Magnus Johnson, would not vote for Mr. Dawes, a loss of three nominal Republicans would prevent his election. Of these Senator Norris might be one, but in any case Senators La Follette, Brookhart, Frazier and Ladd could not be expected to vote for Mr. Dawes for Vice President, likely to become President.

A combination of six out of the seven—Senators La Follette, Brookhart, Frazier, Ladd, Norris, Shipstead and Magnus Johnson —would control the situation.

They could (1) furnish the six additional votes required by the Democrats for the election of Mr. Bryan, or, (2) by absenting themselves, they could prevent the election of either Mr. Dawes or Mr. Bryan, the only eligible persons.

The probability is that they would accept the first alternative and elect Mr. Bryan, who is not only akin to themselves in populistic and pacifistic doctrines but is committed irrevocably to all of the variegated notions conceived and espoused, during the past thirty years, by his more versatile elder brother, who unquestionably would continue to act as his guide and counsellor. That Senator La Follette would be able to obtain whatever pledges he might see fit to exact from the two brothers may be taken for granted.

Presumptively, then, Mr. Bryan, at noon on March 4, 1925, would become President of the United States for a period of four years.

Not only presumptively, but probably; although at this stage there enters a question of interpretation of fundamental law.

The Constitution (Article II, section 6) provides specifically

that only "in case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of said office", shall "the same devolve on the Vice President".

Strictly and perhaps legally speaking, none of the conditions, thus depicted and restricted, would exist in the circumstances anticipated. The President would not have been removed from office, he would not have died nor resigned, nor would he have shown "inability to discharge the powers and duties of his office."

There would be no President. On the stroke of twelve, meridian, on March 4, 1925, the term of the present incumbent would have expired and Mr. Coolidge would have become a private citizen. There would be a vacancy. And not only is no provision for filling a vacancy made by either the Constitution or the statutes; but there is no authorization in the Constitution for the Congress to make such provision.

The Congress (Article II, section 6) may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation or inability both of the President and Vice President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected.

That is all. A vacancy is not contemplated, and the powers of the Congress are restricted accordingly to the exigencies specified.

This limitation is recognized and observed in the Succession Act, approved January 19, 1886, which in identical language provides that "in case of removal, death, resignation, or inability of both the President and Vice President of the United States, the Secretary of State"—then the Secretary of the Treasury, et al.,—"shall act as President until the disability of the President or Vice President be removed, or a President shall be elected".

Here again provision for filling a vacancy is noticeable by its absence, for the obvious reason doubtless that the Forty-ninth Congress realized that it lacked authorization to make one. The same question arises, therefore, as to the legality of the succession of the Secretary of State as that which pertains to the eligibility of the Vice President.

There is, however, one highly important difference between

the two officials as possible Presidents by succession. If the eligibility of the Vice President should be established and recognized, Mr. Bryan would be installed in the White House for a full term of four years. The accession of the Secretary of State, on the contrary, would be subject to the following proviso contained in the Act of 1886:

> Provided, That, whenever the powers and duties of the office of President of the United States shall devolve upon any of the persons (Secretary of State, et al.) named herein, if Congress be not then in session, or if it would not meet in accordance with law within twenty days thereafter, it shall be the duty of the person upon whom said powers and duties shall devolve to issue a proclamation convening Congress in extraordinary session, giving twenty days' notice of the time of meeting.

The implication of this proviso conveys the unmistakable intent of the statute that the Secretary of State should act as President *ad interim*, only, in the words of the statute, "until a President shall be elected," at a time and in a manner to be prescribed by the Congress, which he is charged to "convene in extraordinary session," presumably for that purpose.

The final determination of these legal points would lie unquestionably in the Supreme Court, but how the questions involved could be submitted to, and adjudicated by, that august body while the House of Representatives and the Senate still possessed authority to elect respectively a President and a Vice President, i.e., prior to noon of March 4, is a puzzle in court procedure, from which a layman, to say nothing of a lawyer, retreats in dismay.

The political situation would be less complex. We have set forth certain very practical reasons for the surmise that Senator La Follette and his associates would coöperate with the Democrats in electing Mr. Bryan Vice President. There is another that would appear to them as hardly less cogent. They are aware, of course, that no tenure of office is fixed for a Secretary of State and that consequently Mr. Hughes would continue to hold his present position, irrespective of the expiration of the term of President Coolidge, and, in the event of no election of either President or Vice President, might, and probably would, assume the duties of the Chief Magistracy, from which, even

though serving only *ad interim*, he would exercise a large measure of control over subsequent proceedings.

Inasmuch as Mr. Hughes is also a Wall Street lawyer, between office-holdings, and quite as offensive in Mr. La Follette's eyes as Mr. Davis himself, it is hardly conceivable that the Radicals would hazard a possibility of his elevation to the Presidency for so much as a day.

Wherefore we are convinced that, in the event of no election, Governor Bryan would be chosen Vice President before March 4; that his title to the vacant Presidency, if challenged at all, would be confirmed, through broad construction of the fundamental law, upon the ground that the Constitution, like Nature, abhors a vacuum and never contemplated an empty chair at the head of the Government; and that on March 4, Vice President Bryan would be duly inaugurated President of the United States for a term of four years.

Even though, in the end, the outcome should be that anticipated, there could not fail to be, in the meantime, immeasurable confusion and utter chaos, with all attendant evils, the very recital of which would be little short of terrifying, spelling, in the grave words of Senator Borah, "as tragic a situation as, outside of actual war, could arise in a republic".

We conclude as we began:

Neither Davis nor La Follette can, at any time, win a majority of votes in the Electoral College.

It is doubtful if Coolidge could obtain a clear majority now or next week.

Looking to November then, the Paramount Issue is:

COOLIDGE OR CHAOS.

And Chaos spells Calamity.

A CORRECTION

THE following communication was addressed by George Harvey to the Hon. George W. Wickersham, formerly Attorney General of the United States, on December 28, 1923:

I am somewhat mystified by a statement, in your interesting article in the current number of *Foreign Affairs*, to the effect that, in my speech in London on October 23, I declared that "the national American foreign policy is to have no foreign policy".

You naturally take exception to such an assertion and cite the "Monroe policy" as "the most notable" of "certain well-defined principles which have governed our international relations" and, in confirmation of your point, you refer to Secretary Hughes as having recently restated the Monroe policy as "a distinctively American policy."

"Evidently," you add, with perfect logic, tinctured with gentle irony, "our recent Ambassador to Great Britain is not in accord, on this point at least, with the opinion of the Secretary of State."

Undeniably this would be the fact if your premise were correct. It does not happen to be. What I really said was this:

"It is not unusual, especially in democracies, for a political Opposition to chide an existing Government for having 'no foreign policy'. The accusation is made frequently in my country of whatever Administration happens to be in power. But it has no basis in fact. The United States has a National policy with respect to foreign relations—a distinct and clearly defined policy, from which there has been no deviation in a century of time. . . .

"It is not, technically and precisely speaking, a National policy. It is an American principle. We are accustomed to refer to it as a doctrine—the Monroe Doctrine; it is really a dictum, the only dictum ever declared by a President of the United States, without legislative sanction, which possesses the full authority of fundamental and international law. . . .

"The Monroe Doctrine is no less sacred in our eyes now, when we are rich and powerful, than when we were poor and weak. It continues to be, in all its phases, the cornerstone of our National policy, and must be recognized and accepted as such in all international transactions."

These were my exact words, as they appear in the original manuscript, which lies before me, and as they were published in the London newspapers, copies of which I should be happy to send to you if you should care to examine them.

You will readily perceive that they comprehend the exact opposite of the phrase which you quote, namely, that "the American foreign policy is to have

no foreign policy", and conform precisely with "the opinion of the Secretary of State".

Although the report upon which you based your misquotation seems not to have been carried by the Associated Press, I do not doubt for a moment, of course, that you regarded your information as authentic. Experience has taught me that hasty transmission by cable is responsible for many erroneous reports, but a complete reversal such as this account conveys is so rare that I should really like to know where it appeared. Nevertheless I do not consider the matter of sufficient importance to ask you to bother about it especially. The thought simply occurred to me, upon chancing upon the reference in *Foreign Affairs*, that you might like to avoid possible reiteration of an inadvertent misrepresentation.

In any case, any slight annoyance which I might, perhaps naturally, have felt is more than counterbalanced by the amusement which I derived from your kindly reminder, that "another American national policy, based upon Washington's farewell advice, has been to avoid 'entangling alliances' " and that "surely, Mr. Harvey can hardly have forgotten the changes rung upon this policy by him and those with whom he was associated in the conduct of the campaign against membership in the League of Nations."

Upon this point I can give you full assurance. Indeed, speaking with perfect candor, there have been times when I suspected that my recollection of the excellent admonition referred to was even more distinct and vivid than your own. But that is beside the mark.

Mr. Wickersham responded promptly, under the dates, December 31, 1923, and January 4, 1924, as follows:

I am much distressed to think that I should have misrepresented in my article in *Foreign Affairs* what you said in your London speech on October 23. I am not sure just what newspaper I had before me when I wrote. My impression is that it was *The New York Times*, a paper upon which I generally rely for accurate reports of speeches and communications of public men. The statement as I read it was just what I quoted and gave me a pointer for the article I then was thinking of.

Had what you quote from the manuscript you used been published, I never should have thought of using it in connection with the theme of my article. The next time I am where I can lay my hands on a file of newspapers I will endeavor to find the report from which I quoted.

Meantime I can only express my very great regret at having used an inaccurate report in commenting on your utterances. I will prepare a brief note and ask the Editors of *Foreign Affairs* to insert it in their next issue, so as to relieve you from the continued imputation of making the statement as quoted. Thank you for writing me.

Referring again to your letter of the 28th ultimo, I have now found the edition of *The New York Times* to which I referred in writing my article in

Foreign Affairs. In its issue of October 24, 1923, the account of your London speech is given on pages 1 and 3. It does not quote your entire speech, as you will see, if you look at it. It makes quotations of various parts, and then occurs the paragraph to which I referred, which reads as follows:

"The Ambassador then said that the national American policy was to have no foreign policy. He discussed the Monroe Doctrine, which he incidentally declared was of American origin exclusively and absolutely and continues to this day a purely American principle," etc.

It is rather odd that the correspondent in transmitting it should have failed to quote just what you said, as you give it in your letter of the 28th ultimo, and attempted to summarize it so inaccurately, but you will readily understand from this how I read the communication.

Foreign Affairs is a Quarterly Review published by Council on Foreign Relations, Inc., of which the Hon. John W. Davis is President. Its Editor is Professor Archibald Cary Coolidge of Harvard, and its Editorial Advisory Board comprises Messrs. Tasker H. Bliss, John W. Davis, Harry A. Garfield, Edwin F. Gay and George W. Wickersham.

The first number of *Foreign Affairs* to appear following the above correspondence was published in March, 1924, and a second number was published in June, five months after the receipt of Mr. Wickersham's two letters. Neither contained any reference to the matter.

In view, therefore, of Mr. Wickersham's inability to persuade his associates to insert his brief note in correction of the misquotation, for whose publication they were responsible, conformably to the established custom of reputable public journals, the only course left to the one most concerned seems to lie in printing in this REVIEW the above letters and the portion of his speech bearing upon the subject mentioned, to wit:

THE AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

It is not unusual, especially, in democracies, for a political Opposition to chide an existing Government for having "no foreign policy". The accusation is made frequently in my country of whatever Administration happens to be in power. But it has no basis in fact. The United States has a National policy with respect to foreign relations,—a distinct and clearly defined policy, from which there has been no deviation in a century of

time. Indeed, as a circumstance not devoid of current interest, it was promulgated just one hundred years ago, come the second of December, when the event will be duly celebrated throughout the length and breadth of our land.

It is not, technically and precisely speaking, a National policy. It is an American principle. We are accustomed to refer to it as a doctrine,—the Monroe Doctrine; it is really a dictum, the only dictum ever declared by a President of the United States, without legislative sanction, which possesses the full authority of fundamental and international law. The Constitution is the chart and the Dictum is the compass of our Declaration of Independence. The three comprise a matchless whole in the development of modern civilization resembling the trilogies of antiquity. Each is unique, yet perfectly adapted to its respective purpose and closely related to the others. First appears recognition by the Declaration of inherent rights, then regulation by the Constitution of liberties attained and, finally, segregation by the Dictum of a hemisphere,—all essential to the preservation of political freedom throughout the New World.

The mere survival of these bold and original tenets of government, without material change, for so long a period of time affords sufficient evidence of the wisdom of the early statesmen of America. But that is not all. When we consider further the development of a few scattered colonies comprising barely three million souls into the mighty Republic of today, with more than a hundred millions sheltered by its flag, the outcome can be regarded as hardly less than one of the marvels of the world.

With the Declaration of Independence is associated the name of Thomas Jefferson; with the Constitution, that of James Madison; but both were composite documents, enriched and fortified by scores of minds working unjealously in unison to a common end.

So, too, with the great Dictum. It bears the name of James Monroe, as indeed it should, since its definite promulgation fell to his lot and rightfully yielded signal fame. But the records indicate plainly that he did not regard the pronouncement as his own when he made it. He spoke his own belief, truly, but also the beliefs of others and only after earnest consultation with his Cabinet.

"Indeed," writes one competent historical authority, "if it had been his own decree or ukase, it would have been resented at home quite as vigorously as it would have been opposed abroad."

One misapprehension, however, should be dispelled. That is the impression conveyed by careless recorders of history that the principle is of European origin. Such is not the fact.

The Monroe Doctrine is of American origin exclusively and absolutely and continues to this day a purely American principle.

It has also become as distinctly a part of our fundamental law as if it had been written into the Constitution. Although lacking specific legislative sanction, the Congress has invariably taken its validity for granted and on more than one occasion has constructively reaffirmed it. Never, in point of fact, has a resolution or a measure bearing upon the Doctrine been even introduced in Congress except in support of it; never has there been one opposed to or questioning it. Every President, moreover, who has referred to it at all has reasserted it with steadily increasing emphasis.

It is sometimes urged that even though thus ingrained by usage in our fundamental law, it has never received formal acceptance by European Powers, and therefore cannot be regarded as holding international recognition. To which, the answer is that international law, like the English common law, is no more than precedent sanctioned by usage, "little more," in the words of Lord Chief Justice Russell, "than crystallized public opinion."

Applying the accepted test, we find that the principles underlying the Dictum are as old as our Government itself; that each of the Latin-American Republics has at some time adhered to it; that no European or Asiatic Power has ever formally protested it but rather, by acquiescence, has tacitly assented to it; and that, therefore, at this closing of a full century of its existence in enhanced strength and vigor, the United States is fully warranted in considering and upholding the Monroe Doctrine as a part of the modern international code of the civilized world.

And what precisely is this dictum of the United States, this unique possession of the Western Hemisphere? Its original scope and meaning may be stated simply in three parts:

1. No more European colonies on the American continents; no interference with those already established, but no territorial expansion thereof.

2. No incorporation or extension of European political systems on the Western hemisphere.

3. No interposition by Europe in the political affairs of the American Republics; no participation by the United States in the political broils of Europe.

This is the living part of the Monroe Doctrine which confronts us today. It comprises two distinct pledges, of which each is the essential corollary of the other,—a fact which in logic and in morals constitutes the basis of the structure. In theory, as at the beginning, the one precept perfectly balances the other. But in practice we now observe for the first time a complete reversal of respective attitudes. A century ago and for long thereafter probable encroachment by Europe was a menace to America; the United States, with a total population of barely ten millions, boldly forbade it. Today the probability of interference has ceased to be even a possibility, in the face of an invincible hundred millions. Then, the only question considered by a European Power in contemplation of aggression in America was one of prospective profit and loss, rather than of success or failure. Now, the mere thought of such an undertaking would never enter the most adventurous of minds. Prescient, indeed, was the inspired Milton when, turning his sightless eyes to the West, he murmured:

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam."

To perceive in this remarkable vision our own Republic of today, is to indulge in no idle boast; it is merely to recognize what all the world knows to be the simple truth.

Reverse the picture. When our sagacious elder statesmen pledged, in return for their demand for "no interposition by Europe" in American politics, "no participation by the United States in the political broils of Europe," the great Powers on this side of the ocean could but smile indulgently at their pre-

sumptuous tender of payment in kind so trifling as to be negligible. Of what value to them was such an offering? What had they to fear from a few ill-knit colonies thousands of miles away? What harm or what help could ever spring from a land so distant and so desolate?

What ill or good, indeed, then! But now! How marvelous is the transformation wrought by a short century of time! We have not changed. We keep our promises. We would not impose our will upon Europe or upon any part of Europe. And we shall not now or ever hereafter "participate in the political broils of Europe." Let that be understood.

The Monroe Doctrine is no less sacred in our eyes now when we are rich and powerful than when we were poor and weak. It continues to be, in all its phases, the cornerstone of our National policy, and must be recognized and accepted as such in all international transactions.

Does this involve or imply selfish aloofness from the trials and tribulations of the world, or unwillingness to help our friends? Not at all. Your own philosopher-poet expressed to perfection the American aspiration when he wrote, with that touch of genius which only Kipling now retains:

"Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need."

More prosaically, but with no less sententious accuracy, our Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, only the other day epitomized the same idea in even fewer words:

"Not isolation, but independence, is the cardinal principle of the Republic."

One further declaration I would add to complete the thought and emphasize the purpose. It is by President Coolidge. These are his words:

"The constant need of civilization is for a practical idealism which does not attempt to perform the impossible, which does not seek to reform merely by an act of legislation, thinking that it can unload its burden on the Government and be relieved from further effort; which does not undertake to assume responsibility for all humanity, but realizes that redemption comes only through

sacrifice. It is this kind of practical idealism that is represented in the history of our country, a deep faith in spiritual things, tempered by a hard common sense adapted to the needs of this world. It has been illustrated in the character of the men who planted colonies in the wilderness and raised up States around the church and the schoolhouse; who bought their independence with their blood and cast out slavery by the sacrifice of their bravest sons; who offered their lives to give more freedom to oppressed peoples; and who went to the rescue of Europe with their treasure and their men when their own liberty and the liberty of the world was in peril, but when the victory was secure, retired from the field unencumbered by spoils, independent, unattached and unbought. Such has been the moral purpose that has marked the conduct of our country up to the present hour. The American People have never adopted and are not likely to adopt any other course."

Combine these three utterances, as set forth, the theory by Kipling, the principle by Hughes and the application by Coolidge, and you have the Monroe Doctrine, the American principle, unchanged and unchangeable by any President, any Congress, or any Court, for the simple reason that it is implanted in the will of the American people, who alone in the United States possess sovereign powers.

LAW AND THE CHANGING ORDER

BY MARVIN B. ROSENBERRY

Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin

MANY persons are profoundly disturbed by the development which our law has undergone during the period since the Civil War. It is practically impossible for any citizen, unless he be a lawyer, to find the law, and even a lawyer is quite likely to go astray in any field except the one in which he specializes. Not only have legislative enactments been multiplied beyond all precedent, but numerous regulatory bodies have been created with vast powers—partly administrative, partly executive, and at least quasi-judicial. The law has many sources. The lines which separate one field of law and governmental activities from another are dim and wavering. Individual liberty, including the right of free contract, has been greatly limited and circumscribed. Many changes have taken place in the legal order, the significance of which is little understood by those who have not made a special study of the subject. On the one hand there are those who would preserve our law as it existed fifty years ago without change; and on the other hand, there are those who would greatly impair, if not completely destroy, our constitutional system.

Let us consider some of the reasons for these changes. As a basis of discussion and for the purpose of illustration, let us contrast very briefly a cross-section of American life as it was developed a hundred years ago in the Middle West, with a cross-section of the life of the same section of today. It is only within the last decade that we have passed from a nation predominantly rural to one predominantly urban. If we examine an average home of a hundred years ago, we shall find that all of the simpler processes of manufacture were carried on within that home. Baking, canning, preserving, weaving, spinning, dressmaking, making of ordinary clothing, and many other simple manufacturing processes were done within its four walls. Upon the farm were produced

all the principal articles of food and it supplied most of the raw materials used in manufacturing. The slaughtering of animals, the preservation of meats, the making of tools of the simpler sort, were understood and practiced upon every farm. The family was an economic as well as a social unit. Every member of the family had a distinct responsibility for its success, for upon that depended the supply of food, clothing and comforts of life for each member. This made for family solidarity, for a unity of family interest, for the upbuilding and maintenance of strong family ties. The home was the center of instruction. The family altar was a reality, not a myth. People lived out of doors more than in the house, and dealt constantly with the irresistible forces of nature. Each family was surrounded by other units whose interests were of the same sort. Between these units there existed a community of interest which rested upon a common experience, common desires and common ambitions. The family was but little dependent upon the adjacent village, though there were to be found the grist mill, the blacksmith shop, the wagon shop, the shoemaker's shop, the tannery and the woolen mill. These institutions, together with the local store through which came the silks, spices and other luxuries and semi-luxuries from the outside world, supplied all the needs of the community, and upon that simple basis society had been organized for hundreds of years. Dynasties might rise and fall, governments might come and go, but life flowed on in a steady, almost unvarying stream. Traditions, both family and national, were strong. The sense of personal rights and political responsibility were keen, sharpened as they were by the action and reaction of the frontier. There were great families who occupied in some respects at least the position of feudal lords, but they were few and far between and their aims, sympathies, purposes and ambitions conformed very largely to those of the entire group. It was for a society such as this that our Federal Constitution and earlier State Constitutions were framed.

Let us observe what has happened to this social structure in the last hundred years with the introduction of improvements in transportation and the coming of the so-called industrial age. One after another the simple manufacturing processes have been

taken out of the home and out of the small community, and concentrated in large units, mainly in great centres of population. Even the farmer of today depends for his flour upon the great milling centres of the country. Shoes are made not by the village shoemaker, but in specialized manufacturing plants where forty or fifty or even a hundred people may work upon a single pair of shoes. Canning, preserving and baking have been taken from the home and are in the hands of large operators with hundreds and often thousands of employes. Not only have spinning and weaving long since left the home for the factory, but nearly every thing we use is made ready to wear or serve, involving a still greater extension of the factory system. The village blacksmith shop and wagon shop have become the automobile industry, upon which the country spends annually a sum equal to the national debt at the close of the Civil War. The local store still struggles for existence in competition with chain stores and the catalogue houses. The ancient stage coach has given way to the modern railway train. Great organizations of employes have sprung up able to enforce their demands. The pressure for standardization and mass production is so great that Mr. Arthur Pound finds it difficult to say who is master—man or machine.

This change in our national life has come upon us with overpowering swiftness. Some indication of the rate of change is indicated by the fact that more iron and steel have been produced and used since 1900 than in all the previous history of the world. In the Middle West it has come with perhaps the greatest speed. We have passed within the span of a single life from a frontier agricultural community to a complex industrial society. The dominant note of the life of our day is struck not upon the farm, but in the city.

Let us examine a little more minutely what has happened to the family unit with the taking of all of these processes out of the home and rural community and into the factories. First of all, we must note that with the processes there have gone the members of the family who formerly did the work in the home, to do that work in the factory to which it has been transferred. As a consequence, the home no longer functions as it did a hundred years ago. One member of the family goes to work in one field of effort

and another in a different field. There is therefore much less family solidarity. Diversity of occupation makes for diversity of interest. Family ties and restraints are much weakened. The shift from the home to the factory has resulted in the creation of a new set of human problems. These relate to education, social welfare in all its manifold aspects, the creation of character building agencies to supplement the home, the promotion of public health, and like matters.

With the increase of population and the increasing use of machinery, there has developed a change in the nature of our problems. Consider a single illustration. Under the conditions of a hundred years ago, the earnings of the family were received and distributed by the head of the family. While the earnings were the product of their joint effort, the family was so far a unit that its earnings belonged legally to and were in fact actually received and distributed by its head. If others not members were employed, all obligation to them was discharged when they left and their wage was paid. Those who were permanently members of the family expected ultimately to share the accumulations of the group through inheritance or by devise. The home is no longer, except in a very limited sense, a producing unit. It has become instead a disbursing unit. The processes of production are carried on elsewhere. The earnings of the individual members of the family are brought to the home and they are there disbursed. Consequently the division of the proceeds of productive effort no longer rests with the head of the family, but with the management of the corporations which carry on the productive enterprises in which the members of the family are engaged. The struggle for a just distribution of these funds has created the wage question, which in its larger aspects is often denominated the struggle between labor and capital. This change or shift has created an entirely new set of relationships as to which there was no standard or tradition, and the consequent necessity for regulatory legislation of many kinds and sorts. The new relationships are in many particulars analogous to the old, but they are not the same. Under the old system, when a member of the family was injured, the duty of caring for him devolved upon the family and it was done at the expense of the family. At

first the factory system made no provision for accidents to one of its family, so to speak. Consequently, within recent years, workmen's compensation laws have been enacted in most of the States to meet the situation. In the same way laws relating to payment of wages, establishing minimum wages, fixing hours of labor, prescribing working conditions, have been enacted in an effort to adapt ourselves to a life organized upon an industrial basis.

In view of the fact that we have to a considerable degree lost one social and racial tradition and have not as yet had an experience sufficiently long to gain another, it is not strange that there is in the public mind much confusion, that there is much misdirected effort, and in many instances, a total failure to visualize the situation as it in fact exists. Races and peoples have a strong tendency to carry forward the standards and traditions of the past. An example is the shaking of hands to bind a bargain, which has probably never had, certainly not for some hundreds of years, any legal significance, and yet every one of us would feel that a bargain upon which the parties had struck hands had a stronger sanction than it would otherwise have. So our people as a whole have a strong tendency to think in terms of the past rather than the present. While many of the leaders of political and social thought have quite clearly recognized the fundamental character of the trend of our time, it is only dimly apprehended by the great mass of our people. It may be said without disparagement that some of those whose apprehensions are quite dim, occasionally find their way into legislative bodies and into public offices. There they endeavor to force a complex industrial society into the legal and social traditions applicable to a rural agricultural society. To be wholly frank, it must also be said that many industrial managers have not yet realized the change in relationship and still regard their business as having no other than a private significance.

In an effort to readjust society to these fundamental changes, there has been the greatest outpouring of statutory law the world has ever seen. Statute is piled upon statute, administrative agency upon administrative agency, and to the great body of statutory law has been added a mass of administrative orders, with the force of law, until in the general confusion we have almost

lost our place. The enactment of these various laws and the making of these various orders have given the world the most remarkable exhibition of the trial and error method ever seen. As a people, we are quick, inclined to be impatient, and somewhat superficial. We are not willing to wait for results and are restive under restraints, even though they have been set up by ourselves for our own protection. The crucial period in this process of readjustment will come no doubt within the next fifty years. No one can now regard the adjustment as nearing completion, nor can we be certain that the fundamental principles upon which it is to be finally worked out are as yet clearly marked out.

It cannot be truthfully said that all lawyers or even all judges have perceived the fundamental nature of our problems and guided themselves accordingly. The social trend of our time is fundamental rather than superficial. We are, so to speak, turning a corner in social development. We are in the process of passing from one great tradition into another. We are endeavoring to adjust the political and social concepts of an age predominantly rural and agricultural to one which is predominantly industrial and commercial. Human relationships have been vitally altered in many ways. If industrial society is to continue on its present basis, those who have gone out of the home into the factory must there have the safeguards, the guidance and the fair share of the proceeds of industry which they formerly enjoyed as members of a small economic unit, because no form of society can long exist which does not do substantial justice to its members.

We cannot crowd the present industrial order into the legal molds which gave the rural agricultural order its permanence and stability. They are two different things. The process of adjustment, however, must follow some legal principle. Before the process is completed, we must make a final choice as to the fundamental underlying principles upon which the new order is to be based, and we are today as a people engaged in doing that very thing. The choice will not be made at one time. It will be partly a matter of judgment, partly a matter of development and growth. The ultimate choice lies between our constitutional system which upholds the right of private property even under an industrial order, and a more or less speculative untried system,

which in one form or another lodges complete control over our liberties and our property in the state. It makes no difference by what name you call this second concept—names are immaterial. Nor does it matter how respectable a disguise it wears. Under our Constitution and the old order, we had attained to the highest degree of personal liberty and personal rights that has ever been enjoyed for any considerable time by any people within the historic period. We had escaped from the bondage of feudalism, from the tyranny of kings and parliaments, and safeguarded ourselves against the whims and oppressions of majorities. In face of the fact that with the coming of the industrial order, society has tended again to rearrange itself in classes, with those having the greatest financial power at the top and those having less financial power at the bottom, in a general way typifying the old feudalistic order from which we struggled so hard to release ourselves, there has again sprung up a demand for a release from constitutional restraints, and a return to parliamentary supremacy. It is calmly proposed to depart from a government of laws to a government of men.

One of the anomalous things is that although the Revolution of 1776 was as much a revolt against the tyranny of parliaments as against the tyranny of a king, it is now proposed to lodge in Congress, which is a parliament, the supreme power to do the very things which the Constitution was set up to prevent Congress from doing. The Revolutionary War was brought on as much by the Stamp Act, the Search and Seizures Act, and the Taxation Acts passed by Parliament, as by the Orders in Council made by the King and his ministers. While the Declaration of Independence was addressed to the King and Parliament was not specifically mentioned, Parliament was equally, if not more responsible than he, for the conditions which drove the colonists to action. It is now solemnly proposed that we return to the system, our escape from which we have supposed for one hundred fifty years to be our greatest blessing.

Whence comes the demand for this change of system? It is not too much to say that it comes from those who, having a clearer vision of the nature of the change which society is undergoing, are impatient because this change cannot be effected at

once and completely. They are not willing to wait until the beginnings of a new tradition have been established. They wish the transformation to be made immediately. They wish to pull up the plant now and then to see if it is growing. Conceding that their motives are of the best and that they are actuated solely by a desire to promote the general welfare, can it be said that they act wisely? If here and there measures designed to aid in the process of adjustment to the new order are held to be in violation of constitutional restraints, that is no reason for throwing overboard the whole constitutional structure.

Many articles have been written to show that the power of courts to declare void laws which contravene constitutional limitations is derived from the Constitution itself. Certain it is that power is the only thing that distinguishes in substance our constitutional system from the parliamentary system of Great Britain. Whether we shall abandon our own system and return to theirs in whole or in part is a political question, a discussion of which is not germane to the matter which we are considering. It is not strange that among the most thoughtful and patriotic of our people there are differences of opinion. The deep-seated tendency which causes us to carry forward our traditional concepts of social and legal relations is so strong that it is difficult in many cases for us to distinguish between these concepts and fundamental constitutional principles. It is charged, and not without reason, that courts have in certain instances declared laws unconstitutional because they contravened the social and legal concepts of the judges rather than constitutional principles.

For instance, in *Adkins v. Children's Hospital* (43 Supreme Court Reporter, 394) the minimum wage law for women enacted for the District of Columbia was held unconstitutional because in the opinion of the court there was no ascertainable relation between the health and morals of women and their wages. In criticism of that decision, it has been said that whether or not there was such a relation was a question of fact, the determination of which was primarily for the legislative branch. Chief Justice Taft dissenting said:

> With deference to the very able opinion of the Court and my brethren who concur in it, it appears to me to exaggerate the importance of the wage term of

the contract of employment as more inviolate than its other terms. Its conclusion seems influenced by the fear that the concession of the power to impose a minimum wage must carry with it a concession of the power to fix a maximum wage.

It is difficult to see how it can be said that statutes regulating hours of labor, working conditions, times and method of payment of wages, all of which limit freedom of contract, are valid and constitutional, and that a law which fixes a minimum wage is a "naked, arbitrary exercise of power," that cannot be allowed to stand under the Constitution of the United States. If what the Chief Justice says is true, the minimum wage law under consideration in the Adkins case was held to be unconstitutional because it contravened the traditional concepts of the rights of individuals held by the judges concurring in the opinion rather than a constitutional principle.[1] In some cases the court could see the relation dealt with by the legislature; in the Adkins case it could not. The fact that an act of Congress or of a legislature may be held invalid by a court for some reason other than the plain violation of a constitutional provision, exhibits no doubt the greatest weakness in our system.

But what is the proper remedy? Because imperfection crops out here and there, shall we destroy the entire system? While it is at times charged that judges are ultra-conservative, reactionary, behind the times, and not in sympathy with the ideals of the majority, yet it is not charged that they are seeking power for their personal aggrandizement as executives sometimes do, or that they are playing politics, and shaping their decisions for their personal political advantage as legislators have been known to do. Are our hundreds of years of experience under the parliamentary system such as to warrant the people in conferring upon our legislatures—State and National—unlimited power? Has any other system over any considerable period of time produced better results than has ours? Concede that courts have here and there erred and have mistaken their own legal concepts for constitutional principles, yet that constitutes no justification for a change from the constitutional to the parliamentary system. The Constitution itself provides a method by which mistakes may be cor-

[1] See Groat, *Economic Wage and Legal Wage, Yale Law Journal*, March, 1924, p. 489.

rected. Experience shows that the Constitution is not difficult of amendment, for the conscience of a people is not bound by a decision which contravenes its ideas of justice. Whatever system is adopted or devised, it must in the end depend upon the wisdom and capacity of the men who administer it, and therefore perfection should not be expected.

That the transition from the older more individualistic order to the newer more complex industrial order is well under way is indicated in numerous ways. A comparison of the laws enacted more recently in the exercise of the police power and for the regulation of individual and group activities with those enacted in an equal number of years in any prior period, makes the truth of this at once manifest. The order of development is of interest. First came a marked increase in the development on the material side, the production of consumable goods. At first increased social pressure was not noticeable, due no doubt to our constantly expanding frontier, which for a time equalized it. With the closing of the frontier, however, which is said officially to have closed in the last decade of the nineteenth century, greater and greater adjustments have been necessary and by statute and decision there has been a conscious effort to facilitate and direct the process of adjustment; hence the rapidly increasing mass of statutes in the last thirty years, which marks the second phase of the transition.

Last of all has come a willingness on the part of the great masses of our people to adjust their thinking and conduct to the new situation. Here the tendency to carry forward the standards and traditions of the past is most strongly exhibited. Industry is manned by individuals who are yet thinking in terms of the old individualistic order. Whatever they are willing to do or say or have done or said as to the duty of others, they refuse to conform in their own affairs to the demands of the newer order. Our material growth and legal development have in many respects outrun the ability of the people to adapt their thought and action to the changing order. The development of statutory law cannot too far precede the acceptance of the new order by the people. If it does, there is consequent loss and reaction and the ground must be traversed again with greater difficulty than in the first in-

stance. Witness the progress of laws to regulate the hours and wages of labor. In order to demonstrate that the process of adjustment is proceeding by the application of fundamental constitutional principles to the relations growing out of the new order, it is only necessary to refer to the great mass of decisions of recent years holding valid legislative enactments regulating hours of labor, wages, conditions of employment, sanitation, housing; laws prohibiting the adulteration of foods and drugs; zoning laws, trading stamp laws, decisions impressing property engaged in public service with a public use, and many others. Many people feel that in thus adapting our legal system to the demands of the newer order, we have departed from the fundamental principles of the Constitution. That is not true. The law deals with legal relations. We have altered our legal concepts so as to make applicable fundamental principles to relationships which did not exist before. For instance, the law of master and servant under the old order embodied the principles which now govern and will continue to govern the same relationship in the new order, but under the new order there was no tradition which threw upon the economic unit in which the individual was employed responsibility for injury and death. Therefore the law has attached to that relationship responsibility on the part of the master in that respect. This works no change in principle but adapts the general principle which had operated under a simpler social order to the conditions as they exist at the present time, and compels industry to bear the burdens properly and necessarily incident thereto as a part of the cost of operation. This in the main it had done in one way or another through all previous time.

The development has proceeded to some extent in a fragmentary and illogical way, but nevertheless it proceeds in accordance with certain underlying fundamental principles. Referring again to the relationship of master and servant, there has been an attempt to carry over into the new order in the form of written law those duties and obligations which the master and the servant recognized and were accustomed to discharge as a matter of tradition under the old order. For instance, the safe place statutes are designed to insure for every work-

man in industry the same protection the head of the family would have felt it necessary to provide for his children and employes under the old order. It is because the change from the home to the factory broke the tradition that regulation of the situation by law became necessary. A new relationship was set up which had no such tradition. The beginnings of a new tradition are apparent. Profit sharing schemes, representation of labor in management, industrial insurance, plant organization of various kinds, are indications of an attempt to solve the problems of adjustment by mutual effort rather than by more rigid coercive statutory measures. The underlying principles along which development should proceed are indicated by Dr. Carver in his *Essays in Social Justice*[1] as follows:

> It may as well be admitted that the old liberalism erred in assuming a general harmony of interests and in concluding that government control and regulation should be limited to mere protection from violence. The new liberalism must correct this error by recognizing the conflict of interests and extending the control of government to all cases where individual interests conflict. The new gospel of individualism must therefore proclaim three things: *1.* The absolute necessity for the suppression of all harmful methods of pursuing one's self-interest. *2.* The absolute freedom of the individual to pursue his self-interest in all serviceable ways. *3.* The absolute responsibility of the individual for his own wellbeing, allowing those to prosper who, on their own initiative, find ways of serving the community, and allowing those who cannot to endure the shame of poverty.

If the process of adjustment proceeds along these lines, there is no reason why the purpose of the Constitution to promote the general welfare and to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity should not be achieved in an orderly way under constitutional restraints.

In this transitionary period, we are more and more thrown back upon fundamental principles. The difficulty is that many persons seek to apply these principles to the new order in exactly the way they were applied to the old order. If the change from the one order to the other had come more slowly, the adjustment would have been much easier. In no field is the maxim "Make Haste Slowly" more applicable than in the development of the

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law. However, we must meet conditions as they are and not as we would like to have them.

We must adapt our thinking and our conduct to social facts as they now exist. We may some day free ourselves from the influence of some of the fallacious political concepts of the eighteenth century. While in a very real sense government rests upon the consent of the governed, the activities of man are limited or governed in innumerable ways to which he is never asked to consent. The compact theory of society should never have had a place in our juristic thinking. It may have served a useful purpose, but many unwarrantable inferences are derived from it which have no application to modern life, if indeed they were ever applicable at any time. We are members of one body and we must, in the face of that fact, take up and discharge our appropriate functions. We are not unattached individuals, wandering in social space, giving our consent here and withholding it there. What we need in the field of jurisprudence is more thinking with reference to the facts as they exist and less exposition of eighteenth century philosophical concepts. We need a clearer apprehension of what is necessary to do justice under the present order and less vindication of the concept of natural rights under the old order.

We must restate our ideals in terms of our present day experience. Above all we must not substitute restraint and oppression for liberty, exploitation of class by class for justice, or, in the name of equality, restore class privilege under the law.

MARVIN B. ROSENBERRY.

THE POLICY OF POLITICAL DETACHMENT

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

A NATIONAL foreign policy is the result of the logic of circumstances: it is not the result of caprice. It is created and established by a succession of men, not by one man.

These circumstances may be misunderstood and misinterpreted at times. Nations may be led by reasons of expediency and the exigencies of the moment to deviate from a settled policy. The dynamic power of a national policy, however, like the force of a glacier, will continue as before in spite of incidental obstacles and temporary deflections.

The truth of this observation may be seen in the development and operation of the national policies of any of the great Powers: of England in the defence of her Empire; of France in the search for security through the principle of Balance of Power; of Italy in its demands for economic independence; of Japan in its solicitude concerning its interests in Asia; and of the United States in its devotion to the Monroe Doctrine.

Such policies inhere in the very nature of things. They may not be safely scorned or casually abandoned unless the basic circumstances which produced them are substantially altered. The maxim *rebus sic stantibus* applies with peculiar force to them. These alterations of circumstances, like the great climatic changes which alone can affect a glacier, must be of profound and far reaching effect to warrant the abandonment of a long tested national policy. The burden of proof is not on those who resist changes in national policy: it rests on those who demand them.

The foreign policy of the United States toward Europe was based on the fact that Europe had a set of political interests distinct from those of this hemisphere. This fact was recognized very early by Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Monroe. Men came to the New World to get away from certain European

institutions and conditions. They sought a new order of things. They protested against European intolerance of civil and religious liberty. They were weary of dynastic rivalries and of predatory nationalism. They abhorred the European system of diplomacy in accordance with the principle of Balance of Power.

This great game of international politics had involved the American Colonies in more than one war of imperialism. By the time of the Holy Alliance, after our people had attended the practical school of experience and observation during the Napoleonic wars, they came to the conclusion that American foreign policy could never tolerate the extension of European rule or the intrusion of the European game of politics in the affairs of the free independent nations of the New World.

The Monroe Doctrine was not so much the creation of one man or of several men as the inevitable logic of facts and events. We were glad to be entirely free from all connection with European politics. We warned Europe to mind its own business, and we devoted ourselves to the agreeable task of minding our own.

Under the operations of this beneficent national policy the nations of the New World found needed moral support in their infancy, and escaped the strain and the curse of European politics. They have had but slight knowledge of the tortuous operations of the pernicious principle of Balance of Power. This kind of game, fortunately, is foreign to the thoughts and the instincts of the peoples of this hemisphere. They have been able to achieve a free development that has proved of immense benefit to the world.

There are but few persons who openly advocate the abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine in its entirety, though there are some who advocate the abandonment of one half of it, namely our policy of nonparticipation in the political affairs of Europe. Such persons evidently believe that there has been a substantial alteration of the circumstances on which that policy has been based. It is true that in 1812 through the clever duplicity of Napoleon we found ourselves drawn into a European war, and, unwittingly, on the wrong side of the contest for balance of power. We were glad to withdraw and thankful that we had no part in the Con-

gress of Vienna. The New World had no desire to attempt the impossible task of "redressing the balance of the Old".

It is true that a century later the insensate ambitions of a feeble imitator of Napoleon drew us again into a European war. We entered it deliberately of our own free choice. We threw our weight against the enemy of all free nations throughout the world. We fought for ideals. We impressed these ideals on the hearts of many Europeans. We endeavored to have them embodied in the peace settlement. We went far in our eagerness to see these ideals realized in actual practice. We asked for no territorial or other rewards. We withdrew our troops from Europe and reaffirmed our loyalty to the traditional American policy of minding our own business. We abstained from any attempt to dictate to the European nations a settlement in detail of their many political problems. We accepted no responsibility either moral or otherwise for the solution of these problems.

The wisdom of this course would seem to be justified by all that has transpired since the Armistice in 1918. We have learned to our disillusionment and sorrow that the nations of Europe with rare exceptions have been unable—perhaps because of this very logic of circumstances that controls national policies—to abandon the old diplomatic game of Balance of Power. They did not seem to find in the League of Nations—with or without the United States—the means of advancing their various interests or of obtaining the security they required.

This inability of Europe to alter essentially the rules of the game of international politics was evidenced in the treaties that ended the war. Austria was denied categorically the right of self-determination and became an object of charity. Hungary was mutilated and millions of Magyars placed under foreign domination. Punitive measures were adopted against Germany to keep that nation in a permanent state of inferiority or vassalage. The Eastern Question was treated very much in the same manner as by the Congress of Berlin. The Treaty of Sèvres sought to restore impossible situations and conditions. It was accompanied by separate agreements between Great Britain, France, and Italy defining their special privileges in Anatolia. The acute needs and moral claims of the peoples of the Near East

were forgotten. Greeks and Turks were pitted against each other to suit the rival aims of European politics.

It would be invidious to adduce other instances to stress the discouraging fact that the nations of Europe for the most part have been unable to accept and to apply to international politics the ideals of this hemisphere. They are all too apparent to the thoughtful and candid student of world affairs. The recent incident at Corfu alone is sufficient to make one justifiably skeptical of any basic alteration in the methods of European diplomacy.

The burden of proof is certainly with those who argue that circumstances have so fundamentally changed as to warrant the abandonment of the traditional American policy towards Europe. Their arguments rather have the trend to create the impression that the establishment of the League of Nations has completely altered conditions in Europe and that its beneficent activities have brought about a new era. They assert that the presence of the United States would have insured this stupendous alteration of circumstances, and that our absence has been responsible for much that is to be regretted. This, of course, is nothing but sheer speculation, and there is small profit in speculation concerning the problematic effects of things that never happened. We can only deal with things as they are.

The League of Nations is no longer an issue for theoretical or partisan discussion. It has been functioning actively for nearly five years. It has to be judged by its acts. In actual practice it has proved to be primarily a European concern and its interests are in the main of a political character.

The presence of many non-European nations in the League does not make it a world association. Its interests and activities are what determine its nature and these are found to be mainly European and political. A mere enumeration will suffice: The Silesian dispute; the Aaland Islands controversy; the Vilna and Memel questions; the quarrel between Albania and Jugo-Slavia; the Corfu incident; the rehabilitation of the finances of Austria and of Hungary; the boundary of Carelia; and other matters, some of which have been carried by the Council of the League even to the Permanent Court of International Justice. It is difficult to see how the non-European members of the League are

concerned either immediately or remotely in these complicated diplomatic problems affecting most intimately the nations of Europe.

Turn to the various non-political activities of the League, such as the relief of starving peoples in Russia and Greece. The mere suspicion of ulterior political aims on the part of the European nations rendered the efforts of the League in Russia of slight avail and made independent American action all the more imperative. Take the commissions of the League concerned with problems of transportation, communication, hygiene, of economic and other matters. They are preoccupied almost entirely with the European aspects of these problems. Take the great question of disarmament. The recommendations of the League's special commission on this subject are based on the sensible conclusion that it is primarily a *local* problem depending on "regional understandings" among groups of nations having inter-related interests. General disarmament in Europe awaits on local disarmament; and world disarmament awaits on Europe.

This is entirely natural. The European nations have a most complicated series of political and other problems of a continental nature. Their first duty is to regulate such matters among themselves. World questions must necessarily remain in the background. The League of Nations with its headquarters at Geneva in the very heart of Europe could hardly be anything else than primarily a European concern.

In the light of all the circumstances the United States can not rightly be expected to abandon its traditional policy toward Europe. The American people are apparently convinced five years after the Armistice that they have done wisely in refusing to accept any responsibility whatsoever for the peace settlements at Paris and for any other political adjustments reached by the nations of Europe. The Treaty of Versailles is generally discredited, and the truth of the statement made by General Smuts to President Wilson is now realized, that "the peace may well become an even greater disaster to the world than the war was."

The League of Nations was cursed from its inception by its complete identification with the Treaty of Versailles. The reparations provisions alone have hung like black clouds over the

League. The impossible attempt was made, as a French observer shrewdly remarked, "to organize the future before they had liquidated the past".

The United States was more than justified, therefore, in its refusal to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, and in its ratification of a separate treaty with Germany that affords the just basis for a durable peace between the two nations. With no selfish purposes, the United States remains in the fortunate position of amity and sympathetic understanding with the nations of Europe. We are happily freed from the necessity of pronouncing judgment on their contentions and policies. We are able to exercise a friendly moderating influence at times through our maligned "unofficial observers", as was notably illustrated at the Lausanne Peace Conference. It was there recognized that the tactful disinterested attitude of our delegates aided immensely in the restoration of peace in the Near East.

The unfortunate attempt of some Americans to interpret the traditional policy of this country as one of selfish indifference is greatly to be deplored. It is in flagrant misrepresentation of the facts and is therefore most unjust. Never before has the world witnessed so generous a demonstration of practical sympathy and support in the billions of dollars lavishly poured out in gifts, loans, and in personal sacrifices, as that of the American Government and of the American people since the Armistice. Those lovers of mankind, The American Society of Friends, in their ministrations of mercy throughout Central Europe and Russia, have been visible witnesses that the American people are in no way committed to a policy of selfish isolation and unconcern respecting the interests and welfare of the peoples of all other lands. The Red Cross alone has spent over one hundred millions of dollars in its relief work in the Near East and the United States Congress has been prompt to prove our desire to help the stricken people of Japan. Only the blindest partizanship can minimize the significance of these facts.

Further striking proof of the fact that the United States is not pursuing a policy of selfish isolation is to be found in active cooperation in the non-political interests of the League of Nations. Such devoted friends of the League as the author of the Bok Plan

and Raymond B. Fosdick have generously testified to the value of this coöperation.

It appears that the United States Government has been represented in the League Committees on Health, Anthrax, Opium, Customs Formalities, Communications and Transit, Traffic in Arms, and the Trade in Women and Children.

Furthermore, individual Americans have rendered important services to the League in various capacities. Among these should be mentioned the names of Abram Elkus, chairman of the commission appointed by the League in the Aaland Islands dispute; of Elihu Root, the most influential member of the Commission of Jurists that drafted the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice; of Norman Davis, chairman of the League's commission which settled the differences between Poland and Lithuania concerning the Memel district; of Henry Morgenthau, chairman of the League's Committee of Control in connection with the international loan to Greece to take care of its many refugees; and of Jeremiah Smith, High Commissioner for the League in the financial rehabilitation of Hungary. The achievements of General Dawes and of Messrs. Young and Robinson in the solution of the reparations problem are particularly deserving of consideration. Further evidence is not needed to demonstrate that the American people and their Government are thoroughly alive to all that makes for human brotherhood and for world welfare. The family of nations is too intimately interrelated to permit of a policy of selfish isolation even if we so desired. There is no such isolation on the part of the United States. The issue is narrowed down simply to the question of the wisdom of maintaining our traditional foreign policy.

Our survey of the international situation would seem to indicate that the greatest service we can render to the cause of human brotherhood and world peace is to reaffirm our policy of independence and non-participation in the political concerns of Europe.

We cannot afford to become implicated in the decision of European political questions either for domestic or for international reasons. Our nation is unique in being a great gathering place of the peoples of all lands. It is an international forum in itself. The

election of a Senator or of a Representative must not be allowed to depend on what our Government may think of the merits of Italy's claims to Fiume, or of the French occupation of the Ruhr. In the difficult process of fusing the various races in our midst we cannot invite disruptive discussions concerning the official attitude of the United States in the many intricate political situations constantly arising in Europe.

We have our own domestic problems to settle. We have our own "regional understandings" to be negotiated and put into practical operation with the other nations of this hemisphere. We literally have our own business to mind. It is a solemn trust which we fail adequately to meet. We cannot permit European nations either through the League of Nations or by other means to intervene in the carrying out of this trust.

The larger aspect of this policy of political detachment is seen to best advantage in the Washington Conference for Limitation of Armament. The results there attained may not prove to be as important as we may have hoped. The Conference, however, illustrates most effectively the strength of the American policy. Without the constraints of a formal organization where embarrassing issues may be unexpectedly raised and national susceptibilities affronted, we are free to invite other nations at any moment to join in the consideration of specific difficulties affecting world peace. This may be done in such a way that without any suggestion of coercion, moral or otherwise, nations may come together to discuss such matters as they may desire to discuss and are eager to adjust.

While the League of Nations is wrestling with the problem of disarmament, the United States may be in a favored position, as intimated by President Coolidge, to take the initiative at the right moment in summoning an international conference to deal with that thorny problem in a manner that will not awaken the distrust or hostility of peoples eager to lessen the burden of armaments but also determined to safeguard legitimate national interests. They evidently view with great confidence the political detachment of the United States with respect to such interests and controversies.

Norman Davis, in his interesting account of his part in the

work of the commission of the League of Nations concerning Memel, asserts that his ability to negotiate a settlement of this controversy was largely due to the fact that he was an American, and that it would have been difficult for the League to settle it "without being able to enlist the services of an American or persons from influential nations not directly concerned in the controversy. . . . Of course, an American appointed officially by the United States would have had more influence. . . ." Leaving aside the question as to the permanent value of the settlement approved by Mr. Davis and by the League in this instance, it is difficult to see much logic in his assertion that his influence as an impartial mediator and arbitrator would have been enhanced had he been officially designated by the United States. On the contrary, if the United States as a member of the League had been drawn into a discussion of this whole painful controversy between Poland and Lithuania, or of such a distressing crisis as arose over the bombardment of Corfu by Italian warships, its mediating influence, either directly or indirectly through one of its distinguished citizens, would have been considerably weakened. Are not such men as Norman Davis, Elihu Root, and Jeremiah Smith immediately available and deserving of special confidence because of the very fact that they are citizens of a nation enjoying a complete detachment from the political controversies of Europe? We appear to possess internationally a position of signal advantage. We have a sacred responsibility. The other nations of the world in the midst of their traditional prejudices, their rival interests, and bitter dissensions must be able to count confidently on the friendliness and the dispassionate sense of justice of this country. There must remain at least one great nation aloof from European intrigues and disputes to serve, not as the schoolmaster, the preacher, the policeman, or the court of final appeal, but in the lofty rôle of the friend of all. The cause of world justice and of world peace demands that in the face of misunderstanding, calumny, and clamor, we remain faithful to those American ideals which are eventually to prove the salvation of all free peoples.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

THE BRIDGE BETWEEN THE AMERICAS

BY BAILEY K. ASHFORD, M. D.
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An arrangement has been made between Columbia University and the Insular Government of Porto Rico by which, with the Institute of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene of the island as a nucleus, a School of Tropical Medicine will be founded in San Juan, Porto Rico, under the administration and with the participation of Columbia University. This School will open for students on November 1, 1924, and its first session will be centred at the Institute pending the erection of buildings and a large hospital. At present the United States has no institution of this kind in the tropics, although some excellent schools of tropical medicine are affiliated with northern universities. This insular school will endeavor, not to compete with these, but, on the contrary, to furnish clinical material on a large scale and demonstrate the actual working out of tropical sanitation to extend further the work of northern schools, all in the atmosphere of a typical tropical country under the American flag.

Despite a remarkably low mortality for hot climates, Porto Rico possesses a profusion of diseases peculiar to all tropical countries to which an American would be likely to go. Here uncinariasis (hookworm disease), sprue, malaria, filariasis, a variety of fungoid skin diseases, and the interesting nutritional and deficiency problems of the tropics abound, and yaws, blackwater fever, schistosomiasis, dengue, and other affections peculiar to these latitudes can be easily demonstrated. The island is rich in small hospitals, dispensaries and laboratories. Its Health Department, presided over by an energetic young Porto Rican who is a graduate of an American medical school and also an ex-officio member of the Institute, presents a remarkable opportunity for the study of a model centralized sanitary service with laboratories, an anti-plague rat service, tropical tuberculosis service,

and a leper settlement. Here also is an important station of the Federal Public Health Service with its Quarantine Station and all of the machinery for preventing the introduction of communicable diseases from without. Here are two branches of the International Health Board (Rockefeller Foundation), one working on hookworm disease, another on malaria. Finally, toward the end of the course there will be a medical expedition to the mountainous interior, where a month will be spent in studying the prevalent diseases of the agricultural laborer at close range, from the view point of field clinical and laboratory work.

This school is a response to an urgent demand for greater familiarity, not only with academic tropical medicine, but with the normal living conditions of the tropics and the contact with the sick by which may be acquired the necessary familiarity with clinical tropical medicine. The demand for such a centre can be understood when we bethink ourselves of the large tropical and subtropical estates managed by Americans, in which the prevention of disease and its treatment among laborers play a leading hand in the ultimate success of great business enterprises such as occurred in the building of the Panama Canal.

When the Pilgrim Fathers first landed from the Mayflower, the city of San Juan de Puerto Rico was entering upon its second century of existence. It was over a hundred years old when Jamestown was first settled and Hudson made his maiden trip up the river which bears his name. It had buildings and fortifications which are still standing and, some of them, still in use, when St. Augustine, Florida was settled.

If a map of the United States should show its component parts in shades of red, deepening with the density of population, Porto Rico would shine as a garnet. Were deepening shades of blue to denote the degree of culture of the literates, the island would be quite blue enough to satisfy the most exacting.

For this is an old civilization. There are 1,299,809 inhabitants living in 3,435 square miles of territory, or 378.5 persons to the square mile. While 55 per cent. of the population is illiterate, when the island became American, only a quarter of a century ago, this illiteracy was at least 77 per cent. The eagerness of the people of Porto Rico to prepare their youth for the intelligent use

of American liberty is seen in the circumstance that they are spending 42 per cent. of their budget or $5,000,000 a year on the education of their masses.

But it is not easy for us to quote "culture" in known values, and we have averred that Porto Rico possesses a high degree of culture.

For many years prior to the advent of our flag, Porto Rico was one of the standard-bearers of an ancient and noble race in America. To this island, where neither revolution nor abject poverty aroused irreconcilable hatred of the Mother Country, came Spanish tradition, the feudal nobility of Spanish character, and her pure blood, to blend happily and contentedly with the descendants of gay and happy-go-lucky Andalusia. The people of Porto Rico are the sons and daughters of those whose precept it is to preserve the illusions of life in order to attain happiness.

Now, "culture" is by no means the only qualification of importance in the make-up of a people, though powerful among assets. Nevertheless, the degree of culture of a people is a tremendously important feature from the standpoint of a university, and some of the outstanding factors in Porto Rican culture should be specifically mentioned in order that we may know something of those among whom we are thinking of establishing a centre where all of this Western World may meet and exchange ideas.

The Porto Rican is adaptable, very gentle, and happy-hearted, albeit conservative in his forms of social usage. His family loyalty is positively remarkable, his devotion to his island wholehearted, his hospitality patriarchal. He avoids being disagreeable because he prefers to keep in a good humor and dislikes to hurt others' feelings. He treats others as he would like to be treated by others, he puts his self-respect above all other considerations, and, like most island people, he has the most unadulterated conception of personal liberty, liberty of thought, of speech, and of action. While he has a very keen sense of humor, he also has an exuberant imagination and takes naturally to art, poetry, music and philosophy. Above all, he seeks to couch his thoughts in pure and elegant expression, and has a strong taste for the ideal. That the ideal is seldom attained does not seem in the least to dampen his enthusiasm.

If I were to select among all his good qualities one which seems to me most to recommend him, I should single out his hunger and thirst for knowledge. The people who want to learn generally do learn. They are quick to absorb new ideas and their intuitive perception is keen. Guided by this passion for knowledge and experience, a pilgrimage to the old country in ante-bellum days was a biennial pastime for wealthy planters and business men. In Spain and France their sons and daughters were educated and back to Porto Rico they came to sustain the standards of old Europe.

And now that they are Americans, hundreds wander to Continental and English-speaking America, drawn by this lust for knowledge, many of them without being able to speak a word of the tongue of the Republic in which they have put their trust and for which they have so genuine and deep a respect. That this trust and respect are genuine and deep is easy to prove, for nearly every family of consequence born and bred to Spanish ways is sending its sons and daughters to receive their higher education in the United States, and they return Americans in America's broadest sense. Until we have more of that kind of Americans, loyal in their heart of hearts to the United States, but with an intelligent bond of sympathy with Spanish-speaking countries to our south, we shall never make real friends in South and Central America.

This, in a few words, is the race and tradition of Porto Rico,—a race of pure blood, pure Spanish blood. This race predominates in the highlands and urban centers and rules in all the island.

But Porto Rico has more. It has 49,246 negroes and 301,816 mulattoes, nearly one-third of the total population. One of the most creditable features of the island character is race tolerance. The colored man never became the enemy of the white man, because he was always kindly treated. He was liberated from slavery without war or fear by the goodwill of the Porto Rican people. Negroes live contentedly by the side of the white man without attempting to force themselves on his social group because they have their own—but this is the reason, and not racial prejudice.

There are, however, still other nationalities to link Porto Rico with the outside world. The French influence comes mainly

from Corsica. There are English families, Dutch families, German families, and a particularly fine stock of the old Spanish families which originally settled in Venezuela but have made Porto Rico their home. There are 32 Chinese and 4 Japanese.

The number of continental Americans is about two thousand, perhaps one-fourth of them being from New York. Those who have made their home there long, and especially those who have married there, give daily evidence of a union which will bring great satisfaction to the United States as it has already brought to the island new ideas, material progress, and the progressive uplift of the submerged mass.

The influence of American culture on the island is tremendous. Not the traditional formula of polite society so much as that special culture which we are proud to call Americanism. Not the Americanism which seeks to turn Porto Rico into a poor imitation of some particular section of the continental States, but the Americanism which seeks to bring Porto Rico into the Union with all that is distinctively Porto Rican and not hostile to the National Constitution, traits and customs.

Let us take a cursory glance at trade conditions. The island must produce the most valuable of money crops in order to support the population, enormous for its small size. This it does. The great industry is sugar; next comes tobacco, and next coffee, both of the latter products being of a peculiarly high grade. The fruit and garden truck industry and needle work are important factors in making Porto Rican trade what it is.

A few figures will show the resources of this little land: In 1922, the total value of exports was $72,172,571, as against $8,583,967 in 1901. In 1922 the total imports amounted to $64,175,149, an excess of exports over imports of $7,997,422. Ninety per cent. of this external commerce is with the United States. Of the total value of exports in 1922, $40,820,330 is credited to sugar, about $15,000,000 to tobacco, and $4,300,000 to coffee, the market for coffee being practically all outside the United States. The property valuation in June, 1921, was $303,200,578.

The island is one of the summits of a mighty submerged mountain chain, once 27,000 feet high, and the deepest part of the Atlantic lies but a hundred miles north of it. It is the fourth in size

of the Antilles. Its temperature is equable, ranging from 78 degrees Fahrenheit in January to 82 degrees in August. Its minimum at the coolest points is 57; its maximum in the hottest is 99. The average humidity is 77. The rainfall amounts to 60 inches per annum in San Juan, 45 inches in Ponce, and 135 inches in the forest reserve of Luquillo; as a rule not falling below 100 inches throughout the mountainous interior.

When Columbus was asked at the Court of Spain to give an idea of the configuration of this island, he drew from his doublet his crumpled handkerchief and threw it upon the table without remark. And so it is today. Porto Rico is a rectangle, 100 miles by 35, with a narrow coast strip and a mountainous interior. These mountains are wooded or cultivated to their tops, and are disproportionately high for the size of the island, ranging from 2,500 to 3,500 feet. It is on the littoral that we find a green carpet of waving cane, interwoven with citrus fruit orchards. On the slopes and in the foothills we find tobacco, and in the highlands coffee grown under shade and intermingled with bananas. In a thousand rivulets and mountain torrents stream the waters that make the island a poem in green and gold.

Over all is the seal of the tropics, the royal palms, upstanding like enchanted soldiers uniformed in green and white, with their plumed heads and their eternal salaam to the dancing blue sea. The scenery resulting from this combination of mountain, stream and fertile lowland, is extremely varied and beautiful. When we first occupied Porto Rico we found 267.4 kilometers of macadamized road. Many of the 68 towns were only reached by steep and rough mountain trails. Today we have 1,375.5 kilometers of macadamized roads and no one of the 78 towns of today is without communication with the coast.

When we reflect that of the 1,300,000 inhabitants, over 1,000,000 live in the country districts, we cannot be surprised to find these verdant hills dotted with dwellings, all picturesque, most of them thatched huts, many of them fine old plantation residences.

The scenery of Porto Rico is that of a model for what Theodore Roosevelt called a tropical Switzerland in miniature. Its beauty is feminine. One speaks of it as "beautiful", never as "grand". All is sketched in curves. The mountains have no angles; all are

exquisitely moulded, all are clothed in rich green, all are garnished with flowers. Yet there are dizzy precipices looking into cool ravines and high shelves cut out for the road in solid rock from which the crumpled handkerchief of Columbus and the inimitable blue of the American Mediterranean can be contemplated.

One might go on describing what is destined to be the favorite objective of our incessant travellers of the North, but one feature of the island must be emphasized. It is impossible to find for its size more varied scenery in any part of the American tropical world; mountain scenery, views of mountain and sea combined, great tracts of sugar land, miles of fruit trees, queer kopje-like cave hills, picturesque towns, all reached by shaded roads as smooth as a floor, all full of roadside detail. Nor is it easy to find many countries in the tropics where a man can work in a tropical city like San Juan and in two hours, by a variety of good roads, reach a number of mountain towns from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high, where he can sleep cool all the summer through.

To the man who knows that the real life of a people is comprehended only when he can converse with them in their native tongue, will be given the key to the heart of Latin America. For lack of that knowledge that key is not quite yet ours. "If they knew us better we should be better friends;" the Latin- and English-speaking Americas are each entitled to say that of each other. Only by the establishment of a scientific and cultural centre where the best of the America of the North may mingle with that of the South shall we ever work out our tropical problem. But it must be worked out in the tropics. Lectures, books, statistics, even the study of an exotic language, are more or less dead things. A university where tropical problems are worked out under Northern skies is merely a dissecting room. The life of the tropics must be lived and our senses must be sharpened to receive new impressions before we can hope to realize the benefits of a healthy Latin America or understand the vagaries that differentiate it from the normal.

Porto Rico lies midway between North and South America, standing at the eastern entrance to the Caribbean Sea, and at the gate to the Pacific through the Canal. It is 1,000 miles from Havana and Panama; from 1,400 to 1,800 miles from

New York, New Orleans, Vera Cruz, and Galveston; from 3,000 to 3,600 miles from Rio Janeiro, Santiago de Chile, Cadiz, and the nearest point of the African continent (Cape Verde). It is only about 650 miles from Kingston, Jamaica, and Caracas, Venezuela. It lies just across the Mona Passage from Santo Domingo, and is the central link in the Antillean chain of islands where Europe first planted her several flags, where her trade with America first flourished, where rival European States in their respective islands fought desperately at close range, and where the feudal system evoked the first cry for American liberty in the deeds of the Buccaneers.

If one picks up a map of the Western World and gives it a mere glance, Porto Rico can be seen to be ideally situated, not only as a commercial distributing depot for North and South America, but as a gathering place for the best minds of both continents under tropical conditions. To the American from the United States seeking special knowledge of Latin America, the language, customs and living conditions can be learned under the best conditions and with the highest degree of profit. Certainly educated Porto Ricans come nearer than any other population in Latin America to being bilingual. In this densely populated country, under American institutions, but still preserving the best of Latin America, the breaking-in process will be gentle and most agreeable, and the application of American ideals to tropical conditions can be most readily realized.

On the other hand, the citizen of one of the South or Central American republics will be able to live as he would at home, speaking his own language and at the same time absorbing the essence of American thought in the United States direct from its representative men. To him, also, the breaking-in process would be gentle. He obtains the point of view of the Northern land in circumstances to which he is accustomed, and brings the genius of his race to broaden our American life in these Southern countries.

Thus, there is much to recommend Porto Rico as a meeting place for the minds of the two great civilizations which inhabit the Americas. But there is a special reason for choosing medical science as the basic element in this intellectual *entente*. There is a reason for selecting Porto Rico, the best reason in the world;

the island has already accomplished something, through the medical sciences, toward the betterment of our Western World. For it was Porto Rico that first focussed attention upon a great scourge of both North and South America; that first, in 1899, announced the nature of the anæmia and physical deterioration of the agricultural laborer of tropical and subtropical America; that first demonstrated the endemic presence of hookworm disease in America, at least north of the equator; that first, in all America, devised and carried out a plan for combating this disease on a large scale. With the persistent financial support and faith of the people of Porto Rico, over 300,000 persons were treated by its official commission for a disease which caused in 1900 the death of 12,000 persons, nearly one-third of the total deaths from all causes.

At the close of that campaign, and in large part due thereto, the mortality of 42 per 1,000 fell to around 21 per 1,000 and has never since materially risen; the efficiency of the laborer, estimated by some two hundred and twenty-five of the island's prominent plantation owners, rose over sixty per cent.; the pale ghosts that by their steady labor had saved their country's commercial life were more and more rapidly transfigured into the image of normal men.

Out of this campaign, in 1911, the Institute of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene was founded for the purpose of investigating tropical diseases in the island, and its members, the original group which had carried the anæmia campaign to a successful issue, founded that institution with the solemn determination to cause it to evolve, some day, in some way, into a School of Tropical Medicine.

Through the initiative of several Porto Rico statesmen, a great American university, Columbia, sent a commission to the island to look over the field for the establishment of such a school, and that university has formally decided to administer, with the coöperation of the Insular Government, the first School of Tropical Medicine under the American flag in the tropics. The interest of the island itself in the enterprise has just been attested by the passage, by the Insular Government, of an act appropriating $100,000 for a new School of Medicine building, with a permanent endowment by the Island of $30,000 a year for maintenance.

This is not a dream, an experiment, but a fact, and a fact that meets a great need. England has her schools of tropical medicine, situated in the tropics; so has France; so had Germany; so have other countries. The United States has such schools, but not in the tropics. Laboratories and lectures are of inestimable value, but without clinical material in abundance, without personal contact with the normal life of the tropics, one can hardly expect that the abnormal can be accurately sensed or even well understood.

Of the vital elements missing in all schools of tropical medicine in temperate climates, that is, the actual demonstration of pathologic alongside of normal conditions, and sanitary machinery actually in operation, Porto Rico has an inexhaustible supply. Thus her School of Tropical Medicine will come as a welcome complement to similar schools in northern countries, working, not in competition with them, but in practical extension of their aims and ideals.

The first step has been taken, the cornerstone laid, for what may become a great span in the bridge of comprehension between English-speaking America, on the one hand, and Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking America on the other. But other spans must be built, and here we must leave the realities to scan the future and see one after the other of our great universities of both North and South America making extensions similar to that of Columbia, to group with her in a great Pan-University Confederation, a Pan-American University, a super-university of post-graduate schools, each independent in itself, each representing a separate division of human knowledge; a School of Tropical Agriculture, of Pan-American Commerce, of Tropical Climatology, of Tropical Architecture, of Inter-American Sanitation, of the American languages—the list would be as long as the demand.

Such a centre would compete with no one university; it would serve all as an extension. It would not be a National enterprise, a purely governmental institution. It would be a great and spontaneous effort on the part of American higher education to erect a splendid causeway for international progress and international peace. It would be the triumph of all that the University stands for, that is implied in its name. Into this conception, with good

grace all of our American universities can enter, as well those of North as those of South and Central America. Are other bridges in the building elsewhere? So much the better. There is many a dark gulf to cross before Pan-Americanism becomes something more than a rhetorical expression.

I have tried to outline the plan by which a feasible and necessary extension of our American university life may come in contact with, influence, and be influenced by the university life of the other American republics. It is costly, it may be thought a chimera, but some such movement will come to fill a long-felt need, if the seeds of dissociation, which constantly threaten to take root to our mutual disadvantage, are to be prevented from falling into ground fertilized by reciprocal ignorance.

BAILEY K. ASHFORD.

THE MEXICAN PROBLEM SOLVED

BY GEORGE CYRUS THORPE

"It is a new Mexico that faces the world in pride and confidence," wrote Señor Roberto V. Pesqueira, Confidential Agent of the Government of Mexico, to the American Secretary of State in 1920. "From border to border there is peace. Not a single rebel remains in arms against the Federal Government, and a whole nation thinks in terms of law, order and reconstruction. . . . A first task, of course, is firm and enduring friendship between Mexico and the United States. Our business is to set this friendship on foundations so firm that it cannot be shaken by the attack of reaction. Permit me, therefore, to deal with certain slanders that have not only prejudiced the people of the United States, but which have aroused much bitterness in my own country. Mexico cannot but feel deeply grieved over the charge that she intends or has ever intended to disavow her obligations. President de la Huerta, as well as President-elect Obregon, have on repeated occasions publicly declared that Mexico will respect all rightful claims duly proved as such, submitting herself to the recognized principles of international law. The Mexican Government is prepared to establish a joint arbitration commission to pass upon and adjudicate the claims presented by foreigners on account of damages occasioned during the revolution. Any claim that cannot be adjusted by means of direct negotiations between the claimant and the Mexican Government will be submitted to the consideration of this commission, whose decisions will be deemed final and binding."

These overtures were made, as has been said, in 1920. Yet American-Mexican diplomacy bore little real fruit until President Coolidge's recent proclamation of two conventions signed and ratified in the early part of this year.

At the conclusion of the negotiations of the American-Mexican Commission in Mexico that marked the resumption of Mexican-

American diplomatic relations and made the general and special conventions possible, President Coolidge, in a letter to Mr. Charles Beecher Warren, one of the plenipotentiaries, expressed his great satisfaction over the "fine piece of work, looking to the guarantee of peace and stabilization of economic and political relations throughout this continent."

Now, indeed, the long-standing "Mexican problem" is on a fair way towards the happy solution of Señor Pesqueira's forecast, and more than half a century of Mexican claims and counter-claims are submitted to adjudication. The General Claims Convention between the United States and Mexico proclaimed by President Coolidge on March 3 last provides for the creation of a General Claims Commission for the settlement of all claims by the citizens of each country against the other arising since July 4, 1868, with the exception of claims for losses or damages growing out of revolutionary disturbances in Mexico. The excepted claims, incident to revolution between November 20, 1910, and May 31, 1920, inclusive, are to be the subject of a Special Claims Commission to be convened in Mexico, provided for by a Convention proclaimed by the President on February 23, 1924.

By the treaty terms the Chief Executive of each of the High Contracting Powers was to name one member for each commission, the third member to be selected by mutual agreement if possible, otherwise by reference. President Coolidge appointed ex-Governor Nathan L. Miller of New York as Commissioner of the United States on the General Claims Commission, and Ernest B. Perry, a distinguished attorney of Lincoln, Nebraska, for the Special Claims Commission; both men of important judicial experience. President Obregon similarly named two of Mexico's foremost lawyers, Señor Licenciado Don Aguiles Elorduy and Señor Licenciado Don Fernando Gonzales Roa, as Commissioners of the United Mexican States for the respective commissions. In the selection of the third member and umpire of each tribunal the two countries were in accord, each country's first choice being Cornelis Van Vollenhoven, of Holland, for the General Commission, while Doctor Rodrigo Octavio, of Rio de Janeiro, was uncontested as umpire for the Special Commission.

Of no less interest to American claimants is the selection of the

American Agent who is charged with the general responsibility for the presentation and prosecution of all American claims cognizable by the General Claims Commission. This task will be in the hands of Colonel Henry W. Anderson, of Richmond, Virginia, the Republican candidate for Governor of that State in 1921. During the World War he took an active part in Red Cross activities in the Balkan States, and his distinguished success was recognized by Servia, Roumania, Greece, Russia, Montenegro and Italy, in token of which he was many times decorated by those countries. He is a practising attorney of Richmond and has been identified with many important enterprises.

The General Claims Convention is similar in its terms to the Treaty of July 4, 1868, and, indeed, refers to the Claims Commission created by the latter for the rules of procedure of the proposed Commission. The commission may fix the time and place of meeting, either in the United States or Mexico. Except for injuries incident to recent revolutions, claims may comprise:

(a) Losses or damages suffered by persons or by their properties; or (b) losses or damages originating from acts of officials or others acting for either Government and resulting in injustice and which claims may have been presented to either Government for its interposition with the other since July 4, 1868, and which have remained unsettled: or (c) any other claims which may be filed by either Government within the time hereinafter specified.

Claimants against Mexico must be citizens of the United States, and claimants against the United States must be citizens of Mexico; whether, in either case, corporations, companies, associations, partnerships or individuals. Citizens claiming by reason of losses suffered by any corporation, company, association or partnership, must show that they have, or have had, a substantial and bona fide interest in such damaged organization and that an allotment of their proportions of the organizations' losses has been made to them.

The time for filing, with the Commission, claims accruing prior to September 8, 1923, is limited to the year following the date of the Commission's first meeting, unless a delinquent claimant can show reasons for delay satisfactory to the majority of the Commissioners, in which case the claimant may be allowed an exten-

sion of time not to exceed six additional months. Claims accruing after September 8, 1923, may be filed with the Commission at any time during its duration.

Articles I and II declare that claims shall be examined and decided "in accordance with the principles of international law, justice and equity." But no claim shall be disallowed or rejected "by the application of the general principle of international law that the legal remedies must be exhausted as a condition precedent to the validity or allowance of any claim."

In general, the Commission shall adopt as the standard for its proceedings the rules of procedure established by the Mixed Claims Commission created under the Claims Convention between the two Governments signed July 4, 1868, in so far as such rules are not in conflict with any provision of this Convention. The Commission, however, shall have authority by the decision of the majority of its members to establish such other rules for its proceedings as may be deemed expedient and necessary. . . .

Each Government may nominate and appoint agents and counsel who will be authorized to present to the Commission, orally or in writing, all the arguments deemed expedient in favor of or against any claim. The agents or counsel of either Government may offer to the Commission any documents, affidavits, interrogatories or other evidence desired in favor of or against any claim and shall have the right to examine witnesses under oath or affirmation before the Commission. . . .

The decision of the majority of the members of the Commission shall be the decision of the Commission. The language in which the proceedings shall be conducted and recorded shall be English or Spanish.

The Commission must hear, examine and decide, within three years after the date of its first meeting, all claims filed; but if any claim or claims filed within that period have not been decided prior to the termination of the Commission, the two Governments will by agreement extend the time. The time limit for the Claims Commission of 1868, which was to have concluded its functions in 1871, was extended from time to time to November 20, 1876. In this connection the Extension Protocol of 1873 is interesting:

Whereas the Convention between the United States and the Mexican Republic of April 19, 1871, stipulates that the Commission to which it relates shall be extended for a term not exceeding one year from the day when the functions of the said Commission would terminate pursuant to the Convention of July 4, 1868, which year will expire on the last day of this month, and whereas

a Convention for the still further prolongation of that Commission has been signed, but, owing to unavoidable circumstances, has not seasonably been ratified by the parties:

Now, therefore, be it known that the undersigned . . . have deemed it advisable . . . that the apartments heretofore occupied by the said Commission shall, with the papers and books relating to the business, continue in the custody of the respective secretaries thereof, until the pleasure of both Governments in regard to the further prosecution of the business of the Commission shall be definitely known.

Every claimant before the Special Claims Commission must be an American in citizenship, whether a corporation, company, association or partnership. If an American individual is a claimant by reason of losses or damages suffered by a corporation, company, association or partnership, in which citizens of the United States have, or have had, a substantial and bona fide interest, such individual claimant must show that his proportion of the loss or damage suffered by such organization has been alloted to him. That claims have, or have not, been presented to the United States for its interposition with Mexico, is immaterial.

Claims comprise losses or damages suffered by persons, corporations, companies, associations or partnerships, or by their properties, during the revolutions and disturbed conditions which existed in Mexico from November 20, 1910, to May 31, 1920, inclusive, due to any act by the following forces:

(1) By forces of a government *de jure* or *de facto.*

(2) By revolutionary forces as a result of the triumph of whose cause governments *de facto* or *de jure* have been established, or by revolutionary forces opposed to them.

(3) By forces arising from the disjunction of the forces mentioned in the next preceding paragraph up to the time when the government *de jure* established itself as a result of a particular revolution.

(4) By federal forces that were disbanded, and

(5) By mutinies or mobs, or insurrectionary forces other than those referred to under subdivisions (2), (3) and (4), above, or by bandits, provided in any case it be established that the appropriate authorities omitted to take reasonable measures to suppress insurrectionists, mobs or bandits, or treated them with lenity or were in fault in other particulars.

The time for filing claims with the Special Claims Commission is limited to the period of two years following the date of the Commission's first meeting, except, where satisfactory reasons are shown for delay, an extension not exceeding six months may be granted. The procedure is to follow that of the commission of 1868. The Commission will be bound to decide any claim within six months after the conclusion of the hearing, and to conclude all hearings and to render decisions in all claims within five years from its first meeting.

The total amount awarded in all the cases decided in favor of the citizens of one country shall be deducted from the total amount awarded to the citizens of the other country and the balance shall be paid at Washington or at the City of Mexico, in gold coin or its equivalent to the Government of the country in favor of whose citizens the greater amount may have been awarded.

Each government shall pay its own commissioner and bear its own expenses. The expenses of the Commission including the salary of the third commissioner shall be defrayed in equal proportion by the two Governments.

The Commission may decide that a property or right be restored to the claimant in addition to the amount awarded for loss or damage sustained prior to the decreed restitution. At the same time the value of such property or right is to be determined. The Government against whom such decision is rendered may elect between restitution in kind or compensation. If the compensatory alternative is chosen, the Government affected must file notice to that effect with the Commission within thirty days after the decision and the amount fixed as the value of the property or right must be paid forthwith, in default of which the property or right is to be restored immediately.

The two Governments engage to consider the decision of the Commissions as final and conclusive upon each claim decided and to give full effect to such decisions. They further agree to consider the result of the proceedings of the Commissions as a full, perfect and final settlement of every such claim upon either Government. And that every such claim, whether or not filed and presented to the notice of, made, preferred or submitted to the Commissions, shall, from and after the conclusion of the proceedings of the Commissions, be considered and treated as fully settled, barred and thenceforth inadmissible, provided the claim filed has been heard and decided.

Although the language in the Convention of 1868, as to conclusiveness of awards, was as strong as that contained in the present conventions, and awards are, on their face, final and conclusive as between the United States and Mexico, it does not follow that an unjust award obtained, for example, through fraudulent evidence, would be paid to the fraudulent citizen claimants. They are not parties to the conventions. All evidence must come to the tribunal through government agents. The presentation by a citizen of a fraudulent claim on false testimony is an imposition upon his own Government. In the case of *Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State, versus Key*, (110 U. S. 63,) the Supreme Court said:

> When it is alleged that a decision of an international tribunal against a foreign Government was obtained by the use of fraud, no technical rules of pleading as applied in municipal courts should be allowed to stand in the way of the national power to do what is right.
>
> Every citizen who seeks the intervention of his own Government against another for the redress of his personal grievances must necessarily subject himself and his claim to their requirements of international comity.

In that case the Secretary of State withheld, from payment to a citizen claimant, a large award made under the Treaty of 1868, upon evidence that it was obtained by fraud, and the two Governments negotiated a convention for a rehearing of that claim.

In *Alling and another versus the United States*, (114 U. S. 562,) it was held that a claim against the United States for moneys awarded by the Commission under the Treaty of 1868, and paid by Mexico to the United States in accordance with the award, was a claim growing out of a treaty and was excluded from the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims.

Practically every petroleum, copper, gold and silver mining company interested in Mexico has suffered damages resulting from revolution. It has been estimated that those claims will aggregate at least $100,000,000. Over 50,000 persons are involved. Claims will cover the Madero revolution, the Huerta affair during the Wilson administration, the Carranza and Obregon revolutions and the recent one led by De la Huerta. Confiscation of oil properties under Article 27 of the Carranza Constitution will be another large item. Vast tracts of land were

affected by the provision made in the Constitution of 1917 for taking large landholdings for division into small parcels without adequate compensation for the owners.

Article 14 of the Constitution of 1917 provides: "No law shall be given retroactive effect to the prejudice of any person whatsoever." Article 16 provides that "no one shall be molested in his person, family, domicile, papers, or possessions, except by virtue of an order in writing of the competent authority setting forth the legal ground and justification." Article 27 reads in part:

> The ownership of lands and waters comprised within the limits of the national territory is vested originally in the nation, which has had, and has, the right to transmit title thereof to private persons, thereby constituting private property. Private property shall not be expropriated except for reasons of public utility and by means of indemnification.
>
> The nation shall have at all times the right to impose on private property such limitations as the public interest may demand as well as the right to regulate the developement of national resources, which are susceptible of appropriation, in order to conserve them and equitably to distribute the public wealth. For this purpose necessary measures shall be taken to divide large landed estates; to develop small landed holdings; to establish new centers of rural population with such lands and waters as may be indispensable to them; to encourage agriculture and to prevent the destruction of national resources, and to protect property from damage detrimental to society. Settlements, hamlets situated on private property and communes which lack lands or water or do not possess them in sufficient quantities for their needs shall have the right to be provided with them from the adjoining properties, always having due regard for small landed holdings. Private property acquired for the said purposes shall be considered as taken for public utility.
>
> In the nation is vested direct ownership of all minerals or substances which in veins, layers, masses or beds constitute deposits whose nature is different from the components of the land, such as minerals from which metals and metalloids used for industrial purposes are extracted; beds of precious stones, rock salt and salt lakes formed directly by marine waters, products derived from the decomposition of rocks, when their exploitation requires underground work; phosphates which may be used for fertilizers; solid mineral fuels; petroleum and all hydrocarbons, solid, liquid, and gaseous. In the nation is likewise vested the ownership of the waters of territorial seas. . . .
>
> In the cases to which the two foregoing paragraphs refer, the ownership of the nation is inalienable and may not be lost by prescriptions; concessions shall be granted by the Federal Government to private parties or civil or commercial corporations organized under the laws of Mexico, only on condition that said resources be regularly developed, and that the legal provisions be observed.

Only Mexicans by birth or naturalization and Mexican companies have the right to acquire ownership in lands, waters and their appurtenances, or to obtain concessions to develop mines, waters, or mineral fuels in the Republic of Mexico. The nation may grant the same right to foreigners, provided they agree before the Department of Foreign Affairs to be considered Mexicans in respect to such property, and accordingly not to invoke the protection of their governments in respect to the same, under penalty, in case of breach, of forfeiture to the nation of property so acquired. Within a zone of 100 kilometers from the frontiers, and of 50 kilometers from the sea coast, no foreigner shall under any conditions acquire direct ownership of lands and waters.

Commercial stock companies shall not acquire, hold, or administer rural properties.

The federal and state laws shall determine within their respective jurisdictions those cases in which the occupation of private property shall be considered of public utility.

During the next constitutional term, the Congress and State legislatures shall enact laws, within their respective jurisdictions, for the purpose of carrying out the division of large landed estates, subject to the following conditions:

(a) In each state and territory there shall be fixed the maximum area of land which any one individual or legally organized corporation may own.

(b) The excess of the area thus fixed shall be subdivided by the owner within the period set by the laws of the respective locality; and these subdivisions shall be offered for sale on such conditions as the respective governments shall approve, in accordance with the said laws.

(c) If the owner shall refuse to make the subdivision, this shall be carried out by the local government, by means of expropriation proceedings.

(d) The value of the subdivisions shall be paid in annual amounts sufficient to amortize the principal and interest within a period of not less than twenty years, during which the person acquiring them may not alienate them. The rate of interest shall not exceed five per cent per annum.

(e) The owner shall be bound to receive bonds of a special issue to guarantee the payment of the property expropriated. With this end in view, the Congress shall issue a law authorizing the states to issue bonds to meet their agrarian obligations.

All contracts and concessions made by former governments from and after the year 1876 which shall have resulted in the monopoly of lands, waters, and natural resources of the nation by a single individual or corporation, are declared subject to revision, and the executive is authorized to declare those null and void which seriously prejudice the public interest.

The American contention is that there can be no taking of lands or other property of American citizens legally acquired prior to May 1, 1917, without indemnification in cash at the time of taking. The Mexican Supreme Court, in *Amparo* proceedings

instituted by five oil companies, rendered decisions in 1921 and 1922 to the effect:

(1) That Article 14 of the Constitution, providing that "No law shall be given retroactive effect . . . ", differing from the same article in the Constitution of 1857 requiring that "No retroactive law shall be enacted", is for judicial, not legislative, application and that when the Constitution contains retroactive provisions they must be applied retroactively.

(2) That the part of Article 27 of the Constitution referring to petroleum and other sub-soil substances cannot be considered to be retroactive as not injuring "previous and legitimately acquired rights".

(3) That Article 27 did not apply to leases or contracts made by owners of lands for prospecting for and working petroleum, whereby the privileges of the owners "were translated into positive acts" and the lessees or holders of these contracts had acquired rights to the injury of which the constitutional provision for the nationalization of petroleum could not be applied.

Hence, petroleum properties in process of development before May 1, 1917, when the Constitution took effect, are protected from a retroactive application of the provision in question.

Rights of American citizens in lands containing petroleum or other sub-soil substances, acquired, but not developed, before May 1, 1917, do not come under cover of these decisions.

Another issue is the right of Mexico to confiscate sub-soil interests in lands owned by American citizens prior to May 1, 1917.

The aggregate of claims of Mexican citizens against the United States presumably will be much smaller than the aggregate of American claims against Mexico. They embrace principally damages arising out of the Pershing Expedition into Mexico in pursuit of Pancho Villa, the naval landing at Vera Cruz, and affrays between Mexican and American troops in which citizens residing along the Rio Grande border were injured.

The Claims Commission under the Treaty of 1868 awarded $4,125,622.20 to American citizens and $150,498.41 to citizens of Mexico. The balance between the two credits was faithfully discharged by Mexico. Indeed, Mexico paid in spite of grave doubts, entertained by our own high officials as well as by Mexico,

as to the validity of the evidence that secured a large part of the American award. (See *Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State, v. Key,* (110 U. S. 63,) in the matter of La Abra Silver Mining Company.)

The International Committee of Bankers on Mexico, of which Thomas W. Lamont was chairman, reported in 1922 that the external obligations of the Mexican Government held by foreign investors, together with the National Railways debt, and certain internal loans, approximated a billion pesos, represented as follows in terms of American dollars:

Secured debt	$128,684,000.00
Unsecured debt	68,806,000.00
Railroad debt	243,734,777.00
Interior debt	67,606,000.00
Total	$508,830,777.00

which does not include bonds of the Huerta issues held by banks as collateral, nor bonds of the so-called DeKay issue which the Government does not recognize. The unpaid interest that had accumulated at that time approximated 400,000,000 pesos.

The committee also reported, after estimating the situation, that, "under prudent and economical management of its affairs by the Mexican Government" it could provide for the service of its debt for 1923 and the succeeding four years. To that end the committee entered into an agreement on June 16, 1922, with the Minister of Finance of Mexico.

As the Commissions are in their nature judicial tribunals whose members must make and subscribe a solemn declaration that they will decide "in accordance with the principles of international law, justice and equity", it scarcely need be said that they will look to precedents established by the commission organized under the Convention of 1868, and by the Mixed Claims Commission, United States and Germany. Each claim will have its day in court. Of course, the decision in, and determination of, typical cases presented to the Commissions naturally will dispose of groups of cases for the individuals in whose behalf they are presented will recognize such determinations as in the nature of *res adjudicata.*

In view of the features of claims under the jurisdiction of the

Special Claims Commission, that tribunal's inquiries naturally will be in many respects similar to those of the Mixed Claims Commission, United States and Germany.

Before submitting a claim, the claimant should ask himself:

(1) Was he, at the time of the alleged infringement, and is he, a citizen of the United States? If so, he should submit the best obtainable evidence of his citizenship—birth certificate, if native-born; court certificate if naturalized. If the claim is that of a corporation, certified copies of articles of incorporation are required. If a partnership, the contract of partnership.

(2) Was claimant injured in person or property through acts of revolutionary or mutinous forces in Mexico? If so, he should submit proofs of the specific injury complained of.

(3) Was the injury sustained during the period between May 20, 1910, and May 31, 1920, inclusive?

(4) If he claims for a loss, damage or injury sustained through ownership of a substantial and bona fide interest in an injured corporation, company, association or partnership, he should submit evidence of his interest therein, proof of the injury, and that his due share of the loss has been apportioned to him by such organization.

(5) Does his claim involve a property or right that can, and should, be restored to him? If so, what is the value of such property or right?

(6) Was the injury complained of the proximate result of an efficient cause attributable to the forces mentioned above?

(7) What sum of money would recompense him for his aggregate injury?

The General Claims Commission will seek answers to similar inquiries except that, instead of being interested in revolutionary acts between May 1, 1910, and May 31, 1920, it must consider every class of injury otherwise arising since July 4, 1868, through wrongful acts of the United States or Mexico, or their agents, and it must be satisfied that the claimant at the time of the alleged infringement was, and is, a citizen of the country now presenting his claim.

GEORGE CYRUS THORPE.

AMERICA'S IMMIGRATION POLICY

BY ROY L. GARIS

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THE important provisions of the Immigration Act of 1924, signed by President Coolidge on May 26, are: (1) it preserves the basic immigration law of 1917; (2) it retains the principle of numerical limitation as inaugurated in the act of May 19, 1921; (3) it changes the quota basis from the census of 1910 to the census of 1890; (4) it reduces the quota admissible in any one year from three to two per cent.; (5) it provides a method of selection of immigrants at the source rather than to permit them to come to this country and land at the immigration stations without previous inspection; (6) it reduces the classes of exempted aliens; (7) it places the burden of proof on the alien to show that he is admissible under the immigration laws rather than upon the United States to show that he is not admissible; and (8) it provides entire and absolute exclusion of those who are not eligible to become naturalized citizens under our naturalization laws.

While it was evident from the beginning that no law would please all, yet it is safe to say that at least eighty per cent. of the American people approve of the new provisions in the Act of 1924. The sources of opposition were and still are:

(1) Those who believe that the law is not sufficiently restrictive. For the most part this opposition was not a stumbling block.

(2) Those who believe that the law does not admit enough common laborers to do the rough work of the United States.

(3) Those who, while pretending to favor restriction, really want anybody and everybody except the insane, the criminal and the diseased, so that they may proceed to reap dividends from their particular lines of endeavor, whether the lines be mills, factories, steamships, newspapers of various languages, or the like, in addition to bondsmen, some lawyers, common crooks, and others who daily exploit the newly arrived alien.

(4) Those of an international mind, who think that migrations should not be impeded, except possibly from China, Korea, Japan and India.

(5) Those who for religious, racial, or family reasons desire more of their own to be residents of the United States.

(6) Those who have been led to believe that the United States can go throughout the world handpicking bricklayers here, plasterers there, gardeners elsewhere and farmers at another place, and bring them, without thought of families, to our States; in other words, selection, distribution and supervision.

In order to expose further the character of this opposition, it is highly desirable and profitable that we analyze our traditional immigration policy to see if we have permanent legislation worthy of the name.

Three times in our history the exercise of the Presidential veto prevented the enactment by Congress of legislation that would restrict immigration by the application of a literacy test. These vetoes were by Presidents Cleveland in 1897, Taft in 1913, and Wilson in 1915. It is clear that both President Cleveland and President Wilson considered restriction of immigration to be contrary to our traditional policy, for each viewed a simple literacy test as "a radical departure" from such a policy. However, President Wilson stated, "If the people of this country have made up their minds to limit the number of immigrants by arbitrary tests and so reverse the policy of all the generations of Americans that have gone before them, it is their right to do so. But I do not believe that they have." These statements are deserving of serious consideration, solely that we may secure a proper focus on the facts of the situation as it exists today.

A great deal of cant and hypocrisy is being preached at the present day as to the motives that lie back of the attitude of the American Government and the American people toward immigration of the past. "A political asylum," "a haven of refuge," "a welcome to the oppressed," "a home for the persecuted"—these and like phrases are all fine, high-sounding expressions, and we believe in them as did our forefathers. But the fact is, they express a secondary and not the primary cause underlying the action of our people and Government toward the alien.

This primary basis has always been what might be called selfish altruism. We have welcomed the immigrant, not because he was an alien, not because he was escaping religious or political persecution, not because he was down-trodden and oppressed, but primarily and essentially because we believed his coming here was for our own good as a people and as a nation. We have welcomed him only so long as, and no longer than, we believed this. When we had been made to realize that his arrival was dangerous and fraught with injury to us, we objected to his coming and took steps to prevent it—even from colonial times. And once having taken a step forward—once having put up a bar—we have never let it down again or taken a step backward.

Accepting for the moment as a fact the statement that a certain line of action has become our traditional policy, we can certainly successfully contend that mere precedent is not good argument in itself for the continuation of such a policy. The American people have never worshiped at the shrine of tradition, they have never made of precedent a fetish. There is no justification for continuing in one direction simply because that is the way we have been going.

Our problem today is not a question of consistency in following out a supposed traditional policy in regard to immigration, but it is a problem of the application of intelligence and the saving grace of common sense to the same economic and social phenomenon operating under entirely different conditions. These may or may not require the adoption of the same traditional policy; they may involve a complete reversal of that policy. It is the height of folly to maintain that our immigration problem today is the same and demands the same treatment as that of a generation or generations ago simply because it has the same word name. Conditions are fundamentally different and, what is even more important, we have had an opportunity through experience to become acquainted with certain facts which should enable us to approach the solution of the present aspects of the immigration problem with a greater degree of intelligence.

In the above and for the moment, we granted that there has been a traditional policy of virtually unrestricted, free immigration—a policy which, President Wilson clearly perceived, could

be reversed if the American people so desired. The only question in his mind was that he was not sure that the people desired "to reverse the policy of all the generations of Americans that have gone before". Were he President today I am sure that Mr. Wilson would say that the American people have reversed what he conceived to be their traditional policy.

But has America, until the last decade, welcomed the immigrant with open arms and wild enthusiasm, as the advocates of free immigration declare? What has been her real traditional policy? What have been the views of the leaders of American thought from colonial days?

Between 1714 and 1720 fifty-four ships arrived in Boston with immigrants from Ireland. They were carefully scrutinized by the Puritan exclusionists. Cotton Mather wrote in his diary on August 7, 1718: "But what shall be done for the great number of people that are transporting themselves thither from ye North of Ireland?" John Winthrop, speaking of twenty ministers and their congregations that were expected the same year, said: "I wish their coming over do not prove fatall in the End." They were not welcome, and so most of them moved on beyond the New England settlements.

The Scotch-Irish came in such large numbers to Pennsylvania that James Logan, the Secretary of the Province, wrote to the Proprietors in alarm in 1729: "It looks as if Ireland is to send all its inhabitants hither, for last week not less than six ships arrived, and every day two or three arrive also." Not being welcome, these too pushed on to the frontier.

In 1717 the British Government entered on the policy of penal transportation, and thenceforth discharged certain classes of felons upon the Colonies. New England escaped these "seven year passengers". It is estimated that between 1750 and 1770 twenty thousand convicts were exported to Maryland alone. The Colonies bitterly resented such cargoes, but their self-protective measures were regularly disallowed by the selfish Home Government.

Benjamin Franklin, in a personal letter dated Philadelphia, May 9, 1753, wrote concerning the Germans of Pennsylvania: "Unless the stream of importation could be turned from this to

other Colonies, they will soon outnumber us, that all the advantages we will have will in my opinion be not able to preserve our language, and even our government will become precarious."

From what has been said above it is evident that conditions in Pennsylvania were by no means exceptional. Professor McMaster says of the same period: "Diverse as the inhabitants of the States were in occupations, they were not less diverse in opinions, in customs, and habits. Differences of race, differences of nationality, of religious opinions, of manners, of tastes, even of speech, were still distinctly marked."

It is evident then that all of the Colonies received their share of human chaff despite their vigorous protests. But the important thing to note is that the thoughtful people of those days were against immigration even when there was land in abundance and opportunity beckoned on every hand.

The "yellow streak" in the population faded rapidly, for many of these men belonged to the class of the unfortunate rather than to the vicious and were the product of a passing state of society. No doubt the worst felons were promptly hanged, so that those who were transported—despite the protests of Virginia and the other Colonies—were such as excited the compassion of the court in an age that recognized nearly three hundred capital offenses. When we consider the fact that many were the victims of bad surroundings rather than born malefactors; that the larceny of a few shillings was punishable by death, and that many of the victims were deported because of religious differences and political offenses, or kidnapped and brought over to be sold as indentured servants, then the stigma of crime is erased. Under the regenerative stimulus of opportunity many of these persons reformed, and, therefore, one does not wonder that some of these transported persons rose to places of honor and distinction in the Colonies and that many of them became respected citizens. Opportunity beckoned then, but today the immigrant's labor is considered no more than any other commodity to be bought at the lowest price, while opportunity is like a jack-o'-lantern or like the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow.

But be that as it may, before passing on, I desire to

point out again the opposition in all the Colonies to the coming of new immigrants—an opposition which was so bitter that the new immigrants either themselves moved on to the frontier which was ever moving westward, or else forced the original inhabitants to do so. But today there is no frontier!

Very early in the legislation of our Federal Congress, in fact as early as 1798, statutes were enacted affecting the alien. The most important of these were the Alien and Sedition laws, both of which had for their object the removal of aliens from the United States. The Alien Law authorized the President, without trial, to order out of the country "any aliens he shall judge dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States" and, if they remained, to imprison them "so long as, in the opinion of the President, the public safety may require". In order that no alien might escape, sea captains were to make reports in writing of the names, ages, and places of birth of all foreigners brought over in their ships.

That early legislation was severe on the foreigner is attested by another law passed in 1798. A new Naturalization Act raised the period of necessary residence in the United States from five to fourteen years and provided that foreigners seeking naturalization must declare their intention five years before the time for obtaining papers. Even more stringent than these laws was another enacted in the same year which gave to the President the right, in case of war declared or invasion threatened, to seize, secure, or send away all resident aliens, whether natives or adopted citizens, of the hostile nation.

When we recall the conditions existing at the time of these acts—a young Republic with a new form of government surrounded by avowed and hostile enemies—there was some justification for this severe attitude toward foreigners in this country. Washington, Jefferson, and other founders of our Government favored such legislation and warned the country against the evils of excessive immigration.

These acts indicate clearly a hostile attitude by our Federal Government in its youth toward foreigners. Historical facts thus refute the contention of the past and present advocates of unrestricted immigration that we have always welcomed the

immigrant with outstretched arms. Unable to protect themselves in colonial days, the States took drastic measures against foreigners almost from the beginning of their independence. Reference to these early statutes is important in that they were based upon conditions which have given tone and color to so much of the opposition that has manifested itself toward the immigrant at different periods in our history.

As early as 1804 a proposal in Connecticut to extend the franchise brought from the Federalists the charge that "never yet has an extension of the franchise failed to bring with it those triple horrors: Catholics, Irishmen, and Democratic rule". "Give to every man a vote and the ports of Connecticut would be crowded with ships swarming with patriots and rapparees fresh from the bogs of Erin, elections would be decided by the refuse of jails and gibbets, and factious men from Ireland would inflict on Connecticut just such a government as they have already inflicted on Delaware, on Pennsylvania, on New York."

In 1807 immigrants were characterized as "the vagabonds and wandering felons of the universe". Dire prophecies as to the submerging of our institutions, and the inevitable downfall of the Republic, abounded in the newspapers at the time so many Irish Catholics were coming to the United States. Through the sections of the country where the Irish settled, anti-Catholic riots were not infrequent, even necessitating at times the calling out of troops. In New York City at the spring elections of 1834 complaint was made by the Whigs that gangs of Irishmen "armed with stones and bludgeons drove them from the polls, attacked their committee in its own room, put the Mayor, Sheriff, and posse to flight and terrorized the city". In Boston in 1837 a mob attacked and sacked the houses of the Irish. There were also anti-foreign riots of more or less serious proportions in Cincinnati, Philadelphia and other cities. In Cincinnati the rioting was directed primarily against the German element.

In 1819 Congress enacted a law providing for an enumeration of arriving aliens, this being the first action on record of legislative attention to the subject of immigration itself. Opposition to immigration was soon crystallized. In 1838 the House of Representatives instructed its Judiciary Committee to consider the pro-

priety of passing a law prohibiting the importation into this country of vagabonds and paupers.

The antagonistic attitude of a considerable part of the public manifested itself in the political parties of the time in what has come to be called the nativistic movement or "Native Americanism". Immigration and its effects became an issue of the very first importance and was the cause of one of the most remarkable movements in American history. The Native American Association, formed in 1837 in Washington, sought to cherish native American sentiment, to exclude foreign opinions and doctrines, to exclude foreigners from office under the State and Federal Governments, and to procure a repeal of the naturalization law. The opposition to foreigners holding office was quite general. In 1835 the platform of the Native Americans in New York stated: "Elevate no person of foreign birth to any office of honor, trust, or profit in the United States."

Immigration was a prominent issue in the election of 1844 which made James K. Polk President of the United States over Henry Clay. In the Pierce-Scott Presidential campaign of 1852 Scott was accused of "nativism" and this was a factor in his defeat. The historian, Rhodes, states that "this is the first Presidential campaign in which we light upon those now familiar efforts to cajole the German and Irish citizens", and ever since then the foreign vote has played an important part in deciding great questions of American policy.

In 1854 the opposition to immigration as manifested in the Native American movement became known as the "Know-Nothing Party", its official title being the American Party. Their cry now began to be Washington's famous order, "Put none but Americans on Guard Tonight." The country was shaken to its depths, yet all this agitation and opposition by the American public proved futile in the direction of restricting the volume of immigration, for the great, almost limitless West was still to be settled. There was still a frontier, still plenty of land, the immigrants were for the most part still willing to go West and settle on the land, while opportunity still beckoned.

Although the opposition to immigration was not strong enough to place any restrictive measures on the Federal statute books

prior to the Civil War, yet a number of States legislated on the subject of immigration. As early as 1847 New York passed laws dealing with the situation. Massachusetts, California, Louisiana and other States also took action. However, the Supreme Court of the United States declared a number of these laws unconstitutional, and in a case in 1882 it stated that the subject of immigration "had been confided to Congress by the Constitution, and that Congress can more appropriately and with more acceptance exercise it than any other body known to our laws, State or National". From the very moment when this decision of the Supreme Court was handed down the Government embarked upon a national policy of regulating immigration.

The act of March 3, 1875, prohibited the immigration of alien convicts and of women brought in for purposes of prostitution. Under date of May 6, 1882, Congress passed and the President approved an act "to regulate immigration" by which was suspended for ten years the coming of Chinese laborers to our shores —a suspension not yet removed. The act of February 26, 1885, prohibited the importation of laborers under contract. The act of February 15, 1893, granted additional quarantine powers and imposed additional duties upon the Public Health Service. By 1907 there were as many as sixteen classes of aliens being denied admittance to the United States, and to these the act of 1907 added others. A number of other important acts were passed prior to the act of February 5, 1917, which, among other important restrictions, made provision for the literacy test. On May 11, 1922, an act was approved extending the act of May 19, 1921— the so-called 3 per cent. law—to and including June 30, 1924.

It was admitted by all that this 3 per cent. law was a makeshift, temporary, war measure to stem the tide of those unfortunates of Europe who were beginning to pour into this country in order to escape the misery and burdens which they had inherited from the World War. By extending this act to June 30, 1924, Congress had time to work out more or less permanent legislation to take the place of the somewhat arbitrary, unscientific restriction of a quota based upon the census of 1910. The country is virtually back to normal conditions. It was high time for us to face the

problem fearlessly and frankly before Congress adjourned in June.

Our review so far has made it evident that from colonial times the American people have opposed the coming of immigrants into this country when they had to associate with them and enter into competition with them; that so long as there was plenty of land—a frontier—and the immigrants were willing to go to it, the problem was not acute; that the young Republic was forced in self-defense to pass drastic laws against the aliens; that with the passing of the years in the last century the opposition to immigrants became more and more crystallized and found expression in one restrictive measure after another until prior to the Act of 1924 less than 400,000 immigrants could enter the United States in any fiscal year under the 3 per cent. law; and lastly but most important of all, that once having passed a restrictive measure, the American people have never repealed it, but have expressed themselves time and time again to be in favor of more severe measures of restriction.

If America can be said to have had a traditional immigration policy, it has certainly not been one upholding free and unrestrictive immigration. On the other hand public opinion in America has upheld a policy of increasing restriction and this, if anything, has been her traditional policy. The American people want restriction, strict, severe restriction. The bars must be put up higher and more scientifically. Practical results are demanded. Does the Act of 1924 take steps in this direction? Does it grant what the public wants in concrete terms?

In the first place and without question, the American people wanted the Act of 1917 excluding certain classes to be continued and strengthened—the most important of these classes being idiots, imbeciles, feeble-minded persons, epileptics, insane persons, paupers, beggars, vagrants, persons afflicted with disease, criminals, polygamists, anarchists, persons likely to become a public charge, illiterates, etc. Such persons as these must be excluded even though they might be eligible for admittance under every other provision of the law. The Act of 1924 continues and strengthens the exclusion of such classes.

In the second place and beyond doubt, public opinion is op-

posed to the so-called "new" immigration and desired its restriction to the lowest possible minimum.

At the present time European immigration to the United States may be divided into two groups, the "old" and the "new". The "old" immigration extended from the beginning of our national history to about the year 1890 and was derived chiefly from Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. Thus practically all the immigrants to 1890 were predominantly Anglo-Saxon-Germanic in blood and Protestant in religion—of the same stock as that which originally settled the United States, wrote our Constitution and established our democratic institutions. The English, Dutch, Swedes, Germans, and even the Scotch-Irish, who constituted practically the entire immigration, were less than two thousand years ago one Germanic race in the forests surrounding the North Sea. Thus being similar in blood and in political ideals, social training, and economic background, this "old" immigration merged with the native stock fairly easily and rapidly. Assimilation was only a matter of time and this was aided by the economic, social and political conditions of the country. Even though those who were already here objected to others coming in, yet once in they soon became Americans, so assimilated as to be indistinguishable from the natives. Furthermore, in comparison with the present-day immigration it was relatively small in volume, while the abundance of free land and our need for pioneers prevented the rise of any serious problem.

In the period centering about the year 1880, and in particular in the decade 1880–1890, there was a distinct shift in the immigration movement. Whereas before 1890 most of our immigrants had been Anglo-Saxons and Teutons from Northern Europe, after 1890 the majority were members of the Mediterranean and Slavic races from Southern and Southeastern Europe. The great bulk of this "new" immigration has its source in Russia, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Greece, Turkey, Italy and the Balkan countries. It is in connection with this "new" immigration that the present immigration problem exists. Its solution challenges our attention.

As Professor Commons says: "A line drawn across the conti-

nent of Europe from northeast to southwest, separating the Scandinavian Peninsula, the British Isles, Germany, and France from Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Turkey, separates countries not only of distinct races but also of distinct civilizations. It separates Protestant Europe from Catholic Europe; it separates countries of representative institutions and popular government from monarchies; it separates lands where education is universal from lands where illiteracy predominates; it separates manufacturing countries, progressive agriculture, and skilled labor from primitive hand industries, backward agriculture, and unskilled labor; it separates an educated, thrifty peasantry from a peasantry scarcely a single generation removed from serfdom; it separates Teutonic races from Latin, Slav, Semitic, and Mongolian races. When the sources of American immigration are shifted from the Western countries so nearly allied to our own, to Eastern countries so remote in the main attributes of Western civilization, the change is one that should challenge the attention of every citizen."

The racial proportions of incoming aliens having thus undergone a remarkable change since 1890, the result has been "a swift and omnious lowering of the general average of character, intelligence, and moral stamina", with the result now that the situation is "full of menace and danger to our native racial stream and to our long-established institutions". The advocates of free and unrestricted immigration refute such a contention by pointing out that the same has been said time and time again for over a hundred years. They point to members of the old immigration and say that all that these needed was an opportunity. They go to great trouble to compare the present "new" immigration with the types which came to us prior to 1890, in order to establish their contention that the present "new" immigration is no worse than the former. However, I desire to point out in this connection a thought which I have not found expressed in the arguments answering the above contentions of the advocates of free immigration. It is simply this—that the comparison of the present "new" immigration with the lower types which came to us prior to 1890 is wasted energy. The vital thing for us today is not whether the present "new" immigration is equal to, superior to, or lower than the immigration of 35 years ago, but how does

it compare with the "old" immigration of *today?* According to every test made in recent years and from a practical study of the problem, it is evident beyond doubt that the immigrant from Northern and Western Europe is far superior to the one from Southern and Eastern Europe.

In the Act of 1924 Congress adopted a suggestion of the writer that a simple and practical solution of the problems created by the "new" immigration—a solution based on scientific and historical facts—would be to adopt the census of 1890 instead of 1910 or 1920 as the basis for permanent legislation and future percentage laws. It is true that the 3 per cent. law based on the census of 1910 was primarily quantitative, but it was nevertheless qualitative to the extent that it kept from our shores millions of undesirables which this country could afford to do without. The two per cent. law based on the census of 1890 limits qualitatively to a much higher degree as well as numerically within safe boundaries. It closes the doors to all but a few thousand "new" immigrants each year. It will give us time to educate and assimilate those now here (a task of gigantic proportions, requiring many years). And yet such a plan does not exclude to a detrimental point those immigrants from Northern and Western Europe who might desire to come and who are easily assimilated. Such a provision is eminently fair and equitable, and yet it raised a storm of protest among the nationals whose quotas it reduced. But this is the invariable effect of any legislative proposals that are frankly framed for the benefit of America and Americans rather than for Europe and Europeans. And yet, as in the case of any bill, the character of the opposition may be the strongest kind of evidence of intrinsic merit.

There are many industries in this country which are dependent upon foreign labor if wage scales and working hours of past years are to prevail. Native American labor will not work twelve-hour shifts when eight-hour jobs can be had. Americans will not be satisfied with the living conditions or the fare that the foreign-born laborer is satisfied with.

The solution of the labor shortage in these industries is either a revised schedule of employment or a free entry of labor from foreign countries. Yet to open the gates again to the common

labor of foreign lands would be to surrender much of what we have gained. It would but add to our domestic problems, since the great majority of this class are unfitted for citizenship.

Some industries have not kept pace with other American industries either in working hours or wages. A labor shortage in such industries will probably be a direct result of this condition. The thinking man comes to regard such industries as a place to seek employment only when all other places fail, and to be left as soon as a job can be obtained elsewhere. A revision of standards in some of our industries is what is needed right now. Happily some have seen the handwriting on the wall and are taking such a step. American industries can get all the labor they need if they will give labor a square deal and cease treating it as a commodity.

Indeed, the time is opportune for Americans to insist on an American policy, regardless of what our employers of cheap labor and our foreign born want. We have catered to them too long already and in consequence have been throwing away our birthright. The vital thing is to preserve the American race, as far as it can be preserved, and build it up with Nordic stock; intelligent, literate, easily assimilated, appreciating and able to carry on our American institutions. The percentage law based on the census of 1890 will in time automatically bring about such a result.

In a recent letter to me, the Hon. Roger W. Babson stated: "Of course I am in favor of an extension of our Immigration Service to the points of embarkation on the other side." Perhaps no other provision in the Act of 1924 has met with such general approval as the one which provides for a form of examination over seas. For several years it seemed impossible to work out a practical method and one satisfactory to the nations in whose ports such inspection takes place. Under the new law both non-quota and quota immigrants are required to file their written application under oath in duplicate before the United States consul in their country for an immigration certificate. These applications go fully into their past records, their family history, and into their mental, moral and physical qualifications. This process now enables us to weed out in advance those not qualified for entrance into the United States. A satisfactory examination there procures

an immigrant certificate for admission here, provided that the quota has not been exhausted. However, the certificate does not exempt the immigrant from a final inspection and medical examination at the port of entry. The immigrant is subject to deportation if he or she fails to measure up to the Act of 1917.

The law provides that not more than ten per cent. of the total number of certificates allotted to each country may be issued in any one month, and a certificate is void four months after the date of issuance. The counting of these certificates is made abroad. A no more constructive provision could be imagined than this, for it eliminates the racing of steamships into the ports of entry on the first day of each month, it eliminates the necessity of immigrants being forced to return to Europe due to exhausted quotas, and at the same time it gives our consuls the power to prevent obviously undesirable aliens from coming to America.

The provision in the law abrogating the gentlemen's agreement with Japan, and excluding all Japanese laborers from the United States because of their ineligibility for citizenship, has been the subject of world discussion. Under this gentlemen's agreement Japan, not the United States, determined what and how many Japanese laborers could come to America. It was inevitable that this arrangement should be ended and Congress was within its rights in ending it, although it might have accomplished it in a more diplomatic manner.

It has been my purpose to explain briefly those provisions of the new law which have been subject to the most discussion in order to make clear that each provision is but a logical step forward in our traditional policy of increasing restriction of immigration in a more humane, scientific and constructive manner. The Secretary of Labor, Mr. Davis, said in a recent address, "There should be some immigration of the right kind, but we, not Europe, will say who shall come or we will not let any come." Certainly in the Act of 1924 we have taken important steps forward in the right direction toward permanent legislation worthy of the name.

ROY L. GARIS.

PAUL CLAUDEL

BY BRIAN W. DOWNS

I

It will be an interesting task for the literary historian of some future epoch to assess in an impartial manner impossible today the nature, amount and value of the specifically Christian element in literature since Christianity became the official religion of Europe. Will he add any name to the short list of writers at once truly great and truly Christian, who stand immortal and unchallenged? It may be doubted. For, to confess a truth, however large the coöperation of dogmatic religion with art of all kinds may bulk in the vocal aspirations of moralists and divines, it is not an aim which producers and lovers of good literature have often had deeply at heart. Though from time to time there have been sincerely religious men, who, like Tolstoi, have wished to harness their artistic powers to the juggernaut of their creed; though there have arisen literary dictators, like the brothers Schlegel, who have wished to impose their faith on the literary movement of their time; yet when it has come to practice, posterity recognizes that those works in which these very prophets have put the best of themselves are those in which they have most resolutely waived their religious and ethical preoccupations. And where an ambition like theirs has been most fully realized, there the creative passion of the artist has shown itself feeblest. Richardson was as devout a man as Dean Farrar; but *Eric, or Little by Little* puts up a poor show against *Clarissa.*

The last of the many attempts to "bring religion into literature", as some of its advocates proudly style the process,—that of the French Symbolists, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Huysmans and their like, with prayers on their lips (and in their hearts, they said) but blasphemy in their books,—may be blotted somewhat contemptuously from this roll of honor. One, however, among their con-

geners and their immediate disciples has never varnished his eikons with dung or wavered appreciably in his desire to spread by precept and example the Christian Gospel in the world of the imagination. "Who would suspect," he once exclaimed, in the accents of one gazing down upon Jerusalem, "who would suspect while reading Rabelais, Montaigne, Racine, Molière, Victor Hugo, that a God has died for us on the Cross? This sort of thing must absolutely stop."

The daring zealot who uttered such words is not, as one might hazard, a pastor of one of the surviving Huguenot congregations; though his reading is all in Aquinas, he is not some zealous Dominican mindful of a time when all self-expression paid service of lip, and more than lip, to the Christian God in his church; but Paul Louis Charles Claudel, now, after long service in the consular and diplomatic services, the French Republic's Ambassador accredited to his Imperial Majesty of Japan. At the same time he takes his place, in the opinion of some, as junior fellow in the noble brotherhood of Dante, Herbert, Milton, Vondel, Calderon and Klopstock. It will be our prime concern to discover whether such a magnificent claim can be established with justice.

II

M. Claudel made his fame, and still preserves it among all but the smallest circle of fanatics, with a series of plays. At the time of writing this, twelve such stand to his credit, many in a bewildering variety of successive redactions. Two of the number, the musical comedy of *Proteus* and a dismally flaccid puppet play called *The Bear and the Moon* (1919), stand quite apart from the others and need not concern us, at any rate for the moment. But the common peculiarities of the remainder clearly deserve some present attention.

The typical Claudel play strikes as decidedly singular even an age habituated to the Muses' latter-day vagaries. The modern work that perhaps comes closest to it is M. Maeterlinck's. This is comprehensible enough, since both these poets, then young lions in their twenties, were launched into the arena precisely at the time (1890) that the Count Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, recently dead, stood at the apogee of his undeserved glory as a playwright;

and they studied their art mostly in the leaves of his last production, *Axel*, a confused melodrama culminating in the suicide of its two protagonists, a young German earl with leanings towards Rosicrucianism and a lady of incomparable pallor and a pretty taste in practical jokes. From *Axel* Messrs. Maeterlinck and Claudel learnt—what the new philosophies hastened to corroborate—that human Intellect is naught in value and practical effect over against the urgings of the Will, and that human speech is a mere tattered veil, through whose rents a white gleam of meaning occasionally appears, but which for the most part serves to cover and obscure the messages no less of the Will than of the disprized Intellect. Villiers de l'Isle-Adam employed dialogue primarily to create "atmosphere", and, though differing in their own application of the general law, it was on this freak that they later seized with the greatest eagerness.

M. Claudel agrees too with M. Maeterlinck in moving the time of action in his most characteristic plays from the precise 1828 of *Axel* to a mythical, conventionalized Middle Age, and in utterly rejecting the Byronic disillusion which culminated in Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's most celebrated sentence: "Live? Our servants shall do that for us!"

After that they part company. M. Claudel never permits himself that abuse of the pathetic fallacy which M. Maeterlinck took over from their common inspirer, and, very notably, he differs from him in his dramatic treatment of Roman Catholicism. Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, devout believer as he was (rather after the strange manner of the latter Huysmans and of Baudelaire), had utilized certain externalities of Roman ritual for creating stage effect and enhancing that "atmosphere" of mystery and exaltation towards the all-important creation of which his energies were chiefly bent, and here M. Maeterlinck is content to follow him. But with M. Claudel a stage device, a mere accessory, comes to assume an importance nothing less than essential.

For all M. Claudel's plays (with the exceptions made) may justly be called modern miracle-*cum*-morality plays, the nearest equivalent we have to the Digby *Mary Magdalen* or *Everyman*. They exist for the sake of some strange occurrence, imputed to the direct intervention of God; and that fixes a great gulf between

them and the puerile "Rosicrucianism" of *Axel* or the prowling *beguines* of *The Princess Maleine*—the elimination of which would merely affect atmosphere and not structure. Of two plays, which exhibit respectively M. Claudel's dramatic talent at its strongest and feeblest, we can say that the entire interest centres in supernatural happenings. In *The Seventh Day's Rest* (1901)[1], a powerful melodrama with many effective situations, an Emperor of China descends into the realms of Death and the Devil for the succor of his subjects afflicted by an inroad of ghosts, and on his return to earth his sceptre miraculously turns into a cross. In *Christmas Eve 1914* (1915) the murdered innocents from the Eastern Marches of France meet behind the lines in solemn glorifications of their Lord and their country, which the enemy's artillery tactfully punctuates with salvos precisely where the music requires them. Of M. Claudel's most celebrated piece, *The Tidings Brought to Mary* (1912), which the French Academy "crowned" and which has found its way on to the boards of most civilized countries, the interest, though not actually absorbed by the marvellous, as it is in the two plays just mentioned, certainly culminates in a genuine miracle: a dead child is brought to life and suckled by a virgin.

So one might go through the list. The two plays in which the plain spectator would detect perhaps least of the supernatural are nevertheless exceedingly instructive in this respect: *The Humiliated Father* (1920) (which exhibits another semi-pathological miracle) depends for its dramatic complication on the disregard of a foolish piece of advice bestowed by Pius IX, that pontiff who had himself declared infallible and became "Jesus Christ on earth"; the rationale of *Hard Bread* (1918) consists in the overt working out of the scriptural adage touching the Sins of the Fathers—an elaboration, by the way, practised also in *The Humiliated Father*. These plays, in brief, like *Mary Magdalen* and *Everyman*, serve primarily as object-lessons, to assert Eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to men. Their author avows it when he says of one of them, *The Exchange* (1901), that its theme is the incompatibility of Action and the Soul.

Again, like *Mary Magdalen* and *Everyman*, they suffer from an

[1] The dates given are those of publication, not of composition.

over-simplification of the human agents through whom the necessary moral is inculcated. Characters tend to become, or to remain, mere flat types. M. Claudel is nearer akin to the poet of *The Faërie Queene* than to the creator of *The Pilgrims' Progress.* The reason may be found in the curious defence put up, not by a detractor, but by an admirer of his genius: "It does not appear that M. Claudel has watched the lives of others much or is greatly interested in them. His is a psychology of intuition." The fact however is certain. In *The Exchange*, for example, written for the most part in the United States as an indictment of graceless Anglo-Saxon business methods pushed into even the most sacred recesses of life, Marthe Laine, comely enough in her two dimensions, simply stands for The Good Wife and Léchy Elbernon for The Bad Wife. Marthe is a French Catholic, joined to her husband in sacramental union, and cherishing him in his life of homely toil: Léchy, an American actress, over whom a Baptist minister read his contractual marriage-service, who makes free with quotations from Pontius Pilate and goes through the world scattering and destroying, the doctrine of freedom in action and in love ever on her painted lips. The rule nevertheless admits of a few exceptions. Ysé in the haunting *Division of Noon* (1905) represents Everywoman, and no man, however hard he tries, can turn his Everywoman into a mere type. The passionate and somewhat too evil Mara serves as a welcome tonic to *The Tidings Brought to Mary.* And *The Hostage* (1911), the fount and origin of the trilogy embracing also *Hard Bread* and *The Humiliated Father*, actually boasts three such near-persons in the good priest M. Badilon, in the sweet wisp of resignation Sygne Coufontaine, and in the infamous turncoat Turelure, whom the hatred of M. Claudel galvanizes into a diabolical, Frankensteinesque simulacrum of life. It is worth remarking that in their total effect these three pieces are the most artistically satisfying of M. Claudel's miracle-*cum*-morality plays.

III

There then we have these ten pieces, lacking almost entirely the essentials and attractions for which we look in drama: The interest of plot and dramatic situation, in so far as we regard the char-

acters as persons with a human destiny, is almost *nil;* and the same thing can be said of our interest in the *dramatis personæ* as character-portrayals. Most of M. Maeterlinck's plays lie open to the same criticism—though he can produce, with different means, the kind of "suspense" which we associate with a dramatic "situation". M. Maeterlinck moreover commands a medium, which, whether we condemn it as meretricious or not, undeniably has the merit, like Signor Puccini's music, of producing a very definite and very poignant emotional effect in a vast majority of the public. But M. Claudel is incapable even of this attraction. He employs as his linguistic vehicle a verse so very free that its laws and even its justification have hitherto baffled the critics. In effect, though unhappy actors and reciters resort to a kind of intoning in order to "get it across" at all, no one, without the printed book in his hand, would mistake their efforts for spoken *verse.* It is just, for the greater part, a kind of undistinguished pseudo-poetical prose, very uncongenial to the genius of the French language, cut up into irregular lengths—perhaps to mark breathing-pauses (as he himself seems to suggest in a passage in *The City* which is our sole clue to his intentions). It is however not merely undistinguished, but in places obscure, and in a two-fold manner: For one thing, because it is so involved in construction that to Frenchmen it reads like a translation from some foreign tongue; and, secondly, because, firmly embedded in its obfusc tissues, it can contain aphoristic tumors like these:—"And the other moment has known the honest Muses, blowers of the fire, hands, the child's good behavior, daughters of the old man" (*The City,* first version, act III), or "The human man, as a lonely traveller during a very hard frost withdraws himself into his horse's bowels, again seizes his female by the breasts" (*Golden-Head,* act III).

Such obscurity is not merely a weakness or a deficiency; it is a positive blemish, which a parallel deformity accentuates. As grave linguistic or syntactical harshness from time to time interrupts the even tenor of the speeches, so the edifying exaltation of the action every now and then comes crashing to earth over some very foul word or some incomprehensible or revolting incident. Very often the two, the abstruse and the beastly, go to-

gether, as in the scene toward the beginning of *Golden-Head*, where, for no apparent reason, the hero spontaneously oozes blood over a faithful follower's head; and, to many, the suckling of the child by a leper at the climax of *The Tidings Brought to Mary* (a detail not to be found in its primitive form, *The Damsel Violaine*) may justly seem as disgusting as it is unnecessary. On a higher plane, the mental agony to which, particularly in the last act of *The Hostage*, the agents of the Roman Church subject Sygne Coufontaine is so revolting that the late Mrs. Meynell, devout Roman Catholic as she was, felt impelled to protest in the august pages of *The Dublin Review* itself.

To discover then the reasons for the attraction exercised by M. Claudel's dramas upon his fairly extensive international public and for the power which we all undeniably feel emanating from them, we are thrown back far from the world of phenomena in which he has of necessity set his actions and characters, to the spirit world of which, as we apprehend, they serve merely as the symbols. Their weaknesses and deformities, in the new light shed upon them, lose some of their unloveliness and much of their inexplicability, so that we can understand M. Claudel's own insensibility to their shocking nature and forgive it with the criticism made by much his justest and most commonsensical critic, M. de Tonquédec, when he observes: "God obsesses and fascinates him to such a degree that, from time to time, he comes to disregard everything else."

On M. Claudel's conception of God depends then most of his appeal as a writer and seer. But with the key (as it seems) to the treasure chamber thus placed in our eager hands we are conscious of a most disappointing dimness and disproportion when we open the door. The temple which we had pictured so stable and so satisfying, betrays surly, suspicious cracks and incompleteness. How can the architect be so blind to its blemishes? A historical account will perhaps explain much.

When M. Claudel left the celebrated Paris Lyceum of Louis the Great and obtained admission to the over-excited circle revolving about Mallarmé, the philosophy of the market-place was the materialistic monism associated with the name of Taine. It repelled him, and he sought refuge from its insistence alternately

in debauchery and perusal of the recently "discovered" poet Rimbaud, of whom he later declared: "Others have instructed me, but Arthur Rimbaud alone has constructed me." At the same time he had ever before him the spectacle of one of his grandfathers slowly succumbing to cancer of the stomach. In such a condition of depressed spirits and exasperated sensibilities he attended vespers one Christmas Day in the Cathedral Church of Paris. His heart, he tells us, was of a sudden touched, and he believed. Belief, if it be not mere moral intoxication, presupposes an object of some sort; and though at this stage the particular object of M. Claudel's faith was to him (and remains to us) somewhat fogged, its general nature is easy, as it is important, to apprehend. The God, Whom with the help of "a five *sous* candle" the unhappy boy found as he leant against a darkling pillar of Notre Dame, was a Comforter, to stand between him and the maw of "Nothingness, this horrible brother who does not understand me." As Montaigne had said: "I love Him, because he is He," so M. Claudel declares: "As for Him, He is," and hopes loyally by this emphatic counter-check to preclude further theosophic speculation in himself and those interested in him.

This God, however, can and must be further defined. First and foremost, He is a Being, something or someone that can be loved, as M. Claudel cannot love abstractions such as Justice, Truth, Divinity, Beauty or Natural Law. His appeal is private and personal. He is the God of the great mystics, who were also great lovers. But M. Claudel appears to have his limitations as a lover. Too frequently he approaches his lover-God, not like a Donne or St. Teresa, but as a not very amiable or civilized type of young man considers his mistress, as someone cruel, exacting, capricious, fascinating perhaps, but not quite her swain's equal emotionally, morally, or intellectually. He becomes the God of whom M. Claudel, not greatly to our surprise, tells us, that man made Him and that priests hold Him in their hands and command Him. "God is not above you, but beneath you," he lets his model priest, M. Badilon, say.

The first, unofficial, personal conversion took place in 1886, when the poet was eighteen years old; not until 1889 did the second occur, when M. Claudel submitted himself to the formal busi-

ness of reception into the Roman Catholic Church. On the rapturous first meeting and betrothal followed, so to speak, the affair before the Registrar. It had one highly singular feature: Though the bridegroom did not notice it, the bride whom he took before all men was not the same to whom he had plighted his troth, and in this mistake or imposture lies the crux of the whole "difficulty" about M. Claudel. The God Whom he accepted at the hands of the Roman Catholic priesthood was the traditional deity of their Thomist theologians, and the characteristics of Him to which they directed his chief care seem to have been those of which least traces are to be found in the old lover-God. They confronted M. Claudel, as M. Claudel now confronts us, with a fundamental discrepancy in his basic creed, which would largely nullify the effect of his first conversion and which, probably for that reason, he has endeavored to cover up ever since.

The lover-God had been arbitrary, as young women are: the new God was arbitrary too, but His caprice was the jealousy of Jehovah, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent; vainly did M. Claudel try, as from time to time he still fruitlessly endeavors, to reconcile the tenderness of the Comforter with the splendor and awfulness of the God of Hosts, to melt Him Whom man made into Him Who made man. "What invasion," he exclaims in such a moment, "of an empire or of a woman's body between pitiless arms, comparable to this seizure of our soul by God!" In the end, however, he can never completely identify his Lover with his Lord; he can but mass their characteristics, nebulous and irreconcilable as they are, and manufacture the chaotic figment of entity to embody them.

It has just been said that M. Claudel's admission to the Roman communion would largely nullify the effect of his first conversion, which by its implicit personal assurance (afterwards unavoidably weakened) served to scare away the bogeys that beset his sensitive, timorous soul. It would be idle to deny, however, that it compensated him for this in great measure. At no time have the lineaments of the God of his youth entirely faded from his memory, but they have inevitably grown dimmer. As they did so, his God-obsessed, God-craving mind turned for the comfort it needed to His successor and His sponsors. It came to accept everything

that the Roman church—"Visible Word" of God, as he comforted himself by believing—told him; its legends, its philosophy (in so far as a mind essentially incapable of systems apprehends it) and, above all, its theory of authority.

The Utopia of his fancies accordingly, the Utopia within or near whose confines his plays are laid, is a well-ordered, agricultural world, with kings holding their tenure from the Church, with a feudal aristocracy and a graded but rigid caste-system, in which priests and fathers have almost unlimited powers in their own spheres and in which it is unpleasant to be anything but a father or a priest, and particularly unpleasant to be a woman. Jehovah sits on high, dispensing injustice and rewarding violence through his shogun at Rome: the fulfilment of Duty is the supreme virtue and includes even the Duty of Joy. Solomon, Alva and Cardinal Manning would probably feel very much at home in it, but it would provide no place, save in one of its many dungeons, for Socrates or Victor Cousin or Florence Nightingale. (If one would see to what extremes M. Claudel pushes his theory of authority, he has but to study *The Hostage*, the expression of the narrowest "Legitimist" views, the exaltation, as a matter of course, of the weak-kneed ecclesiastic Pius VII and of the scoundrel we all know as Louis XVIII, who aggravates our distaste of him by an offensive parade in a semi-sacerdotal capacity.)

But neither the internal assurance of supernatural friendship nor alliance with so powerful a stabilizing agent as the Roman Catholic Church finally and completely served its prime purpose for M. Claudel, the banishment of his almost ubiquitous fear, fear of the unknown in the realm of the unknowable and fear of man and of thought in the realm of the knowable. It always, M. Claudel guessed, remained possible for an acute mind to demonstrate the anomaly and insecurity of his position, to emit the still small voice of reason against which the most lusty and prolonged holloing and singing of anthems would little avail. And with his endeavor to obviate such a calamity, we come to the third stage in M. Claudel's religious history, the underpinning of ill-joined foundations.

It was an impossible task that he imposed upon himself in the first two, vital, parts of the work misnamed *Ars Poetica* (1907).

On the one hand he meant to give an intellectual sanction to his creed of Emotion and Authority. On the other hand, destruction always having a savage attraction for him, he desired with an even keener ardor to discredit analysis and argument, to prove, that is to say the total inefficacy of the Intellect whose sanctions he was simultaneously courting. To set about this with even the slenderest prospect of success, he must plainly discard all old processes of thought and persuasion and have recourse to a new Metaphysic and, above all, to a new Logic. The manner of his quest he imitated from Mallarmé's *Divagations*. It stands, he claims, relatively to the old Logic as syntax does to accidence; but on examination we discover his analogy to be faulty: he achieves no extension of scope, but merely a substitution: for the Logic of the syllogism he gives us the logic of the Pun, the arbitrary assumption of the essential identity of objects and concepts because, after centuries of language corruption, the names by which they are symbolized jingle similarly in a language spoken by an insignificant fraction of mankind and probably unknown to the angels. *Connaissance* (acquaintance, knowledge, knowing, cognizance), for example, is the same thing as *co-naissance* (simultaneous birth, connascence); *naître* (to be born) as *n'être* (not to be); and so forth. The Metaphysic, partly reared upon this, is, naturally enough, the Metaphysic of Analogy, the Ethic that of the Parable. It is thus the apotheosis of caprice, private interpretation, individualism, that M. Claudel pretends to erect into the chief buttress of an edifice for housing and hallowing the geniuses of discipline, uniformity and authority.

IV

Outside quite a small set of his cultivated co-religionists, M. Claudel's theological, philosophical and sociological views will gain him as few admirers as his dramaturgical talents. But there are a number of works, so far excluded from our purview, on which, it seems probable, his future fame will rest much more securely than on those plays characterized as typical.

One of them *is* a play—though very different from the sanguinary gloom of *Golden-Head* and the saccharine radiance of *The Tidings Brought to Mary*. That is *Proteus* (1914), the operetta

"book" already mentioned. It is clearly inspired by Halévy and Offenbach's *La Belle Hélène*, which in M. Reinhardt's recent revival M. Claudel doubtless enjoyed while he was consul in Germany. The chief butts of this farce are Proteus, represented as an old junk merchant of Naxos, and, as in *La Belle Hélène*, Menelaus: their ingenious bilking in an incongruous mix-up of classical myth and ultra-modern inventions provides a number of clever and really diverting situations. They reveal the author as possessing a well developed sense of humor, more Anglo-Saxon than Gallic, which, it is to be hoped, he may exercise again, pure, for our delectation, and perhaps even apply, in a manner that cannot fail to be salutary, to his own self-criticism when engaged on heavier work.

But there are also other pieces, altogether outside the dramatic pale: some memoirs and comments on his own work; a fantastic treatise on church architecture, forming the third part of the *Ars Poetica;* translations from the ancient Greek and from the English; an attractive travel sketch-book, *Knowledge of the East* (1900); and nine-and-a-half small volumes of more or less lyrical poetry. We shall find the greatest satisfaction that M. Claudel's work affords in these last and in certain passages from the plays, independent of their contexts, where the mere lyrical impulse has been powerful enough to sweep aside the obstacle of an obscure syntax and overstep the puny barriers of a grotesque prosody.

Purely as a poet, then, M. Claudel makes his prime appeal—as in their valuable studies both Mrs. Perrin (*Revue des deux Mondes*) and Mr. Middleton Murry (*Edinburgh Review*) insisted years ago, when they had much less *prima facie* lyric to go on. But he makes this appeal by no means with *all* his poetry. Often it is turgid, in the way described; often pitiably trite, as in the "primitivistic" versification of saints' lives; often broken beneath the burden of incoherent thoughts.

Much sifting has to be done. The result of it is remarkable. It squares almost exactly with that of an analogous, not altogether futile process, that of separating form from content. To put it bluntly, those passages which, for their beauty of sound and harmony of the images evoked, ravish the reader, have *no* "con-

tent"—or a very minimum. Very rarely indeed does M. Claudel produce his greatest effects in any of the long harangues or rhapsodies which utter the profound ideas he believes himself pregnant withal or in the large pronouncements which lay bare before the public the earnest thinker and devotee in him. The *Five Great Odes* (1910) by reason of their greatness, are five great failures. It is for the most part with small purely lyrical "asides" or in the expression of very commonplace sensations that M. Claudel wins the title of poet.

The earliest example of this occurs already in his first work of importance, *Golden-Head* (1890), where it has as much relevancy to dramatic propriety and to the subject of the play as, say, the quotation in that place of Keats's *Ode to Autumn*, with which it has something in common:

The Muse sometimes strays on one of earth's paths;
And, taking advantage of the evening hour when they eat their pottage in the hamlets,
She passes by, barefoot, her hair bushed out by laurel-leaves, and, as she chants some verses, goes along the water-side
Alone, alone like some wild stag.[1]

Vignettes such as this are scattered, hardly with a lavish hand however, throughout M. Claudel's verse. Perhaps the most moving is that at the beginning of the poem *Pater Noster* in *The Mass over Yonder* (1919), which, on the eve of his departure for the wars, presents a middle-aged husband lying in bed side by side with his young wife, peaceably discussing their plans—a piece infinitely more effective in bringing home the desolation, even sublimity of war, than the sabre-rattling, large-mouthed jubilations attempted in *Three War-Poems* (1915). A longer achievement in the same placid mode is this, taken from *Corona Benignitatis* (1915):

When evening falls, blotting out rubric and majuscule,
When all my office is said down to the last chapter,
Without book or rosary I remain in this great crimson world.

[1] La Muse parfois s'égare dans un chemin terrestre;
Et profitant de l'heure le soir où ils mangent la soupe dans les bourgs
La passante aux cheveux hérissés de lauriers marche nupieds, chantant des vers, le long de l'eau
Toute seule, comme un cerf farouche.

Two planets that hang obliquely, one low, the other high,
Are vanishing towards the sun which vanishes into this night of Pentecost
Like a silver falcon covering a dove of pearl.

All is hushed, but the spirit containing all things will not contain itself in me,
The spirit which holds all things together has the knowledge of speech,
Its inextinguishable clamor within me, like water that fuses and breaks into foam.

This voice has neither speech nor language, pause nor sense,
Nothing but a cry, the modulation of Joy, Joy itself rising and falling.
O God, I hear my foolish soul within me as it weeps and as it sings.

While it is yet day and it is not night,
I hear my soul within me like a little bird in its joy,
All alone and ready to flit, like a swallow exulting.

When we come to the larger utterances, the first (perhaps the only one) to strike the reader as poetry of a high order throughout is the *Cantata for Three Voices* (1914), rightly so-called as a piece of music before all else, in which the poet astounds by his ability to produce in one medium the effects associated with another, as M. Ravel can make a part-song sound like a string-quartette.

It would be unjust to maintain that he has failed in *all* those speeches and songs on which, as we may imagine, M. Claudel the reactionary reformer, the aspirant to the Grand Manner, the devout Catholic, particularly prides himself (with a Christian pride, of course). The last poem quoted at length is, quite clearly, transfused with religious feeling; the volume *Corona Benignitatis* contains another fine poem of definitely religious content, *Commemoration of the Faithful Dead*—the *Three War-Poems* one in which the rhetoric really moves, called *Behind Them.* There are the great love-speeches of Jacques Hury in *The Tidings Brought to Mary* and of Mesa and Ysé in *Division of Noon*, blending the sublime with the beautiful. Still, all these instances are the outcome of simple emotion, and it is interesting to note that the last two are as dramatic in their essence as anything that M. Claudel has achieved: he himself, the man with the mission, the man of involved thoughts and pronouncements, is here altogether hidden from our view; he has projected himself completely into creatures of simple impulse.

To sum up: When he is content to feel like a very simple, ordinary mortal and to sing unaffectedly with the voice God gave him, M. Claudel writes his best poetry, and it is poetry of a high order. But when he argues, when he tries to handle thoughts and ideas, he fails. He may be a good poet; but the weakness of his intellectual faculty, or his foolish scorn of it, will prevent his ever ranking, among mankind at large, as a great poet. He cannot after the last test compare with Dante or even with Donne. Similarly, he is not a great Catholic. The great Catholics have been great mystics, like St. Teresa, or great philosophers, like St. Thomas Aquinas; in both instances the greatness lies inherent in the sharpness of their mental or spiritual vision. Not a great Catholic poet, our verdict therefore must run; not even a good Catholic poet (for, in general, he seems best as a poet where he is least a churchman); but a good Catholic and a good poet.

BRIAN W. DOWNS.

THE NORTH EAST CORNER

BY F. R. McCREARY

Slump shouldered, high shouldered, hills of New England!
Broad shouldered hills of New England!
You run round our coast,
Your feet are great rocks in the salt cold waters of the north,
And sand hooks, sand swords, warm and shining
In the sunnier waters of the south.
You make us a boundary on the west,
Glorious bed for our sunsets,
Green Mountains and Berkshires;
A boundary on the north,
Bald knobs and snow peaks;
And you run up and down through the heart of our country,
Up and down the white river that cleaves it,
Cleaves it and holds it together:
Your symbol eternal
Of the covenant you all swear together
Every dawn, every evening,
O hills of Connecticut, Massachusetts,
Hills of Vermont and New Hampshire,
Rhode Island and Maine.

I was born at your feet in the valley of the long river.
I would look from my grammar school desk and see you watching me
in the autumn
From under your purple-gray shawls;
I would stop my play in the summer and look up at you,
Soberly sometimes, sometimes laughing.
You, and my father, and my mother, knew me always.

There are pasture bars at the bottom of our hills;
I have pulled them out, I have leapt over them,
I have run, I have loitered, to the top of our hills,
And I have looked down, loving New England.

My tongue thick with your dust as the blueberry leaves;
My neck and my shoulders bearing your heat;

Heat like some hot clinging animal leapt from your wilderness.
I walk your roads in July.
I walk your roads in December,
Jingling your cold in my pockets.
I walk your roads in April,
Snatching bits of your blue sky
To match with your blue sea;
And I walk them late in September,
Gathering armfuls of your haze and your smoke
To weave into blankets for winter-cold shoulders.

Do you outside of us see our towns and our cities?
Do you hear them as they suck at the rivers and streams,
Wheels, smoke, and white water over the dams,
The weft and the woof of our tumbling smoke water,
The shuttles, the spindles, of our down-tossing water?
Do you hear them at noon, hear them at midnight,
Our water hands busy,
Perpetually spinning,
Spinning America?
Do you lie awake in a Springfield hotel,
Listening to the shift and the shunt of our products,
The engine bells and the whistles
Taking us out and all over America?
Do you stand on the salt wharves of Boston,
Watching silent sails come in from the Banks with our fish cargoes,
Watching the foreign flags slip in,
The long dark knives of the steamers,
The boats from Europe,
South America and Asia?
Do you hear the whistles of our trains through the hills,
Winding in, winding out,
Weaving us together?
Do you hear the prayer meeting bells of our thousands of steeples
Stroking the evenings to silence,
Silence to take thought of our hill God and his many benefactions,
Many as the soft-speaking leaves
Of our many green forests?

Hills of New England,
I have gone to you in the hot summer noons,
I have lain on you long hours
Given you myself.
Together, you and I, we have looked down the valleys dreamily,

Brattleboro, Springfield,
Hartford and Saybrook,
With the blue haze of Long Island across;
Bar Harbor and Boston, the hook of Cape Cod,
Fall River and Providence—
All yours, O hills,
You the mother,
And I, your lover,
Their lover.

Ride through the hills in the winter
With the slow creep of the stumbling stone walls
And the quicker step of the barbed wire fences;
Go through the apple trees,
Witch claw threats at a gray sky;
Pass towns with a white steeple,
A common,
A long black cannon and a flagpole;
See men who go into storms on heavy sledges
Huddled over snow-blinded horses—
And always, everywhere,
The white houses,
Sober, immaculate,
With the old days,
The dead days,
Stacked with the fence rails in inaccessible corners.

I walk at noon into the snow hills of March,
Up, up, and watch the river beneath me,
A bridge's great hand holding shore to shore,
The opposite hills, gray and white.
Are you afraid in the high silence of the hills?
Do you look back at your thin, winding footsteps
Wondering that you dared,
Longing to go down,
Yet gazing and gazing—
Stand there dumb and stricken?
Go then into the hill country of your own heart
And the hills will know you,
And you will exalt them.

Do we never laugh in New England?
Moon ball,
Fat golden squaw hunched on the hearth of the heavens,
You have seen us in the evenings of the late harvest;

You have listened to the stamp of our feet on the barn floors,
To the ecstatic fiddles;
You have seen our boys and our girls making love in the corn shocks,
Then rising to dance again
Till the hills shook and trembled, gave in, and danced with them.

I turn over your earth in the springtime, O hills,
Rake it and smooth it
And plant white seeds with my fingers.
I go into the smooth fields of tobacco,
Slashing with a wet knife
The tall heavy stalks with their cumbersome leaves.
I walk into your meadows by night,
The hay remnants, scattered and drying,
Beneath my feet like the moonlight.
I climb on a ladder in June
Into the coolness of cherry trees,
And drop the red fruit into a brown basket slung on my arm;
And I climb on a ladder in September
Into the dying foliage of your apples,
The smell of the rot in the long grass,
The sight of the shocked corn and the orange-colored piles of the pumpkins
Holding me steady.

When I sleep, O hills,
I show in my face
The story of my ancestors,
And you too in your slumber
Tell of the hands that have made you,
The slow drag of the ice and its water,
The straight-footed tread of the Indian centuries,
The newcomers' axe,
The plows and the wheels of the late generations;
When you sleep you show these,
And serenity
Untroubled for the future.

On this night-quiet hill ridge of April,
High over the Sunday hushed city
With its lamp-lit suggestion of far-off streets,
Stand with me,
You from outside us, silently.
Stuff your throat and your breast all full with our darkness,
Full, full, and listen with me

While the damp earth of April, the damp buds of April and the starless sky
Listen with us.
Up to us slowly,
Up to us, here quivering and eager,
Rung from a steeple, the prayer of the valley,
The notes of America.
Touch my arm, my throat, my breast,
I see your eyes,
Brothers American.

Little hills that I carry in the pockets of my breast,
My songs wherever I go;
Great hills, pinched into peaks by the long, strong fingers of the past,
Where my heart buckles down in humility,
Where my heart strides up into pride.
Hills, O hills,
I stand on the river bank loving you:
Eastern hills with a lone tree
Where the first clean tinkle of the dawn came faintly,
Yours the birth glory, the wonder of morning;
Western hills,
Where a line of black and white cows stood in a summer noon motionless,
Gazing into the north and the far menace of afternoon thunder,
Yours the death silence, the awful burden of perpetual sunsets.
Hills, O hills,
Life and death intermingled,
Life and death everlasting!

Night comes with hands of dark pansies
Over hills high and low,
And grandeur stalks on the ridges.
New England, New England, hills of New England,
Out of you and of you
The hills of New York, Pennsylvania;
Out of you the sharp, straight terror of the Rockies,
The great canyon and its impetuous prisoner, irresistible to the Rio;
Out of you and of you all these
And the singing inhabitants.
Rock wedge, hickory wedge of a nation,
New England, New England,
Arrow head of America, cradle of greatness,
Eternal old hills of New England!

F. R. McCreary.

PROSE STYLE

BY W. C. BROWNELL

I

THE ART OF PROSE

With the forces at command of which I have spoken[1]—with attentive regard for order and movement and, under their influence, utilization of the abounding, if a little bit monotonous manner and personality today vouchsafed to us—is it quixotism to cherish among other æsthetic visions the ideal of a richer prose than that which is today our ideal, the ideal in a word of æsthetic rather than of purely communicative prose? Logically the thread I have been following would lead to such an ideal—one that should fuse style and manner, on terms implying both the disciplinary and the inspiring influence upon manner of the spirit of order and movement, and the endowment in turn of this spirit, which is of universal application, with the particular and personal character that in a talent of any value inevitably stamps and colors the concrete result. Only by this welding of what he can't keep out, with what consciously,—even if, in fortunate cases easily—he puts in, is the artist likely to achieve in anything like completeness the artistic potentialities of whatever problem he is attacking, of whatever conception he is endeavoring to realize, or of whatever subject he wishes to present, to develop, to communicate.

Naturally, what consciously he puts in is what costs him his effort and monopolizes his mind. *Hic labor, hoc opus, est.* Hence possibly the decline of style in a labor-saving age. Hence the rarity of that "power and skill with which the evolution of his poems is conducted" ascribed by Arnold to Gray, and of the pleasure we get when at any point we feel what Mr. Sherman has

[1] See The North American Review, June, 1924

called "the formative pressure of the tone and structure of the entire work." This last remark, indeed, may be deemed quite the formula for the view here taken—the "tone" being, let us say, altogether native and, if one chooses, originally instinctive, but consciously utilized together with the conscious "structure" as "formative pressure" throughout the work as a whole, and in that way inducing the sense and illustrating the spirit of style. At any rate the conscious field is the only one that *can* be cultivated, and, though laborious, its cultivation has hitherto been found profitable by civilization.

There is, however, another strain in the temper of the age hostile to this spirit of style besides that egotism and its derivative laziness which Spinoza deplored, I believe, above other human weaknesses. These latter traits are general and are vaunted rather than dissembled by those who illustrate them, to whom they wear the aspect of self-respect and inspiration. It is hardly unparliamentary therefore, to refer to them as general, if we bear in mind that the current egotism or self-respect does not exclude respect for others—who may be like-minded—nor the prevailing inspirational indolence conflict with the dominant industrial note that hums so steadily in various sections of the contemporary æsthetic field. But these are practical forces, in full and largely automatic activity, and at least so far as literary expression in English prose is concerned style has of late years suffered, I think, quite as sensibly from a definite theory that it is constituted by certain elements that in reality only condition it. Prose of course is vastly our most general as well as most copious medium of articulate expression and in spite of the flood of verse, bond and free, is what for the most part is understood in current discussion of the subject of style; it would be exact, I imagine, to say that though style is considered when poetry is discussed, when style is discussed prose is intended. The elements I refer to are simplicity and clarity—or, shaded a trifle, directness and precision. How much better, how extraordinarily much better it would be to concentrate these admirable qualities in the domain of thought rather than upon expression. The gain from such a transfer appears—in theory anyhow—the more you reflect upon it the more worth while. Then if your purely clear and simple style did

not take care of itself, automatically following significance clear and simple, you could arrange for its doing so in the collegiate rather than in the post-graduate curriculum. The latter might preferably preoccupy itself with the æsthetic values of the subject.

In so doing it could hardly fail to realize the limitations of our prose ideal of simplicity and clarity and the advantage of enduing these qualities, even in instances where their heightening by emotional color is not called for, with the order and movement of style. That simplicity and clarity once attained will of themselves disclose this order and movement is a superstition, born perhaps of the difficulty of attaining them—a difficulty great enough no doubt to have its surmounting thus crowned if such things were arranged on the reward of merit principle. They are, however, arranged differently, and further effort is necessary even after thought is clarified before its expression becomes style, though I am proceeding on the presumption that we might not too tragically tax our indolence if we elevated our prose ideal enough to stimulate this broader and more exacting practice. No doubt we should have to try in order to find out about that. I think the experiment in any case would be an interesting one, and even if any elevation of our present ideal proved to involve considerably increased mental activity, that result might easily be worth what it might cost. Certainly when the heightening of emotional color is called for, when we feel stirred and wish to communicate the feeling, we might find that we succeeded better, even if we had to take greater pains, by confining ourselves less rigidly merely to stating the fact—if, in a word, we invoked the genius of order and movement, instead of the spirit of statistics. And undoubtedly we should find succeeding better agreeable.

Attic prose is assuredly admirable and Asiatic often meretricious, but it is quite possible to avoid the latter without attaining the former. The injunction "Cease to do evil" demands its sequel, "learn to do good." Otherwise lethargy ensues. And—at least so far as classification is concerned!—why should not our prose be some third kind, neither Asiatic nor yet Attic, but an eclectic with the virtues of both and the faults or failures of neither; or rather a development of our own needs and nature, guided by what these have to suggest to us. In the field of the imagina-

tion we have amassed so much treasure of remembered experience, notably emotional, which the antique world did not possess, as to make exclusively rational concentration seem of necessity limited as an ideal, however much—however grossly in fact—we may need it as an element in both thought and style. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech suits us better than Pericles's funeral oration, so much has happened between their respective eras—Christianity for one thing, romanticism for another. And there is nothing in realism really to warrant an arid style.

To be driven by Burke's excesses to exaltation of Addison's sedateness betrays too clearly the didactic strain in Arnold's criticism. Not that there can be any objection made, especially in criticism, to desiring "that the good may prevail", which phrase from the *Agamemnon* he cites as the inspiration of all the higher literature since, as indeed it must still be unless one views the human scene with the dreamy eye of the ruminants of the field. If this animal attitude towards the function of literature were not so popular just now it would seem extraordinary—instead of wearisome—that holding it should be congruous with the possession of an emotional organization sufficiently sensitive to expand and contract in sympathy with the subject it studies, the thesis it expounds. But one need not be a thorough believer in the current doctrine of "Hands off! Let 'em have a good time," or a devotee of the art for art gospel, and may even take a human interest in human welfare, and still hold that literature and art are not really to be evaluated with sole reference to their exemplary reproduction in an indefinite future. So regarding them the eye of criticism is on the wrong object. For criticism the parent has a prior claim over the progeny. The latter might perhaps advantageously be left to the consideration of instructors of youth who no doubt best know how to serve their interests and secure their well-being. To instil is to criticism more pertinent than to instruct and, though more difficult, is also more decorous.

Arnold's preoccupation with education had every warrant, and its overflow into his criticism in the main the happiest result, but in this field it led him to develop a fondness for categories to which our indebtedness is great but which was not always quite consonant with his own critical genius. This fondness, joined

with the fact that his æsthetic side was a shade academic, led him roundly to exile the æsthetic element from the domain of prose and bid it take refuge in that of poetry, where exclusively, he considered, it belonged. After quoting at length one of Ruskin's beautiful and moving passages and praising it heartily he adds: "All the critic could possibly suggest in the way of objection would be perhaps that Mr. Ruskin is there trying to make prose do more than it can perfectly do; that what he is there attempting he will never, except in poetry, be able to accomplish to his entire satisfaction." One may agree or not about Ruskin, but must reflect that there are practical difficulties in the way of turning so short a corner as that of a different art, whenever a writer inclines to quicken his expression with emotion, as when, to borrow from the passage in question, looking up from Swiss lakes toward Alpine heights one beholds, in Ruskin's words, "the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines." Considering the lack of solidity in his matter, and the submersion of form by color, the lack of serenity, in his style, Ruskin's prose no doubt often justifies speculation as to whether his position as a classic would not be more secure if, after receiving the Newdigate prize for poetry, he had continued to express himself in verse—that acknowledged antidote for his especial defect of emotional excess in expression. Even so he has given us a body of admirable æsthetic prose from which multitudes of readers have received pleasure justly to be called exquisite, as well as no small amount of the "fine writing" which does tempt taste to think longingly by contrast of the elevated composure which is Attic alone. His prose is, nevertheless, full of rapturous cadences well worth the tension of alertness in picking one's way through morasses of the meretricious even more extensive than his.

Burke's taste is certainly Asiatic on occasion. Arnold adduces a succession of citations exhibiting his prose as "somewhat barbarously rich and overloaded." Apparently he would have preferred Burke to write the Attic prose of Addison to which he gives the highest praise, content to call its ideas negligible. But had Burke written the prose of Addison, would he have called him our greatest prose writer? I think not. Face to face with this central question he would have thrown over his "prose of the centre,"

or at least have been careful to distinguish it from distinctly prosaic prose. There is an element in poetry as in plastic art, for the absence of which wherever it is apt, we must in sober truth acknowledge that absolutely nothing can wholly compensate—the element of beauty, the æsthetic element. Why should prose be robbed of it? The fundamental weakness of prose poetry is not so much that the poetry is out of character as regards its mood, as that it is out of place in its form of expression. Prose may be anything but lyric in form and movement. Wherever it is pertinent beauty of any kind is priceless. To be cheated of it by categories would be inept.

It is nevertheless one of Arnold's signal services to his generation—and to subsequent ones—to have distinguished for them the province at once and the nature of poetry on the one hand, and of prose on the other. Everyone interested in criticism will recall his exposition, and the part played in it by what he called his "turn for the French." The French genius for prose, proceeding from the superiority of their intelligence to their genius and imagination—so that even in poetry it is their intelligence that is most marked and prose is their best, being their native, expression, as poetry is that of the English— clearly suggested, he maintained, that English prose had something to learn from French measure, restraint, clearness and conformity to recognized standards of tone and taste. All this was so sound, and at the time so impressive (being withal so unsuspected!), and has since become so thoroughly a part of our thinking and feeling upon this extremely central, and consequently widely suggestive, subject that it has been accepted as final even in those quarters unaffected by Herbert Spencer's conclusions on the same theme. There is certainly this to be said for Arnold's contention, that probably more than any other agency it is to be credited with having, in contemporary prose style, brought into disrepute the meretricious and the mediocre as these seductions solicit the cultivated writer. This is perhaps especially true among ourselves, our customary prose having no doubt, lagged a little behind that of Britain in moderating the magniloquence of its pre-Victorian phases, and being in Arnold's day even more in need of his austere counsels, though in even earlier days we were still further behindhand in

substance than in style sometimes. At Harvard, I believe, they were discussing whether or no Adam had an umbilical cord long after Oxford had given up the problem in despair. But, significant as it was, there is also this to be added about Arnold's doctrine, namely, that the qualities it assigns to the nature of prose, though characteristic, are not of necessity as exclusive, and that the limits it assigns to its practice are not of necessity as rigid as his view implied. We fell in love with the disciplinary side of the doctrine and it is not to be denied that its inhibitions resulted automatically in stricter form as well as in purer taste, in positive values as well as in negative virtues.

But the categories "prose" and "verse" are too rigidly conceived when the æsthetic or emotional element of expression is strictly confined to one of them. Aside from the practical difficulties I speak of in possessing in its fulness—in any such fulness as Arnold did—the technic of both, the exclusion of this element from the realm of prose is too rigorous. Arnold's own prose practice is by no means always and everywhere consistent with this view. Nor was he unresponsive to the æsthetic note in the prose of others, from the Authorized Version to foreign languages. He has himself recorded being hypnotized to the point of "perpetually declaiming" some of the prose of Maurice de Guérin, the rhythm of which "had lodged itself" in his head. At that time obviously he was less didactic. But since no one who thinks at all systematically would, if possessed in any degree of the social instinct, do so solely to his own glory, and thereby hope wholly to escape the didactic contagion, I may acknowledge the conviction that it would be an excellent thing if we had more prose the rhythm of which lodged itself in one's head. The whole point is there.

Excluding prose from the realm preëmpted by formal poetry—where it is inevitably at a disadvantage and where by definition it has no business, having its own character which it compromises in leaving its own province—by no means involves its exclusion from the far larger domain of art, where if it have style it belongs. Without style it becomes what, in 1868, Scherer complained the prose of the Second Empire was becoming. Under the imperial régime, which he admitted might be the effect rather than the

cause of the enervation of France that he deemed universal, but which in any case typified it, he maintained that "prose, which is an art, prose which has literary pretensions, is being supplanted by prose absolutely naked which is mere writing." This state of things he would not have been surprised to learn that our own democracy, which he was pessimistically inclined to misconceive, was later—itself now more or less "imperialized,"—to illustrate and even to idealize. The French however have a reliable passion for prose, as indirectly M. France attests in declaring that they do not object to poetry unless it be poetic. As to prose we are less fortunate, especially at the present day, when prose, plus the feeling that should give it style and make it art, is often popularly, though I imagine less now than recently, diverted into what is called free verse; and when, following the example of a race in its childhood and civilization in its dawn, our multitude of writers so frequently begin, even in college, with poetry, and if, like Wordsworth, deserted later by the Muse, unlike him, fail to cultivate in their subsequent writing any æsthetic spirit whatever. In fine, we are to ask ourselves if prose is an art or not. If it is and is composed only of clarity and simplicity, however difficult of attainment these qualities may be, it is reasonably clear that it is a reasonably simple one. We may be sure the masters of prose found the matter more complicated, more ambitious as well as more rewarding, imposing, in fact, success in the capture of Beauty and her imprisonment in an appropriately golden cage.

In the plastic arts there is plenty of appropriate prose which is nevertheless in its degree beautiful. Henry James happily speaks of Magdalen Tower as "that pearl of prose Gothic"; a great deal of beautiful sculpture is prose though not prosaic; similarly with painting. Indeed in painting there is only one of its various departments where poetry is obligatory, though in this one I think it should be so deemed under some effective penalty: the landscape-painter should certainly never forget that "the poetry of earth is never dead." The wisdom of protecting both poetry and prose from "prose poetry" is justified in the manifest interest of each; as a hybrid it is inevitably caricature. But poetic prose on the other hand, or for that matter poetic anything is no more poetry than, say, a sunset is a poet. Sentiment is in

itself poetic and carries its perfume with it everywhere, into prose as well as into verse. And any plea for a richer prose than that which now, as it were, scudding along under bare poles, scurries to the haven of its conclusions, one may legitimately base on the universality of sentiment—on the unity of the æsthetic element and its claims to a more extended penetration of the domain of literature.

Of recent years the striking phenomenon of the expansion of journalism has tended to obstruct this penetration, journalism not only having little weakness for the æsthetic but acting more or less on the principle expressed by French irony in the saying, *Ôte-toi de là que je m'y mette.* In fact its own invasion of the domain of literature has been in such force and at so many points that one is rather driven to hope it may, like other invaders, content itself with material conquest and ultimately be assimilated by the higher civilization of the conquered. In political writing the standard of effectiveness perhaps automatically excludes the graces of expression; so far as these are in any degree excursions they must properly be suspect. So far as they may be classified under the head of fitness, however, they have obvious point, and style, being at least not an external embellishment but an inner order, appears with relevance; in, for instance, the successful simplification and calculated precision of the late Frank Cobb's daily application to current events of a pondered political philosophy. But such instances are none too frequent in the political or other fields, and as a rule the invading hosts of journalism, establishing themselves in all the border provinces of literature—notably in the much harried march of criticism—not unnaturally treat with contempt such laws and traditions of the country as hamper their rather exclusively temperamental equipment and expression. In daily journalism, of course, the time factor is remorseless and itself trims a writer's style of superfluities, and the inescapable "Go to it" of necessity is a command carrying with it so radical an inhibition, and so strict a construction, of irrelevance as to produce in the newspaper world, in spite of salient exceptions, a general stylistic result of conspicuous bleakness. In truth, what areas of excellent writing of all kinds, since the days illumined by the sun of eloquence, have stretched their

"nude and sere" expanse beneath a leaden sky and shivered in the pale diffused twilight of a wan explicitness, exhibiting with chill detachment a prospect devoid of charm! There have been as I say, notable exceptions even in—perhaps especially in—the newspaper world, but it has undeniably felt the general frost.

This widespread refrigeration set in long ago more or less coincidently, perhaps, with the rise of the Manchester school and was very likely in some degree responsible for the dejected view Carlyle took of what he called the Dismal Science. The plantigrade tread of its resolutely inductive process might quite conceivably "get on" nerves as exposed as his. When his Reminiscences appeared—*consule Planco!*—I remember calling the acid but graphic characterization of his friend Mill's talk as "rather wintry" to the attention of the late E. L. Godkin—a Benthamite indeed in whom there was no other guile,—and enjoying the latter's amused and unusual accord with the Sage of Chelsea who (he did not believe much in sages) mostly provoked his impatience. There was nothing "wintry" about Mr. Godkin's writing any more than about his talk or himself. Arthur Sedgwick, his own style distinguished in much the same way, wrote of him: "Mr. Godkin's is what the best English has always been, pointed, strong and simple. For lucidity and directness it is unequalled among contemporary writers in this country or in England." And he continued, as we should expect him to: "The Essays are contributions to political and economic literature of the most solid sort." Precisely. However, solid political and economic literature is not literature save,—may one say?—in inadvertence; at least it lacks æsthetic claims and to imply that the best English has always been merely pointed, strong, simple, lucid and direct is to imply that the English of the masters of English is not the best. To assert this is not to assert that their English is pointless, weak, complicated, obscure and circuitous; only that it does something more than avoid these vices and illustrate their antithetical virtues.

This something is to illustrate the æsthetic element of style—style itself as distinct from statement, even from that rare and exemplary order of statement characterized by all the aforesaid virtues. Indeed this element also might have been pointed out in

Mr. Godkin's writing. It followed rather rigidly the counsel of concealment of art by art; and its felicities are of course all the greater for being so distinctly not frippery but integral, though he certainly never soared and his sustained pressure of order and movement followed closely the contour of the subject. His distinction lay in conceiving his subject in relation to its governing principle and threading the detail which his erudition and experience amply provided in close company with this guide. This unified his essay, or article, and made the net impression it left as definite as its title. But if as a writer he divided with Curtis the primacy among our journalists, instead of holding it unchallenged, it was, I think, because he embodied so exclusively the Emersonian ideal, "See that you hold yourself fast by the intellect." His writing avoided emotional content or color, the writer evidently considering that "all that sort of thing" so far as it could be deemed pertinent at all should go without saying, not to say be reserved for private usage—a preserve of whose inviolability to poaching he was perhaps exorbitantly jealous; which is a little curious considering his fellowship with Burke. Undoubtedly he admired Burke less for his style than for his having as Arnold says, "saturated politics with thought." But if he had not in general so pointedly ignored the æsthetic element his prose must have been more persuasive, whereas, which was surely regrettable, it was pointedly not persuasive at all. His attitude was a little that of President Seelye on beginning psychology with a new class: "I shall not ask you to believe, but defy you to deny." With mature readers this was less effective than with college seniors, and though Godkin's belief was undoubtedly that American newspaper readers, as well as writers, particularly lacked maturity, he hardly allowed for the fact that as to this they distinctly disagreed with him.

Since his day the press has seen great changes. Mr. Talcott Williams, in his jewel of a book, *The Newspaper Man*, records them impressively as well as vividly. Perhaps in segregating its juvenilia in its other columns it has given its maturity the opportunity to expand editorially as, in many admirable instances, has markedly occurred, though there were certainly giants in those days; any old newspaper man would be recreant to forget it.

And development in style has scarcely kept pace with this evolution. The familiar phenomenon in old days of a beautiful piece of writing has grown notably rare, and such a figure as Mr. Kingsbury wears in consequence an air of comparatively solitary survival. With more reason than elsewhere no doubt, but still even here not a justifying amount, in journalism as well as in literature of more permanent purpose, not merely the poetic but the æsthetic element entire has often been excluded from our prose in frigid disregard of its own æsthetic tradition.

Moments when the "craze" of "æstheticism" flourished naturally did this tradition no good, and perhaps it was because, like Pre-Raphaelitism earlier, it became spent with its own extravagances that the movement subsided, languidly resigning its torch to reactionary hands. In the sense that a man may be said to personify a movement it may be said that Oscar Wilde extinguished the flame that Pater had lighted. Mr. Yeats says that Wilde "believed himself to value nothing but words in their emotional associations and he had turned his style to a parade as though it were his show and he Lord Mayor." As in the Restoration reaction which succeeded the Puritan orgy of asceticism, according to Arnold, people said: "This type at any rate is amiss; we are not going to be all like *that*," sunflowers or not, and followed after the prophets of a new dispensation, the prophets of the present day, Samuel Butler and Shaw. I must quote what Mr. Yeats says of them, too: "He (Shaw) was right to claim Samuel Butler for his master, for Butler was the first Englishman to make the discovery that it is possible to write with great effect without music, without style either good or bad, to eliminate from the mind all emotional implication and to prefer plain water to every vintage. . . . Presently [after attending a series of Shaw representations] I had a nightmare that I was haunted by a sewing-machine that clicked and shone, but the incredible thing was that the machine smiled, smiled perpetually." One understands Wilde's remark about Shaw, also reported by Mr. Yeats, to the effect that "he had no enemies but was much disliked by his many friends." The author of the epigram, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach," would be.

Clicking and glitter do vary the current clarity and simplicity

on occasion but do not modify them emotionally. For such modification, once admitting the element of feeling to the realm of prose, once agreeing that prose need not always be prosaic, the most fruitful source both of inspiration and of guidance—aside from special study and attentive reading—I think myself would be fellowship with the other arts, the arts concerned with beauty as poetry is and as, in the same degree and for the most part, no doubt, prose is not. Our ideas are perhaps not very clear on this point. Very likely it is more or less vaguely held that beauty is an abstraction which, like style, no one can define; that in the prose explicitly devoted to it—as in much of the poetry and in fact a good deal of the plastic arts up to their latest phase—it oftenest appears as inanity; that, the masters apart, as heretofore understood and incarnated it is apt to be allied with conventionality; and that clarity and simplicity inherently possess a superior order of it after all. On the other hand our prose, at all events, sometimes possesses more than is recognized. Main Street, for example, seems to me quite as remarkable—more so, alas, than its successor—for traces of beauty in landscape and atmosphere and other pictoriality, intimately observed and vividly recorded, as for being Main Street. Yet I do not remember hearing or seeing any notice of its containing any beauty whatever. One could hardly have a better example, if I am right about the fact, of the general insensitiveness to the æsthetic element as shown by a general failure to recognize it when unexpectedly encountered.

The truth is that familiarity with the æsthetic field is not as yet a part of our general culture, and until it is, prose will be the last phase of our cultivated expression to realize its potentialities of beauty and therefore of style. Phases of painting at present equally laggard are likely to be less lasting, being not so much dull to beauty as radically divorced from it and therefore promising a readier reaction. I do not mean that the fine arts have not received conspicuous attention from English and American writers of distinction in this especial field. Quite the contrary. Our museums too are multiplying, as is well known, and there are striking instances by the score of the progressive dissemination of the plastic arts and of music among us. There is, however, a tre-

mendous numerical disproportion between our writers and I will not say our practitioners, alone, but even our fine-art connoisseurs and professionals put together. Of course everyone who knows how to read and write is a partially—even though usually quite partially—equipped writer, whereas a difficult technic must at the outset be met and mastered in any other art. But the matter is essentially not one of numbers. Essentially it resides in the fact that the cultivated writer, as such, does not in the least feel a knowledge of æsthetic principles, data and phenomena to be incumbent on him. With this exception *nihil humani*, so far as it comes in his way, escapes his interest or at least pointedly disengages his responsibility. But the exception has only to be pondered to appear extravagant.

Naturally, there are reasons for it. Prominent among them no doubt is the belief that the fine-arts constitute an esoteric field from which the profane are warned off by the professional. This belief has been decidedly and I should say disastrously fostered by such artists as take their cue from Whistler's dictum that their work should be received by the public in silence—like mathematics, as Whistler said, or perhaps like medicine, a view unfavorable to its widespread absorption and rather more in accord with the initial reception of Whistler's own work, by the expert "remnant" composed of his fellow-artists. His work owed the beginnings of its subsequent vogue mainly, perhaps, to the critics and connoisseurs, unless we except Whistler's own talk about it—for which everyone now can see that we ought all to be grateful. However, the professional view also seems supported by the *a priori* consideration that those who handle the tools should be the best judges of the result. The retort that to judge of an egg it is not necessary to be a hen is hardly convincing refutation, though perhaps on a level with some of the discussion. If this had not been proved interminable, the *amour propre* of each side being enlisted, one might still further suggest the well-known difficulty of judging the forest when among its trees, and the likelihood of an equally serious, not to say far more extended, lay study of results matching a superior professional concentration on process. The result of the Squeers system of learning spelling by washing the window was the misspelling of "window", and half the expert world in the

sphere of fine art can at almost any time be set against the other half on any burning question of *expertise*, the question itself only to be decided later by a general consensus including judges of greater detachment. Even if ever decided, one may add, since the courts of last resort will always be temperamentally divided. The point mainly pertinent here is that this close corporation view operates infallibly, if insensibly, to accentuate the apathy of the generally cultivated regarding a field which the workers in it guard so jealously from trespass. The public, debarred from entering, remains cold to invitations to look over the fence—even at last, it may be, for the mere "once over" glance. The sincere belief of executants, in a necessarily narrow and "intensive" practice, that nobody else does or can know anything about it seems, moreover, as I say, logically plausible enough to persuade the public that it is sound. It forgets that it is open to the critic to know at least all that the artist—many artists—can tell him, besides having resources of his own, and that unless silence is to be rigidly prescribed all around he is as a commentator something of an executant himself. At any rate the result of provincially forcing the esoteric note is not to quiet the critics but to estrange the public. It may be quite negligible as it affects the executant hierarchy, though one might have at least the same doubt about that as the innovating executant has about the academic. But its obvious effect on the general cultivated public is far-reaching.

And the prose writer as such, belonging essentially quite as much to the general cultivated public as to the profession of letters so far as any technical classification distinguishes them and, as regards the fine-arts, being altogether to be classed with this public, remains—in very much the proportion in which æsthetics is a sealed book to him—uninspired by the element of beauty, or, say, by a third of the ideal universe. Here and there a poet may arise destitute of acquaintance with the monumental and grandiose *corpus* of æsthetic expression that mankind began in the dawn of time and has been adding to ever since, and with its philosophy; nature may inspire as well as produce him. But the prose writer is likely to have to forego the element of beauty in some definite proportion to his ignorance of art. As regards the

element of style in general, (the æsthetic element in his own style so far as his workmanship is conscious art) he must be at a palpable disadvantage if his equipment is defective and his inspiration limited by the absence of that intimacy with ordered and rhythmic beauty in which all art must live in order to be living art—major or minor, great or small, poetry or prose. In any case, minus art, prose will cease to have the style which is its æsthetic element. So far as prose is concerned Mr. Middleton Murry will be quite right in saying "there are styles but no style"—a logical result of his (not very consistent) exclamation elsewhere: "As if the effort to be unmistakable were not the very secret of style!" A secret then, one may remark, possibly possessed, but certainly not disclosed by linguistic pedants, such as, for a shining example, Fitzedward Hall, in whom this effort is most unmistakable—and most painful to the reader. "The true writer," Mr . Murry proceeds, "insists that the reader shall feel exactly what he intends him to feel." But what has the reader to do with the writer's effort "to be unmistakable"? If this effort is successful he will have a perception the more, but how is this perception to be converted into feeling? To feel exactly what the writer intends him to feel merely because the writer makes his meaning clear would often, even if possible, be decidedly risky. He might not like the feeling. The notion is exorbitant. As a mere means of securing cogency, sufficient style to engage the emotions has its value. The most elementary rhetoric prescribes the principles of persuasion as well as those of exposition.

However, the current theory of prose style as consisting of clarity and simplicity is more modest and does not involve illusions about the effect of one's intentions. What it involves is, as I began by saying, a confusion of what conditions style with what constitutes it. No one would deny the claims of clarity and simplicity as conditioning elements of style. Even if its burden is rococo its own structure should be simple enough to make definite and coherent the extravagance it is designed to exhibit. But neither clarity nor simplicity is properly to be called an æsthetic element unless it be made to count as one. Neither has anything intrinsically in common with order and movement, harmony and rhythm. In literary composition, in fact, they are not so much

qualities of style as of diction and phraseology. Diction that is not simple lacks taste. There is no excuse for elaborating mere communication; modern euphuism anywhere is absurd. And phraseology that is not clear merely calls for clarification. But it is misleading to regard either clarity or simplicity as an æsthetic factor unless it be vivified into activity and become itself a sensuous element instead of a mere conductor, unless clarity be felt as clearness sensible, and simplicity be accented as such. To reduce style to clarity and simplicity and then reduce clarity and simplicity to imperceptibility in the interest of removing all "barriers" between writer and reader as has sometimes been advocated and recently rather naïvely praised in Hudson, for example, is, as regards style, to effect a reduction to absurdity. Style is interpretative not obstructive, but it is no more a mere vehicle than it is a barrier, and if qualities like clearness and simplicity are to replace or even to color it they must acquire its character—its character as an element, and an æsthetic element, of expression instead of as altogether a conduit of thought. Lucidity will elucidate not less nor more but better if it is made to count as envelope and atmosphere, thus increasing the sense of the whole in the substance to be communicated—made stylistic, in a word. Clarity in a landscape painter's technic, for example, is a lens rather than a vacuum. Its aim is not to aid the observer to scrutinize nature, but to enhance her—not being a scientific instrument but an æsthetic value; and in the same sense as that in which Arnold declares: "Truth of science does not become truth of religion till it is made religious," we may say that clarity does not become an æsthetic element until it is made æsthetic.

As to simplicity, it may very well illustrate taste without achieving style. There is more style as style, though style misplaced, in affectation than in artlessness, more in—to make the French distinction that Arnold domesticated—*simplesse* than in *simplicité*. The simplicity of Quaker costume has the effect of style only by contrasting, in its rarity, with the general apparel. A whole community in this tasteful garb might have order in the sense of orderliness, but its order would be inorganic and would lack movement—contrasting but tamely with, for example, the Spanish black that, even when excessive, unifies the rainbow of brilliant

accentuation with which it is besprinkled and everywhere intimates the sense for style existent in Spanish carriage and character, and emergent, condensed and vivid, in Calderon and Velasquez. The Japanese practice of confining domestic decoration to one kakemono at a time in a room, though by giving relief to the picture it achieves a certain play of emphasis, should in the long run be felt as rather meagre in style. When an admirer of the Washington Monument alleged its simplicity in justification of his admiration he evoked the suggestion that no monument would be still simpler. The Greek "nothing too much" is a counsel of taste, and as applied to style should be supplemented by a caution against nothing at all. Leopold Eidlitz to whom the Victorian architecture of New York owed so much, offered, when the Brooklyn Bridge was building, to make the towers architectural. At the time public opinion would have sustained the official declination he met with, and the bridge remains the strictly engineering monument it was then considered and considered preferable to have it. Eidlitz was a native of Prague and would perhaps have given New York something comparable to the Karlsbrücke towers, not as appropriate as the Pont Alexandre III is to Paris, nor as splendid, but in any case a monument of style which it is still exasperating to remember we have lost. As it is we have the simplicity of masonry as masonry to console us. Subversive though the fact may be of Ruskin's theory of art, and though in given instances it may have more beauty, the cave as a place of worship has undoubtedly less style though more simplicity than the cathedral. The simplicity of the nude in art should surely have style but I imagine that the nude in life is apt to lack it. Perhaps devotees of simplicity at all hazards are so sweeping because in all deliberate art they scent affectation. But such timidity is in this category of circumstances too preponderantly moral. There is plainly simplicity and simplicity. That which is the result of simplification is quite different from either monotony or the miscellaneity that is practically undifferentiated—a principle scrupulously observed by the modern "window-dresser" in whose art style, too often neglected of other builders, finds a welcome refuge. The academic haberdasher whose "correct apparel" is instinct with style that is standard, is his congenial ally. New

York, accordingly, particularly Fifth Avenue, owes to both a debt larger than is generally recognized.

As an achievement—during which it acquires its style—simplicity has quite other sanctions than the originally meagre. Exiguity of expression may give substance a salience of contrast equivalent to that of the emphasis of energy, but no more than this converse excess is blankness properly to be called style. Saint Gaudens's statue in the Washington cemetery which has fully as much style as the more complicated work more instinctive with him when he was not, as it were, working in unison with artists of the strain of LaFarge and Henry Adams—and they newly returned from the land of Nirvana—gets its style from its simplification. There is nothing simple in its conception any more than artless in its inspiration. Simplicity and the mystic or even the mysterious are mutually antithetical. The celebrated pentameter

A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman,

in parody of Wordsworth's simplicity, attributed to Fitzgerald, has a certain effect of style because it is, contrariwise, *simplesse*—Tennysonian simplicity, one may say, remembering Arnold's citation of *Dora* in illustrating the quality. What it parodies, is less the poet's poetry than his simplicity in deeming poetry that which but for his theory he would have seen as prose. Thus even subtleties as well as broader relevancies substantiate the quite radical distinction between simple simplicity and style. And just as clarity is only to be made æsthetic by density sufficient to render it perceptible, æsthetic simplicity must be the result of simplificaton in the treatment, given complexity in the theme.

One can, in fancy, see miscellaneity acquire style in the actual process of being simplified. One can, in fact, see in "modern art" the process itself apparently arrested for inspection often on the hither side of any result—other than the half-way effect of simplification proceeding instead of either style or simplicity attained. The notablest effects of the kind are reached in sculpture, perhaps, and by a reversal of the Beaux-Arts method of proceeding from the general to the particular. That of Elie Nadelmann has sometimes more than a theoretic interest—though plainly less for others than for the enthusiastic artist himself. Of course

simplification may be carried so far as out of mere momentum to o'erleap style, as it were, and alight, a little dazed in featureless simplicity. On the other hand a theme may be too simple to simplify. People speak of simplicity as if in itself it were an æsthetic value, like size. Size includes its corollary, scale, and though even without scale it is often extremely impressive—its impressiveness as a compositional effect is due less to the artist than to our creating a relation by unconsciously assuming our own scale as an element of contrast, and any relation is a rudiment of style. I remember some one speaking of the impressiveness of the old Mullet post office at Broadway and Park Row to Eidlitz who replied that a pile of barrels of the same dimensions would have more—conveying, as unminimized by senseless modelling, a more unmixed sense of the superiority of size. Thus, possibly, the Pyramids—mountains, certainly—"lord it o'er us", as Sterling says is the Dædalian way.

However, featureless simplicity—either implicit in the theme or the result of exaggerated simplification clearly can't be helped out in this way. Like clarity, simplicity must itself actively contribute to that sense of the whole which it is also the function of style to accentuate in the parts. Converted into active values, both perform a stylistic as well as a rhetorical service in illuminating and vivifying those intrinsic constituents of style in the abstract, order and movement, harmony and rhythm. But surely neither their utility as rhetorical fundamentals, nor their stylistic value, once transformed from conditions into constituents of style, is impeached by denying their entire and exclusive sufficiency for a prose ideal that need in no wise exclude them in including the element of beauty as well. In fine if prose is an art and not merely a craft, one of the essentials of prose style is beauty. Conversely, certainly, any prose of which the burden is, even remotely, related to *belles-lettres* is irrefutably irrelevant in so far as it is not art, and unless it be science. But I think one may go farther and maintain that all prose in so far as it is *literature* is entitled to some measure of beauty and bound to the requirements of art—in which blend of privilege and obligation it is best sustained by the inspiration, and best forwarded by the guidance, of the spirit of style.

II

ENGLISH PROSE TRADITION

It is singular that the claims of the element of beauty to count as a force in English letters should not today be more widely and cordially recognized in view of the unquestioned tradition of distinctly æsthetic English prose. This tradition has been handed on from one exceptional writer to another in a line curiously paralleling that of the general evolution of our prose into its present prim and prosaic, clear and simple, medium of communication. One must acknowledge nevertheless that aggrandizement of simplicity and clarity as elements of ideal prose style has strong historic, as well as intrinsic, warrant. English prose did not extricate itself from poetry without a struggle, and a struggle during which it was necessary to insist on these qualities as conditions of its individuality, of its *raison d'être* as prose, but a struggle also, of which it still shows the traces. It lost style as it acquired taste. At least its style, in gaining order, lost movement. Johnson's stateliness is static beside Milton's, however indubitably inorganic Milton's inexorable continuity. Moreover, as Balzac says, "where form dominates, sentiment disappears" and the Augustan age did not succeed in establishing the standards set by Dryden, Defoe and Swift without sacrificing its sentiment even in poetry, and of course even more notably in its prose. Defoe's prose after Sir Thomas Browne's is Amsterdam after Venice. Swift's irony is undoubtedly an active æsthetic element and, permeating the directness and precision of his style, makes it a miracle considered as a vehicle for his bitter genius, but as a medium his manner allowed it no warmth. Days and nights devoted to the study of Addison, supposing Johnson's counsel to have been followed, resulted in ridding prose of the purple patch—admirable achievement, to be sure—but also in extracting its color. The prose of Bacon and Milton, of Browne, of Jeremy Taylor, of Clarendon—was it necessary to jettison all that nobility to get rid of grandiloquence? If prose poetry is primitive and its satisfactions crude, which is certainly true, was the only alternative prosaic prose? There is naturally no gain without some loss, but in this case has not the loss been needlessly excessive? It is no doubt a great gain

to have secured a medium in which the grammarian can converse with the grocer, and Bacon's Essays recast in the diction of Freeman, or even one still more strictly familiar, would advantageously popularize much wisdom. But it is surely possible to pay too high a price for such Benthamite blessings. Moreover they are so apt to come about of themselves, utility being the main principle of natural selection, that it is superfluous to preach them and fatuous to plume ourselves on their possession, as is now so generally done, out of due proportion and in neglect of their cost. "The world has grown grey from thy breath" might have been addressed by the poet to the utilitarian spirit with far greater reason than to the source to which the elevated uses of the world owe their suffusion with the emotion that electrified the world's spiritual elevation into conduct.

No doubt the rise, triumph and subsequent sway of natural science which calls chiefly for exposition—heedless of Ruskin's desire to inoculate it with reverence!—has had a powerful indirect influence in establishing our prose standard, having considerably taken over the field of history, for one example. Another example, more whimsical but also more general, is the fact that, through Herbert Spencer, science has itself expounded style, thus directly popularizing the clarity and directness fully adequate to its own uses. But the whole trend of modern general tendency has been to exalt unemotional prose in theory, and to confine practice within its limits, illustrating, and content with illustrating, the virtues of clarity and simplicity. Taste has developed in this direction and it would very likely be temerarious to assert that it could up to date have functioned more wisely than by functioning in the negative way of discountenancing defects rather than in encouraging virtues. The spread of democracy has of itself both augmented its work and rendered it largely rudimentary. The inculcations of culture must wait till its inhibitions are assimilated. Before the potentialities of prose are realized its limitations are to be learned, and appreciation of its character must precede the exploitation of its capacities.

Any illustrative reference to the evolution of our English prose tradition as bearing on prose theory would naturally therefore begin in this way by noting preliminarily the elimination in prose of

its surviving surplusage of unassimilated poetic amalgam obstructing its own flow and confusing its own order. It would thereupon naturally proceed to eulogize disproportionately the prose resulting from this purification as first exhibited on a general scale in the Augustan age. And its own logic would tempt it to ascribe the faults of Augustan literature, finding none in its style, to its substance. This is the line that, in fact, Arnold followed and the conclusion he reached. And, as his exposition of prose theory, which I have already described as having done more than any other to define the limitations and indicate the character of prose, is nevertheless marked by a tendency to establish its non-poetic character a little too rigidly and thereby render it prosaic, so his practical conclusion, in the matter of the tradition, that the literature of our great prose age was "second-rate and provincial" in spite of an unimpeachable style, seems to me rather literal logic. The author of *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century* would perhaps have raised his eye-brows at the conclusion, and I think it would be easy to contest the premises by maintaining that Augustan style had a good deal to do with such inferiority as Arnold felt in the literature. The law of reaction operates as regularly in literature as in the life of which literature, as the expression, follows the impluse, and the age of prose quite inescapably turned prosaic when its turn came. Beauty's lines settled into primness; brilliance, become general, made paste popular; art lost its independent inspiration in adaptation to the mode. Congreve succeeded to Herrick, Pope replaced Donne. When the Town developed its tyranny style in prose sacrificed its state to society. Order was pattern and movement a minuet. Intelligence gave no quarter to the affections. Steele is the only writer of the age who eminently had heart. Everybody wrote well—as today; but—also as today—without that tincture of emotion that warms and lifts adequate utterance into æsthetic correspondence with the substance stated. In fine, the age itself, surcharged with manner, formal or familiar, formalized style. Its taste stanched its sentiment, and style without sentiment is music for the deaf. On the other hand from the point of view of substance it seems to me much more can be said for it. Certainly we may say that its style which made its prose easy reading, is not what

makes it always read and read again. In the next age, at all events, prose regained, also in reaction, its ceremony with Johnson and its pageantry with Burke.

I have said that the inhibitions of Arnold's doctrine were particularly fruitful but it is also true that his intimations were not universally approved in all their strictness and that his readers differed a good deal in their ability to follow his applications in their full explicitness. They are to be taken no doubt as literature, not dogma. They were in no wise dogmatically proclaimed. But even his followers felt less interest in the didactic than in the purely critical implications of his views and were more concerned with their suggestiveness and soundness than with their universal imperative; and with their contemporary pertinence rather than with their prophetic importance for the guidance of posterity. If he was too anxious to rescue for poetry some of Ruskin's prose, his suggestion nevertheless disclosed the weakness of Ruskin's emotional effusion. Prose of the centre rather than of the circumference was no doubt the aim and Bossuet's stylistic rhetoric fitting garb for significant and striking intellectual perceptions and conclusions,—and even Thiers, who nevertheless had his own kind of fatuity, furnished a commendable contrast to the personal effusion of Kinglake or the mannered brilliance of Macaulay. But while it was true that no one had treated the general subject critically with such stimulating success, it was perfectly plain that the *Essays in Criticism*, the *Lectures on Translating Homer*, *The Study of Celtic Literature*, were not merely in this respect so many post-graduate text-books but the ranking literary literature of their period as well, and that the prose they practised excelled the precision they preached.

Arnold himself had not always written verse when lyrically inspired—he who so eminently could when so minded! Witness, for a single instance, the apostrophe to Oxford—illuminating example of eloquent and elevated fervor, style vibrant with personal feeling, yet perfectly subdued to that conjoined restraint of feeling and freedom of gesture, that fusion of meaning addressed to the reason with the emotion awakened by the beauty and truth thus specifically declared, which is, though surely not prose poetry, as surely poetic prose. And it would be easy, as at this

date it should be superfluous, to cite passages in practically parallel vein throughout the works of this admirable prose artist. But what his style illustrates, in abundance and with precision, that is particularly germane to the matter of English prose tradition, is the transformation of the conditioning elements of clarity and simplicity into constituting factors by saturating clarity with color and accentuating simplicity by making it organic instead of uniform and giving it a physiognomy as well as a silhouette. It illustrates this so strikingly in fact as, on occasion—rare occasion—to caricature it; caricature clarity at all events by veritably implacable iteration. More and more the burden of his prose has come to be part of our general thinking and feeling and people hold his views and writers parrot his phrases with such a secure sense of accord as to have an obscure sensation of ownership, not to say the illusion of origination. Such a result in itself contributes to the tradition a demonstration that prose is not merely an art, but as much an art as any other.

And the echoes of *Essays in Criticism* were still vibrating and its counsels in everyone's mind when, a decade later, Pater's *Studies in the Renaissance* appeared, and without essentially or precisely modifying the *Essays* unveiled a new point of view, one less strict and more sensuous. Preaching by example, at least, the *Studies* gave renewed sanction to the element of style touched with emotion in English prose. Style touched with emotion may very well be the defining characteristic of what is to be called æsthetic as distinguished from plain prose, the words being used as strictly as those of Arnold's famous formula of religion being morality touched with emotion,—that is to say the emotion being that evoked by the style itself as forged in the writer's heat and hammered on the anvil of his concentrated thought, as well as that inspired by the substance it arms and fortifies. Thackeray must have had over his style many moments when he felt as he did over his inspiration of making Rebecca admire her husband in spite of her own difficulties, when he struck the table with his fist, exclaiming: "That was a stroke of genius." Every writer consciously a writer must, in his own degree and fatuity aiding have had analogous experiences. Assuredly Pater did not invent æsthetic prose, but very definitely he underlined it. This he did, not only

through the detachment of a higher relief and a richer color than the style of the English essay had ever known, but by a franker concentration on this abstract element, thus disengaged and rendered concrete to an extent that brought it immensely into the foreground. The reader's attention in turn became concentrated on the author, "burning", to borrow his own figure, with his "hard gem-like flame." This did not in the *Studies* distract one from their substance—the author was too obviously as well as too subtly identified with the substance, almost as novel among us in the seventies as the style. No one who "discovered" Pater in those days will have forgotten the experience. Style introducing art through the medium of beauty common to both was a memorable transaction. I can still hear at will the chanting tones of Montgomery Schuyler, our bookish hierophant, reading aloud to our Saturday afternoon group in *The World* office of those days, the honey-dripping cadences, the stately strophes, celebrating the loveliness of the School of Giorgione. Later came *Marius the Epicurean* and established in many quarters the cult of Pater.

The desultory remarks that Mr. Yeats lets fall about style in his reminiscences are often as I have already shown, so suggestive as to make one wish they were a little systematized. One of them records that a few years ago he had re-read Marius expecting to find that he cared for it no longer, "but," he says, "it still seemed to me, as I think it seemed to us all, the only great prose in modern English." Many readers, however, could not hold the pose and fell away. To speak a little in the vein of the period, the "cause" of English æsthetic prose suffered a reaction. One recalls the slight feeling of relief experienced when that *enfant terrible* of the expiring Victorian age, Mr. Max Beerbohm, now nearly thirty years ago, made public confession and avoidance beginning as follows: "Not that even in those more decadent days of my childhood [five years before when he was a freshman at Oxford] did I admire the man as a stylist. Even then I was angry that he should treat English as a dead language, bored by that sedulous ritual wherewith he had laid out every sentence as in a shroud—hanging long over its marmoreal beauty or ever he could lay it at length in his book, its sepulchre." Obviously Mr. Beerbohm was still under the spell. In spite of these brave words it is evident from them

that the fascination of still earlier days at school when he "had read *Marius the Epicurean* in bed with a dark lantern" still remained. *Nemo repente est* faithless to early loves. But it may be doubted if *Marius* has not on the whole taken its permanent place in the literary pantheon in virtue of being a great book rather than great prose. Its style forced the note of style. It got between the reader and the book, displacing what it aimed to exhibit. Such divorce of substance and style is far from uncommon. Poise between them is as difficult to achieve as either style or substance by itself; especially when the artist is initiating a "movement" in favor of one of them. Moreover, if Pater's style possessed great beauty, it lacked accent. Many disciples must have found the posthumous fragment, *Gaston de Latour*, unreadable. Still, if one shrinks a little from a surfeit, one feels graceless when long passages of *Marius* recur to the memory; that at the close of the book, for example, where the atmosphere, one would say is at first everything but where one soon perceives that the soft radiance suffusing it is in such harmony with the substance it illumines as to sublimate the union of the two into the closest unison. To exact transmutation into poetic form of such prose would be pure formalism.

An earlier example of prose style which is so clearly æsthetic prose as almost to beguile the reader's attention from the subject is Newman's. It seems to celebrate the subject rather than expound it, as a song does its words. It has exacted a nearly unanimous tribute from critics and it is perhaps the clearest instance in English of that continuity which sometimes seems so much the inner essential trait of style as to stand in full equivalence for style itself, when it undulates in pitch and period through such sustained passages as those of Newman. Employed in controversy, as in the *Apologia*, its air of almost saintly detachment has, or had, so captivating an effect as, quite apart from the argument, to make the reader a willing convert. On the other hand it seemed in general so far away from the stress and variety of life and reality, the multifarious concerns of any active reader, so merely musical a murmur, so smoothly flowing a current, that what it said or sang or carried appeared to lose its character as a message and be lulled out of any very momentous meaning. The

message perhaps was adapted to the style, not of necessity in being doctrinally "impossible", as Arnold called it, and therefore counting for us mainly as a medium for its own literary expression, but certainly in confining itself so largely to historic ecclesiastical and theological themes under the ribs of which even the theory of evolutionary theology could not put a soul of widespread interest to modern men of many minds. Matter of tougher fibre would have called for a style of greater vigor than one marked by those "subtle, sweet, mournful" accents that Arnold praised, but happily for us, never emulated—even in his poetry.

These two illustrious writers aside (and perhaps one should add Landor, so monumentally "marmoreal" and De Quincey, so elaborately exalted) there are, I imagine, few moderns of unquestioned eminence in whose prose style the æsthetic element is too steadily salient, too persistently dominant. Here and there, it is true, this element, though decidedly present is decidedly not always handled to the best advantage. The prose of Carlyle and Ruskin, for example, "those two grand mannerists upon whom the literature of our neighbors," says Scherer, "so mistakenly plumes itself," is largely responsible for so acid a judgment—if not indeed for their frequent association, though this was, rather vaingloriously, vaunted by Ruskin himself on other grounds. One can hardly call æsthetic in the usual sense a prose which a critic of Scherer's sobriety can call "a conscious, wilful, calculated jargon", and the author of which has the contempt that Carlyle, willing that the devil should "fly away with" them, showed for the fine arts. But Carlyle's prose is indubitably quick with the sensibility originally intended by the word æsthetic, and instinct with feeling always as genuine as its envelope is often perverse and occasionally grotesque. And for pure expression, for style impregnated with manner and personality truly protean, heroic and even grandiose as well pathetic and even plaintive, style mirroring the mood rather than subserving the mind, there is, one feels at times, no prose to match it. On the other hand Arnold selects as his purest and most beautiful prose the Youth's dirge over Mignon in his translation of *Wilhelm Meister*, a decade before he had invented what Scherer calls his "jargon". And if later the earlier beauty and purity were thus sacrificed to the essentially,

however brilliantly, artificial, it was doubtless because as he went on he fitted his form to his extravagances of feeling with less and less thought of the qualities of purity and beauty in the abstract. Ruskin's excesses are less defects of style than of personality, manner, mannerism—as Scherer says—becoming thus defects of *his* style in the gross. The formal element of *style* in his style is very generally beautifully handled, especially its movement. Intemperance is rather a moral than an æsthetic delinquency and though it not rarely characterizes his expression its effect chiefly is to compromise his taste. In such passages as, for instance, the rhapsody over the church and square of San Marco, certainly his style riots in exuberance but its excess is that of feeling catching up and whirling in accelerating momentum the order and movement of his periods. Detachment is the leaven *par excellence* that as writing his writing needs—to say nothing of the general expediency of having a little of everything in order to achieve perfect perfection! But defective æsthetic process does not discredit the values of æsthetic qualities, as such, either in the abstract or, where these values are sound and keep their place, in the concrete. Certainly the ideal of æsthetic prose is not invalidated by its practice either exaggerated as it appears often in Ruskin or eccentric as so largely it figures in Carlyle.

In the prose of Burke, and in that of Gibbon, too, the æsthetic element does keep its place. Though marked it is ancillary and the stylistic attitude of the writer is immaculate. The style is integral rather than integumental on the one hand and yet in itself objectively envisaged, with its ideal function in mind, instead of inspired by a surrender to impulse and personal expansion. At moments it may be felt to fringe the artificial, but the fact that it often has the air of being express rather than instinctive is no impeachment of its genuineness, and it is naïve to expect all traces of artifice to escape scrutiny in an art so plainly involving the taking of thought as the art of prose composition. In prose composition the only alternative to the careful is the slipshod. Even if the composer's æsthetic consecration is conspicuous rather than completely concealed, it is generally satisfactory as long as from the thought it carries it does not filch primacy for itself. Naturally in such a case one would savor a little more finesse; but this is a

relative world and if in any art the essential interrelations of its elements are soundly established hypercriticism is overweening.

Gibbon's devotion to style was conspicuous, but it was, I fancy, extremely fortunate. Professors of rhetoric will perhaps hesitate to prescribe emulation of it to any of their pupils save those who may have in view anything as important as the *Decline and Fall.* Perhaps no writer could sustain so monumental a work through such a succession of grandiose phases *without* preliminary provision of a style commensurate with its proportions and significance, a style bound to seem artificial when considered in connection with common needs and uses. Even so, Gibbon himself, placid and persistent as he was, found the strain too great. Horace Walpole noted the decided falling off in subsequent volumes from the standard of the "enamelled" first. But the momentum was great enough to preserve the interest which would have disappeared without it in spite of the material, and Carlyle's "splendid bridge from the old world to the new" reached its farther shore still retaining vastly more than the mere remains of its initial splendor.

And in the æsthetic strain I have been rather arbitrarily skeletonizing in our English prose tradition, together with Burke and Gibbon, Landor and De Quincey, Carlyle and Ruskin, Newman, Arnold and Pater no one would deny a place to other modern figures of undeniable eminence;—*imprimis*, no doubt, Macaulay and Thackeray. Macaulay is always cited as a model of clearness, and most justly. But there are other clear writers and clearness is as elementary as, conjoined with any depth, it is difficult. Macaulay's famous style certainly had style in a marked degree, but its order and movement were so concentrated on point as quite measurably to overlook sensuousness. They appeared therefore, after all, as rhetoric which is to style inspired by the genius of style, as skill to art. His purple patches are fully salient enough, but rather in chiaroscuro than in color. Besides, they rhapsodize the theme rather than beautify the treatment—after the manner of the canticle rather than that of the ode, one may say—and consequently as style illustrate a taste too primitive to be otherwise than primitively æsthetic. The genius of Macaulay so integrates the two as to exact for his style more than a fair

share of the effect of his substance, always nevertheless notably effective. His true distinction is signalized in Thackeray's tribute: "He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make one line of description." Such opulence was too tempting for a North Briton to forego its exploitation. But the use he made of it to qualify as a master of style as well as of scholarship made him a glorious text-book as well as a classic. His purple patches were therefore on the one hand prodigiously, even enthusiastically, "packed" and fairly vibrant with erudition made exoteric—refreshing reversal of the erudite type!—at the same time that their "tigers and camelopards bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre" to the delight more particularly of his own schoolboy; the schoolboy within us all, the schoolboy who will doubtless still exist in undiminished vigor to greet the traveller from New Zealand on his arrival to sketch from a broken arch of London Bridge the ruins of St. Paul's. But in Macaulay's own Scotch spirit we may laud the extraordinary utility if not the æsthetic fastidiousness of his style and indeed go so far as to commend it to writers of our own time who may happen equally to deserve Thackeray's eulogy.

Thackeray's own incomparable style is all the most austere pedant could ask in respect of simplicity and clarity, but it is made what it is by the infusion of these with a personal manner of such marked æsthetic quality—germs of which are manifest enough in his verses if not very salient in his drawings, but which come to full development only in his prose—as wonderfully to enrich his clarity and simplicity, and in fact to convert those qualities into something far more intricately *sui generis* than the most complicated and ornate rococo. No prose so conceals art so consummate. Its clarity involves no sacrifice of subtlety and its simplicity is the very genius of simplification. In sustained passages his prose is, in this respect, supreme; but take the first sentence that comes under one's hand—this, on Congreve: "A touch of Steele's tenderness is worth all his finery; a flash of Swift's lightning, a beam of Addison's pure sunshine, and his tawdry playhouse taper is invisible." Obviously its style makes it a language new and beautiful, as unlike everyday English as a different idiom.

Modern writers, too, less central in the stream of the tradition

here, less noteworthy as being substantially of minor importance compared with the major prose succession, have nevertheless even more markedly served the ideal of æsthetic rather than that of prosaic prose. Passages taken almost at random from Mrs. Browning's essay on the Great Christian Poets, recall the days of prose eloquence as vividly as Macaulay. This, for example, on the language which has with us so largely ceased to be even "a college fetich":

No other language has lived so long and died so hard—pang by pang, each with a dolphin color—yielding reluctantly to that doom of death and silence which must come at last to the speaker and the speech. It is wonderful to look back and listen. Blind Homer spoke this Greek after blind Demodocus, with a quenchless light about his brows, which he felt through his blindness. Pindar rolled his chariots in it, prolonging the clamor of the games. Sappho's heart beat through it and heaved up the world's. Aeschylus strained it to the stature of his high thoughts. Plato crowned it with his divine peradventures. Aristophanes made it drunk with the wine of his fantastic merriment. The later Platonists wove their souls away in it, out of sight of other souls. The first Christians heard in it God's new revelation, and confessed their Christ in it from the suppliant's knee and presently from the bishop's throne. To all times, and their transitions, the language lent itself.

The same strain sounding in this rhapsody of the "fair-coined soul that lay rusting in a pool of tears" and that "Browning stooped and picked up", as Francis Thompson said, is to be heard in Thompson's own impassioned eulogy of Shelley, of which the following outburst must have established the new record in prose outbursts that it probably continues to hold:

He is still at play, save only that his play is such as manhood stops to watch, and his playthings are those which the gods give their children. The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kenneled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven; its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song.

Undeniably such fervor dates. And I am far from wishing that the whirligig of time might bring it about again even if it brought

also writers able, as it were, to bend the same bow. Like Macaulay's it celebrates, incenses, in fact, its subject, instead of developing it. The censer however is swung by poetic, rather than purely rhetorical sentiment, and the acolytes being poets, as Macaulay was so far from being,—especially when in metre he especially tried to be,— are perhaps to that extent culpable for blending *genera*. Nevertheless the result outranks rules, and feeling thus expressed is conveyed in too full measure to cause us to desire its suppression. It is feeling flowering in disciplined decorum, and moving us through its consonant style as well as through its fervor. If it is tagged with a different taste from ours of today, it has all the same its lesson for our own prose in just this regard. The liberal dietitian authorizes an occasional debauch—now and then a lump of sugar, once in a while a pinch of salt. The weakness of this strain in prose, whether rhetorical or poetic or both, is a certain quality of externality inseparable from the attitude of the writer. This is, artistically considered, a manifest attitude of detachment almost in proportion as, otherwise than artistically, it is partisan; producing also the impression that what is being communicated has already been, rather than is being, created—a kind of chewing of the cud of the classic instead of origination. It is exclamatory rather than expressive, with the effect of heat not light. Its style accordingly is applied rather than formative, frankly constructed decoration not decoratively constructive.

But that this attitude and character are not of necessity involved in the expression of feeling in prose, and of feeling as regards treatment not less than theme, not only appears in the style of the major masters, but far from occasionally in that of figures less commanding but of the truest distinction in the world of letters. For an exceptional example, the *Essays Classical* and *Essays Modern* of the late F. W. H. Myers, published in the eighties of the last century, undoubtedly still keep in the esteem of all who then or thereafter made their acquaintance an altogether special place. As perfect illustrations of prose style, not suggestive of prose poetry, but on the one hand of prose suffused with feeling subdued to the service of style, and, on the other, of the genius of style so informing a sustained sequence of noble thought

and refined emotion as to endue it throughout with an exquisite æsthetic element, consider the following sentences from the essay on Virgil:

> In literature as in life affection and reverence may reach a point which disposes to silence rather than to praise. . . . Yet possibly if his [the admirer's] admiration has notoriously been shared for nineteen centuries by all whose admiration was best worth having, he may venture to attempt to prove the world right where others have attempted the bolder task of proving it mistaken; or rather, if the matter in question be one by its very nature incapable of proof, he may without presumption restate in terms adapted to modern readers the traditional judgments of sixty generations of men.

And this *obiter dictum* later in the essay, briefer, but equally marked by perfection:

> It is not always at a man's crowning moment that his destiny and his duty close; and for those who fain had perished with what they held most dear, fate may reserve a more tedious trial and the sad triumphs of a life whose sun has set.

Nor is it necessary either to confine illustration of æsthetic English prose tradition to heightened expression of an elevated imaginative mood or to seek it so far back as even the last century. The current product might be winnowed for it with the result of a reasonably rich residue. My only contention is that this residue might be richer still—far richer—and would be if the ideal of it, instead of a rigidly and pedantically prosaic ideal, were more general. Only the other day, it seems, contemporary English letters suffered the irreparable loss of a brilliant exponent of æsthetic prose theory and practice in the death of Maurice Hewlett. His distinguished series of romances needed no addition for a complete critical induction as to his contribution to the art of fiction, but the last volume he published, *Extemporary Essays*, the preface of which is dated September, 1922, is eloquent in suggestion of his having reached a period of ripeness, of reflection, of knowledge irradiating wisdom, charmingly fitted for a crepuscular career of commentary on the art of literature, with the documents of which he was saturated, and with the principles as well as the practice of which he had obviously long been preoccupied. From this volume I can cite precisely the passage I need to exemplify incontestably pure prose—prose ostensibly indeed almost as casual as

that of a typical book notice—nevertheless prose so impregnated with the spirit of style expressed in the language of literature as immensely to reinforce the plain facts, simply stated, not only with a romantic atmosphere revealing the intrinsic interest of these but with a classic accompaniment of indirect allusion relating them to the stored treasures of culture. Naturally, for the full appreciation of such a passage *some* acquaintance with these treasures is necessary. But where is the logic of writing for those who, never reading, can hardly be expected to read what one writes even if, writing exclusively for their benefit he sacrifices the interest of those preferring an educated idiom? Hewlett is perhaps a shade bookish, but the trait has become so rare as to be welcome in greater excess than his. Besides he is so clever about it that those who would resent, will hardly discover, the tendency. Here he is writing a half dozen pages of book review and begins with this paragraph:

> Serious intention has combined with happy memories to make Mrs. Stirling's *Memoir of William and Evelyn De Morgan* a beautiful book. For the De Morgans were lovely in their lives and in death not long divided. Few such wedded pairs have shone, like a constellation upon a naughty world. No doubt but there are plenty of them with a more local beam. But such households are hidden from the main of us. We may come upon them—to pursue the figure—unawares when we are groping in the darks, a mild and steady radiance illuminating some inches of a mossy bank. But the De Morgans shone above the hiving streets. One could steer by them, if need were. And one did. There, beyond these voices, there was peace. The book therefore preserves a valuable thing. It might easily have been spoiled in the doing; yet because it has been done with great simplicity, it could hardly have been better done.

Extemporary Essays is also a beautiful book and all the essays "were written for and published in daily newspaper or weekly or monthly review." They were accordingly journalism, but, continues the preface: "Rightly or wrongly they were to be literature as well as journalism" and "No man needs be the worse journalist for taking immense pains to be something beside." This it is to have an education—a real one—to have the heart of a poet, to have the love of beauty and the sense of style and consciously to take "immense pains" in the specific business of weaving them all into a prose that is at once exquisite and exquisitely in char-

acter, as far removed from the prosaic and pedestrian as it is abounding in the admirable relevancies of its own art. Do they order this business better in England also as well as in France? No doubt Hewlett was an exceptional journalist!—was in fact an exceptional writer in any kind—in his own country. We have ourselves exceptional writers. We have exceptional journalists too. But have we our proportional quota of exceptions? And if so, do they, if journalists, take "immense pains to be something beside"; and do they, though not journalists, betray in general a conviction that taking "immense pains" is equally essential to the writing of any prose that, possessing requisite qualities of substance, is properly to be called literature precisely because it is not properly to be called prosaic. In any case any prose writer among us plainly has the torch of a long and continuing tradition to light his footsteps if, conceiving prose as an art rather than merely as a medium, he desires to follow in the path that it illumines—and transfigures.

W. C. Brownell.

THE PROMISE OF THE PRESENT DARK AGES

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

READERS have become so inured to having new organizations bolt out upon them from the blue on any morning that no one will be surprised to hear now for the first time of the International Association for Producing and Supporting a Renaissance. It is the object of this article to give a brief account of the I. A. P. S. R., explaining its aims and describing its activities, and thus incidentally pointing out the ultimate intention of the present black era upon which we have entered, an era often puzzling to uninformed minds.

The desirability of having another Renaissance no one can question. It is now at least three centuries since the last one ended, and even the man on the street would agree that a second great outburst of human glory, arranged to occur in the not too distant future, would be an immense stimulus to business. With our modern advantages in efficiency and organization, the members of our society are confident that the splendid efflorescence of the intellect immediately succeeding the Dark Ages will be completely surpassed by that second great revival of genius which we are endeavoring to inaugurate. Our confidence is based on the force of our underlying theory. Our logic is so simple that a child could operate it. Concisely stated, the principle of all our activities is that you cannot have a Renaissance without having Dark Ages to precede it, and therefore if you want to get a Renaissance, get your Dark Ages first, and thoroughly.

We have so far met with the most gratifying coöperation from all nations. Practically the only opposition has come from the inhabitants of Central Africa. These have had their own dark age so long that, naturally, they have found it a little monotonous, and also not having so far observed their benighted condition to be followed by any intellectual revival whatever, they are

somewhat skeptical as to this inevitable result. Among Christian countries, however, we have found public opinion unanimous that the immediate abolishing of civilization is the surest way to induce once again a period of transcendent achievement for the human spirit.

One of the great advantages of modern times is that we can now control our own destiny. Past ages had to take their history just as it was handed out to them, but we of today are in a position to dictate the terms upon which our future will be acceptable to us. It is inspiring to realize that we can now at last direct the course of human genius, commanding it to wither or to effloresce at will. Obviously the one process requires the other as its complement. You cannot have an awakening without a sleep to precede it. The more profound the sleep, the more splendid the awakening. Analogously, the darker the Dark Ages, the brighter will be the revival following them. For the present, therefore, the International Association for Producing and Supporting a Renaissance is concentrating all its forces on recreating the conditions of mediæval disruption that proved indispensable to the first Renaissance. To those conditions we have added a few modern improvements tending to speed up the processes of annihilation.

At this point it is necessary to emphasize one aspect of our endeavors that is too rarely appreciated, and this is the enormous personal sacrifice that must be endured by each individual of our illustrious company. Our membership is composed of people who are kindly in sentiment and conservative in politics. Our personal sympathies are constantly outraged and our domestic comfort destroyed by the very conditions we are sworn to produce. But we are indefatigable in our efforts toward anarchy solely for the glories bound to emerge from it.

The general public will be interested in knowing just how long a period we are allowing for the development of our plans. Business men, especially, and politicians, even more especially, will be glad to learn directly from our own headquarters how we propose to manipulate the immediate future. In regard to the whole matter of the time needed for the consummation of our aims we have made the most careful calculations. Our prospectus as at present arranged requires one century for the complete reproduc-

tion of mediæval chaos, and another for the scientific reawakening of the world from her scientifically induced coma. Our schedule therefore calls for a second great rebirth of the human intellect to occur anywhere between 2123 and 2200. By this time the late lamented Renaissance will be five centuries old, and a second one cannot endanger the health of the parent plant, or incur any opposition from the adherents of birth control. We guarantee that the two hundred years intervening shall be sufficiently sterile of all achievement.

Two hundred years may seem a forecast optimistically brief in view of the long centuries of blank despair that preceded the former great era of light and learning; but we do things better now, and faster. How much we may be able to accomplish in the two hundred years before us can be seen by what we have accomplished in the ten years behind us, for it is needless to call attention to the already widespread extent of the back-to-chaos movement. The fact of the movement everyone has observed for himself; the purpose of this article, therefore, is merely to show that the sporadic outbreaks of savagery occurring all over the world are part of a concerted and conscientious organization. The existence of our society would long ago have been evident if it had not been for our settled policy of allowing every nation complete liberty of action. Each country has its own pet way of destroying its own institutions and safety, and the sovereign rights of a people to its own form of cataclysm we have never questioned. Although we impose no super-government, the advice of our experts is available to all. We have our research departments which have made exhaustive studies of the downfall of Assyria and Babylon, Greece and Rome. Our committees and sub-committees stand ready to organize any nation in such way as to secure any preferred style of decay, ancient or mediæval.

According to text-books once familiar to all, the two primary causes of the Dark Ages were incessant warfare, which frustrated all the constructive pursuits of peace, and a total break with the past, which prevented all transmission of its hard-earned enlightenment. Our study of the years 500–1500 has been most illuminating as to causes and effects. Most thoughtfully have we observed how Goths and Vandals poured down over the Roman

Empire and swept its splendor into oblivion, completely burying from knowledge all the treasures of classic civilization, treasures of art and literature and statecraft. For century after century the world lay tormented with war and sodden with ignorance. Then people began to discover the long-hidden empires of Greece and Rome, and the stimulus of that contact of present with past occasioned the greatest creative outburst this earth has ever seen. This impressive lesson from history, however, has until recent years been neglected, for not until lately has it occurred to anyone that the best way to repeat this magnificent result would be to repeat its cause, and once again to shut away from the present all knowledge of the past. How otherwise can the men of today or of tomorrow have the stimulus that comes from finding buried treasure? Obviously, things that are to be found, must first be hidden. Acting on this simple principle, our association has for some time been endeavoring by every available means to sever today from yesterday. The clipping of classic studies from college curricula is a noteworthy achievement along this line. It is probable that within a few years the average young American will be as starkly ignorant of the civilizations of Greece and Rome as was any serf in the year 900. At some happy future date we may therefore picture some clever young illiterate, as he pokes about in the archives of some excavated library, suddenly meeting the gracious ghost of Plato or of Horace, still imperishably vital amid the dust and shadows, and our young barbarian's find may cause as great a furor as did the exhuming of Tut-ankh-amen in our own times. These little matters of rediscovery should, however, no longer be left to chance as in days when history merely occurred instead of being, as now, under incorporated control.

In this effort to segregate the modern mind from all contact with the achievements of earlier ages, our own United States has done its noble bit, for it may be confidently asserted that our young intelligentsia read nothing published prior to 1900. The promising results of this severance are already seen in their poetic utterances, which compare very creditably with those of sixth and seventh century Europe in point of quaintness and incoherence. But it has remained for Russia to make the greatest single contribution toward interment of the past as surest preparation

for a resurgent future. The youngsters in her schools are instructed in nothing but Communism. All art and aspiration occurring before 1917 have been forcibly confiscated. The field-workers of our association are justly elated over their accomplishments in Russia, for they feel that intellects exclusively confined for the next two hundred years to the tenets of Communism will be so starved that only the fittest will survive.

One great contributing cause of that era of embattled ignorance which succeeded the downfall of Rome was the general disappearance of books from the life of everyday man, and the consequent decay of reading as an occupation. We have found it difficult to parallel under modern conditions this mediæval illiteracy, but we have done our best and are beginning to see our reward, for it is becoming increasingly difficult to get any book published in Germany or in France, a state of affairs that will undoubtedly soon extend to other countries. Obviously, if a writer cannot get his works published in his native land, he can hardly hope that foreign publishers will be more hospitable, so that we may confidently expect that before long the art and learning of one nation will cease to spread into any other, and the diffusion of culture will be brought to a stop quite as effectively as it was a thousand years ago. Another promising tendency toward the spread of illiteracy is the growing prominence of radiograph and screen as educational methods. One of the greatest scientists of the age has lately prophesied that in the space of a few years the screen will entirely displace the book in the public school. All knowledge that cannot go in by the eye will thus be excluded from the mental content, and no activity of the young idea, beyond mere gazing, will be possible. Under this process we can cheerfully look forward to the atrophy of many faculties, such as imagination, reasoning, inventiveness, which, if they should continue alert, might interfere with our plans for the complete dormancy of the human intellect. We are therefore trying by every means to promote the movies as the sole mental food of many millions. In this way we hope not only to banish books, with all their attendant stimulus, but in the end to abolish altogether the use of words.

But with all our concentration on severing present from past,

we have not neglected the second of the two supreme causes of mediæval brutishness, warfare. The Dark Ages were even redder with blood than they were black with ignorance. Yet out of them issued the most superb achievement in the history of man! Inspired by this glorious sequence, we plan to make the coming century so bloody that when the consequent peace of exhaustion occurs, no living being will ever dare to break it, and the uninterrupted advance of humanity will thus be automatically assured. This phase of our campaign must long have been plain to anyone; what is not so plain, as I have before intimated, is the self-sacrifice involved. No conservative wishes to hate a radical, no laborer wishes to hate a capitalist, no Gentile wishes to hate a Jew, no American wishes to hate an alien, no Christian wishes to hate a Turk, but everybody is doing it as the surest way of producing a millennium. Every nation is so revolted by the thought of war that every one of them is inventing more and more hideous engines of destruction, simply to get the whole bloody business done and over as quickly as possible, and so to usher in the splendid era of international coöperation.

We believe that the surest way to inspire enmity between nations is to inspire enmity between individuals. Any man who practices cruelty toward his neighbor can more readily practice it toward a foreign foe. While, in theory, everybody would subscribe to this truth, we find that the average man shrinks from it in practice. By constantly appealing to the spirit of service, however, we have been able to persuade many people to a ferocity that would otherwise revolt them. Whipping bosses have wept at the idea of inflicting torture, but we have persuaded them that the only way to get a square deal for the prisoners of the future is to beat to death the convicts of the present. Christian gentlemen have shuddered at any breach of courtesy, and yet by diligent argument our field-workers have convinced them that to permit ministers to hiss each other at a church convention is the best way to induce the general public to accept the teachings of Jesus. In all directions, we may proudly point to our many accomplishments in fomenting animosity of man to man, and of class to class, as the best means to reinforce the savagery of international warfare.

A secondary advantage of having as much war as possible in the world is the decimation and mutilation involved. During the era of unprecedented violence that must precede our unprecedented Renaissance, we hope to reduce the population of the earth by about nine-tenths. The residue will be able to function as a single cohesive unit. Not only the numbers but the type of survivors will be auspicious. The Sunday supplements have made us all familiar with the marvellous feats of the crippled and blinded when rehabilitated and reëducated. Without question, therefore, the achievements of the human derelicts of another century of war will outdistance in every respect the accomplishments of men merely normally intact.

While ignorance and war were undoubtedly the two greatest factors in causing the Dark Ages, and, concomitantly the cessation of both the two greatest factors in causing the Renaissance, there were other contributing circumstances. These also we have been endeavoring to reproduce. We have given great attention to that period of mediæval history which begins to show gleams of the coming effulgence, and we are trying to make present history show the same gleams. For instance, we know that at the fall of Constantinople in 1453 an exodus of scholars carried their learning into the untaught western world. Under modern industrial conditions we have been forced to accomplish this dissemination of scholars in quite a different way. Instead of driving learned men from one country into other countries, we have tumbled them out of one class into other classes. Their exile nowadays is economic, not geographical. Artists, scholars, musicians, are no longer able to support life in that stratum of society to which they are born. Today, to earn his bread, the sculptor must become a plumber, the scientist a plasterer, the musician a carpenter. While under our management the dispersion of the learned is no longer lateral and across country, but longitudinal and across class, there will result the same spread of intelligence from the enlightened to the ignorant that followed the events of the middle fifteenth century. For example, the sculptor-plumber may sometimes find a half hour for his clay, the scientist-plasterer may carry about a pocket laboratory for use after lathing hours, and the musician-carpenter beguile a few minutes of

his lunch hour with a jew's harp. All their artisan companions, between gulps of coffee and bites of ham sandwich, will stop, look, listen, and profit by these leisure-moment diversions of artist-laborers, and the inspiration thus received will be exactly analogous to that felt by the mediæval baron who entertained some learned exile from the Constantinople of 1453.

There are other concrete and suggestive examples from pre-Renaissance history that we are endeavoring to make recur today. As an illustration, there was a widespread belief that the world would come to an end in the year 1000. It didn't, of course, but that does not deter us from making the same prognostication today. Of course we have to translate the expectation into modern speech. We put the thing into the familiar tongue of science, and say that the glaciers and the sun-spots and the atmospheric density indicate that the earth is about to burn up or freeze up, or to burst up—it does not matter which, since, clearly, what we are after is simply to recreate in convincing modern terms that sense of general instability and futility which so effectively paralyzed the mediæval soul in the year 1000 A.D.

Again, the mind of the Middle Ages was superstitious and believed in quaint ways of obtaining wealth, and in even quainter ways of obtaining health. But our Committee on Popular Superstitions feels, with excusable pride, that it has completely outdone the Middle Ages in the whimsicalities it has successfully popularized today. Alchemy is the mediæval word for getting gold out of the most unlikely substances; oil stock is our word for getting oil out of the most unlikely regions. People that stayed at home needed gold to make them comfortable; people that are always rolling about need oil to make them comfortable, but the naïveté of the search either for gold or for oil is identical. As to quackery, our research workers have made a detailed study of the old methods, and have been able to adapt them to modern needs with amazing success. As an instance in proof, we have persuaded thousands of seemingly intelligent men and women to send a drop of their blood thousands of miles away to a well-advertised wizard, and on his resultant diagnosis to submit their money and their persons to the miracles of electric vibrations.

Mediæval quackery is, we find, closely allied to mediæval big-

otry; under experiments in our historical laboratory quackery is found to be a superstition concerned with the health of the body, and bigotry is found to be a superstition concerned with the health of the soul. Our society has been just as fortunate in spreading bigotry as in spreading quackery. In fact, at the start there was not one of us who dared to hope for the success we have had in converting a freeborn people to the most thorough-going intolerance and suspicion in all directions. We are closing up avenue after avenue of intellectual adventure. Opinion is now so carefully tested that there is very little of it left anywhere. We have improved on the Dark Ages conspicuously, for while they bowed to what they believed to be expert opinion, we now bow everywhere to inexpert opinion. We choose aldermen to pronounce upon our text-books and our teachers, and politicians to pronounce upon our church creeds. It all produces a glorious confusion of mind and of method, for while opinion used to be met by argument, now it is met by blows. This manner of reasoning is growing in popularity all over the country. In our proudest city, at its proudest university, a group of students lately carried off one of their fellows and, with due regard to the safety of numbers, pounded him to a jelly largely because they didn't like his looks. In days of witchcraft a woman had due process of trial, but now a group of men, again with due regard to safety in numbers, may take a woman out and switch her until satisfied that they have improved her manners and the tone of their community.

It is in religious intolerance, of course, that we have found our most fertile field. As ever our method is to study mediæval technique and then to adjust it to modern needs, and express it in modern terms. The underlying parallelism, however, cannot escape any intelligent reader of history. Of course we are assisted by the fact that there are very few readers of history in these days, and still fewer are intelligent, and so it easily escapes notice that heresy hunters are a close replica of the Spanish Inquisitors both in religion and in tactics; in fact, the heresy hunter is held by some students to date back as far as Cain. The present warfare of church against science we have patterned on the experiences of Roger Bacon and Galileo, with the difference that in

earlier centuries religionists were appeased with a contemporary victim, but today they are so enthusiastic that they run back fifty years to dig up Darwin from the harmless grave and stand him up for attack. How promising the present vogue of bigotry is for the future restoration of religion may be seen from the historic fact that the Inquisition was directly provocative of the Reformation.

It is with pardonable gloating that our association points to the many modern improvements it has made on the general blackness of the Dark Ages. For example, with all their disorder, their ignorance and lawlessness, they managed to preserve respect for women, and a reverence for the marriage bond. Even in their deepest midnight the Dark Ages held that the relations of the sexes should be spiritual rather than bestial. The frank animalism of our present psychology, fiction, and cinema would have been inconceivable to the ninth century; this animalism is the splendid accomplishment of the twentieth century—and, let me proudly add, of the Association for Promoting and Supporting a Renaissance. Always consistent in our principle that one extreme automatically produces its opposite, we have induced the sexes to wallow together, in order that they may ultimately soar together. With a view to their final emergence as angels, we have persuaded men and women, led by the indulgent philosophy of Freud, to take one brave backward leap into emotions which even the apes long ago repudiated. Once again I must emphasize the pain occasioned to many individuals of our society by this reversion. Men and women could not have borne this agony of indecency except for the ultimate benefit of the whole race. No members of our association have been more faithful to our cause than some of our younger American novelists. Preferring to write, as they have proved they can, in colors of iridescent subtlety and loveliness, they have chosen, out of single-hearted devotion to our aims, to dip their pens in mud, and by painting matrimony at its ugliest have probably contributed more than any other single influence to the future decency and reserve of married life.

The thoroughness of our forward-looking policy is shown not only by what the coming Renaissance will say, but by how it will say it. We congratulate ourselves that we have today made the

expression of thought and emotion quite as chaotic as the thought and emotion themselves. We are now cultivating every variety of frenzy for the sake of that ultimate repose in which alone the great works of genius may be conceived and brought forth. In all the arts,—music, the dance, painting, poetry,—we are rapidly approaching those depths that are in themselves the assurance of unguessed heights to come. We believe in getting all the savagery out of the system, in order that our new Renaissance may have free play of soul. The more jazz we can make and the madder we can make it, the more will the spirit of music in the future respond to harmonious and orderly sequence. The Marathon dance prepares for an era of unexampled grace and dignity of movement. The delirious colors and shapes appearing in present day pictures point toward a period of sheerest beauty in the plastic arts. What glories may we not expect from those future artists who shall rebel against the cubists! In poetry we have been singularly successful in bringing about that incoherence which must be precursor of noble clarity, for we are now able, without exciting public protest, to award poetry prizes solely for unintelligibility.

Some of our younger poets are to be particularly congratulated on their signal contribution to the future limpidity of American verse. Possessing, as these young men and women must, the natural craving for an audience, they deny themselves all possibility of being understood, by barricading themselves into verses like these:

A slash of angular blacks
Like a fractured edifice
That was buttressed by blue slants
In a coma of the moon.

A slash and the edifice fell.
Pylon and pier fell down.
A mountain-blue cloud arose
Like a thing in which they fell,

Fell slowly as when at night
A languid janitor bears
His lantern through colonnades,
And the architecture swoons.

It turned cold and silent. Then
The square began to clear.
The bijou of Atlas, the moon,
Was last with its bedroom leer.

It cannot be conceived that anyone would write like this except for purely self-sacrificial reasons.

This brief outline of our activities may serve to show how widespread and how tireless have been the efforts of the Association for Producing and Supporting a Renaissance. We think that we are justified in feeling that no detail of mediæval chaos has escaped our research, and that we have not only faithfully sought to reproduce each one, but enthusiastically thrown in many modern improvements for good measure. Our society welcomes from any source any suggestions as to how we may intensify our activities and thus hasten the complete undoing of civilization. The sooner annihilation is rendered perfect, the quicker will be the resurgence, which after all is our chief concern.

Our chief danger, however, is from circumstances that we are not yet fully able to control. Successful as we are for the most part in dictating the terms of our future and exacting their fulfilment, we are troubled by the inconvenient tendency of history to allow its periods to overlap. It is hard to make all our forces of retrogression present an unbroken front. Some units press obstinately forward, and refuse to go back at all. The agencies of Quaker Relief, for example, prevent our completely establishing an age of utter savagery. Denying our basic conviction that there can be no dawn without a midnight, these Quakers continue to hold high their beacon of Christian kindliness against all our efforts to institute a night of utter blackness and bloodshed.

Then we meet another obstacle in the plain common sense of the middle-ground working man. Irrespective of nationality, he is beginning to see that he might be the hub of the wheel if he chose. While our society succeeds in keeping governments at each other's throats, we are becoming afraid that some day the populace back of governments may join hands across boundary lines, and plain working men and women, French, German, Russian, English, American, may dictate peace to all their overlords, whether politicians or financiers. If this calamity of comrade-

ship should occur, we could not accomplish that exhaustive blood-letting that this earth must have before it will react into a Renaissance.

But our worst trouble is with the young men. While they are still perfectly willing to be cannon-fodder if they can see any sense in it, they are increasingly reluctant to be butchered without a good and sufficient reason. I need hardly point out how inimical to our purposes is the publication of such a poem as Carl Sandburg's *Unknown Soldier*. Now in order to keep the spirit of war at a flaming point, it is plainly necessary for our society to have in the seats of power only the most inept and least-visioned men we can find. These are peculiarly unfitted to give good and sufficient justification to youth why it should be blown to bits every few years. Our dilemma as war-makers is precisely: wise statesmen, no war; stupid statesmen, no soldiers.

Then the airship is against us. One great fact influencing the first Renaissance was that men sailed unknown seas and found a new world, and brought back stimulating tales of wonder. And here they are again sailing unknown seas, with the constant possibility of finding a new world again. Nothing could fit in with our plans for a Renaissance better than the stimulus of a new world discovered, but it would wreck all our hopes if it were discovered too soon. To insure against such premature occurrence, we are taking two precautions; we devote all activities of the air service to war and destruction rather than to peace and creation, and we choose our young soldiers from the bravest and noblest youth in all the land and then proceed to kill them off as fast as we can, to prevent their bringing back, before we are ready, news to a tortured earth of a new world of beauty discovered in the skies.

In conclusion, I maintain that we, the members of the I. A. P. S. R. are justified in our hope ultimately to bring about a Renaissance that shall be as golden as the intervening centuries shall be black. The only danger is that our new Renaissance may get ahead of our schedule and occur before we have made our new Dark Ages dark enough.

WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

THE DOCTOR ON THE STAGE

BY MARIAN P. WHITNEY

It is so much the fashion to decry the drama of our own day, to consider it as trivial, decadent, purely imitative, given over to sensationalism or to sensuality, that very few of those who have not busied themselves especially with the subject realize how much serious and really valuable work is being produced. Dramatists in all countries are striving as never before to hold the mirror up to nature, and we are accumulating a body of plays which are not only effective on the stage, but which give a picture of our own time, of its manners, morals and ideals, of what it tries to be, what it imagines itself to be, and what it really is, such as no former age has ever possessed.

In their search after new dramatic values, many of our playwrights have turned from their long preoccupation with love, youthful or illicit, with sex in all its aspects, and have asked themselves what other motives and emotions deeply influence our lives. And they have discovered that for the average man the profession or business which he chooses becomes the dominating factor of his life, and so in reality his "fate." It determines his actions and associates, often also his opinions and even his moral standards; its claims upon his time and strength cut him off from other interests and pursuits and bring him into conflict with other duties, domestic and social. Such conflicts are easily understood by those who make up the modern audience, since most have felt them in greater or lesser degree, and they will therefore excite that emotional response, that "melting mood" which, Bernard Shaw tells us, is the final test of a good play.

From the earliest times representatives of the military class have been accorded a place upon the stage; the artist, too, is generally acknowledged to be a romantic and emotional creature and therefore a fit person for dramatic presentation. But the

contemporary dramatist has shown us that the life of the lawyer, the clergyman, the business man, the physician, the man of science, even the professor and the school teacher, contain elements no less dramatic and perhaps of even more general appeal.

No accusation is more generally brought against the present age than that it is bent on material things, that it has less respect for learning and for art than had the past, that it reserves all its prizes for the man who succeeds in business or politics, passing by the scholar with half concealed contempt, and granting him but a modicum of the material rewards of wealth and high position. Yet the contemporary drama accords to the man of science and to the scholar a place which he has never before occupied, giving to him, his problems, struggles, and ambitions, the center of the stage, which no other age has granted him.

It is natural enough that a great number of such plays should be concerned with the man whose science brings him into the closest contact with life, that is, the physician. Of course, the person who occupies such an important position in our hygiene-ridden age must play a part in many a domestic and social drama, as the arbiter of fate, as the dispenser of life and death, of hope and despair; even as the apothecary provided the draught which put an end to all the troubles of Romeo and Juliet, or as the "English doctor" tried to minister to Lady Macbeth. But we are not concerned here with those plays in which the physician exists for the sake of the other characters, but with those in which he is the leading character, and whose interest centers in his professional career, in his relation to his patients, to the community and to humanity, rather than to friends or family.

It is not surprising that his very position of power has given rise to a certain antagonism, and that the character of the doctor and the validity of his knowledge are frequently made the subject of attack. This is the case in Brieux's play, *L'Évasion*, in which he satirizes the attempts of a physician to regulate the lives of his patients according to theories of heredity based on his own experience and research, which he falsely considers as immutable laws. Like most of Brieux's plays, the main theme is well conceived and well posed, but the working out is superficial and unsatisfactory. We cannot feel that Dr. Bertry, with

his small ambitions and his cocksureness, is a real man of science. Bernard Shaw has also taken a hand at trying to prick the bubble of medical infallibility. In the play, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, his group of physicians is delightful. And their protagonist, Sir Colenso Ridgeon, is a really dignified and convincing figure. He has discovered a cure for one of the worst diseases to which flesh is heir, but the matter is still in the experimental stage, and he can at present treat only twelve patients at a time. There is but one place open in his hospital. Shall he give it to a brilliant young artist, a painter of undoubted genius but morally rotten to the core, or to an elderly and honorable but mediocre physician? For each it is the only hope of life. This is "the doctor's dilemma." In showing how Sir Colenso solved, or failed to solve, his problem, Shaw finds an opportunity for many witty and delightful scenes and much fun at the expense of the ignorance, incapacity, and self-sufficiency of the modern physician. Yet in spite of the satiric tone and the bitter ending, Shaw respects his hero, and he shows us, among his doctors, some fine types as well as some comic and some despicable ones, and brings out effectively some of the most vital problems of the profession. The groping after exact scientific knowledge of disease; the effort to combine honesty as to what is really known with the necessity for doing something to relieve even the most obscure illness; the impossibility of satisfying patients who demand of the physician superhuman power and knowledge, and whose credulous readiness to believe in anything which promises health and recovery fairly forces all but the noblest into a certain amount of charlatanism; the difficulty of harmonizing human and professional relationships; all these are real and vital problems.

Other plays show us the physician's life, his professional success, as determined not alone by his relations to his own patients but to the community for whose health he is ultimately responsible, or to external forces and interests with which his work brings him into conflict. In this field, as in so many others, the great Norwegian, who has shown such a keen instinct for searching out the dramatic conflicts which lie hidden under the somewhat drab exterior of our modern commercialized society, was

the pioneer. Dr. Stockmann, the hero of Ibsen's play *An Enemy of the People*, has discovered that the mineral springs on which depend the whole prosperity of the little watering place in which he lives are infected at their source; only immediate renewal of the whole water system can prevent illness and epidemic. The doctor expects gratitude from those whom his discovery will save from such disaster. But the leading men of the place see nothing but the cost in money and time of relaying the water mains and the loss of immediate gain which it will entail. The doctor's information is received at first with dismay and incredulity, then with indignation. His motives are impugned, his scientific reputation and even his good name attacked and vilified; he is dismissed from his position as physician to the baths; he is, in short, "an enemy of the people." Professor Bernhardi, who gives his name to a play of Arthur Schnitzler's, is as disinterested and noble a man as Dr. Stockmann, but far more intelligent and clear-sighted than he, and he is set against a far wider and more sophisticated background. Schnitzler has given us here not only a scientific hero and a series of the most modern problems and conflicts, but he has also proved the futility of some of our most cherished traditions as to the qualities which a "successful play" must possess. A comedy, Schnitzler calls it, but it is a comedy in the sense in which *Le Misanthrope* is comic. Even if one smiles over the weaknesses and failings of those who should be the leaders of humanity in its struggle to shake off the shackles of prejudice and ignorance, it can be only a bitter smile.

François de Curel has chosen a physician for the central figure of his drama *La nouvelle idole*, but he approaches the problems of the profession from a different point of view, which is ethical rather than social or economic. His hero, Dr. Albert Donnat, is far more a scientific investigator than a physician. He is seeking the origin and cure of cancer with a passion which makes him oblivious of every other aim or duty. His experiments with animals are not enough; he needs to observe the beginnings of the disease in human beings, and he persuades himself that he is justified by the great benefits which will accrue to humanity if the germ is isolated, in secretly inoculating with cancer some

of his hospital patients who are so far gone in incurable illness that there is no chance of their recovery. One of these patients is a poor and friendless young girl, apparently in the last stages of consumption. By one of those miracles which are never impossible in that treacherous disease, she recovers; but the doctor has done his work all too well. She has a cancer and can live only a few months at the most. Albert is horrified at the result of his experiment, but the fact and his share in it cannot remain a secret and a series of tense and moving scenes show the effects which the knowledge of it has on his colleagues, his family, and on the little victim of his experiment. She forgives him; she is willing to give a life that has never known joy or hope for the good of suffering humanity; she even teaches his wife, who at first recoils from him in horror, to understand the high purpose which has led her husband to this disastrous act. But the doctor feels that he can only prove his disinterestedness, his honesty of purpose, by sacrificing himself as he has been ready to sacrifice others. He inoculates himself and successfully. He will observe and note his symptoms as long as he can, and then another can take up the torch and carry on the work.

In the American play, *Why Marry?* by Jesse Lynch Williams, which had so long and successful a run in New York, the hero is a young bacteriologist and the heroine, a college girl, his laboratory assistant. The action of the play centers about the attempts made by Helen's rich relations to regulate according to their own conventions and traditions her relationship with this, in their eyes, most undesirable young man, and there is much amusing discussion of the value of scientific investigation to the community and to the world, and of the proper rewards for scientific research and discovery as contrasted with those for business or other professional services. It was pleasant to hear the New York audience laugh derisively at the smug self-satisfaction of the representative of "big business", at his conviction that "three thousand is not a bad salary for scientists, college professors and that sort of thing", and that "there is no future in science." The play is light comedy, but with a serious basis of social criticism of a very modern sort; and the Judge, who fills very pleasantly the place of the chorus or the *raisonneur*, has

the audience with him when he exposes the folly of our present attitude toward a man who, like the hero, has, by his discoveries, "saved more human lives in a year than were lost in the whole Spanish War."

In another comedy, *Das Konzert*, the Austrian playwright, Heinrich Bahr, has given us a delightful study of the modern man of science. Dr. Jura, the brilliant young naturalist, has risen from the ranks by force of talent and industry, and is full of the most modern theories of life as well as of science. Through his marriage with a pretty young heiress he finds himself suddenly a rich man and a member of the upper middle class, but without any of the inherited traditions and conventions which determine the thoughts and actions of his new associates. The way in which he meets each new situation and tries to solve each new problem which life brings by the light of pure reason, of natural feeling and of common sense, and the effect on the other characters of his failure to show the expected reactions, is one of the most delightful features of this comedy.

To speak of the hero of a Russian drama would almost always be a misnomer, but in Andreieff's play *To the Stars* the astronomer Sergius Ternovsky easily occupies the first place. It is a noble if somewhat vague and romantic picture of the man of science as the high priest in the great service of trying to harmonize man with the universe in which he must dwell and which he finds it so impossible to understand. It is in no sense a popular play, but a tribute to the power of science, and to the belief that it can lift man above the sorrows and disappointments of his own life into the realm of the eternal.

Even the archæologist has not escaped the call of the stage, but has been cast by d'Annunzio for the rôle of hero in "that most perturbing of modern dramas," *La Città Morta*. The scene is set on the hot and thirsty plain of Argos, where the young Hellenist Leonardo is seeking the tombs of the ancient kings of Mycenæ. When they are at last found, after days and weeks of unceasing labour and of tense excitement, something of the wild and unnatural passions which rent the breasts of the descendants of Tantalus seems to pass over into those of their modern discoverers. All the relationships of the

four noble and beautiful people who have gathered there for the work are altered; natural affection changes to wild passion which brings despair and death in its train. It is a strange and terrible story, but full of power and beauty, told in magical prose and set in an atmosphere so vivid that no one who has seen or read the play can ever forget it. It may be decadent and unhealthy; one would say that its motives and passions are as foreign as possible to our materialistic age. Yet for months in Paris crowded houses sat in tense emotion while these four souls worked out their destiny under the shadow of the accursed house of Atreus.

Other plays of like subject might be added to those already discussed, but enough have been given to sustain the contention that the modern world is interested in the man of science and the scholar, that it is ready to enter into his joys and sorrows, his aspirations and ambitions, that it respects and honors his calling and appreciates his value to the community. Certainly no one has a right to stigmatize our age as grossly materialistic, interested only in practical affairs and in men of action, unless he can prove to us that some other has accorded to its men of learning a superior, or at least, an equal place in the mimic world of the stage.

MARIAN P. WHITNEY.

THE MOTHER OF THE VIOLINIST LISTENS

BY LEONORA SPEYER

She knows that fleet victory of fingers,
And every flight of the Mercury-winged bow;
She does not play herself,
She is not a musician, no,
But is he not her son?

She knows those fingers,
Laughed as they fumbled at the toy fiddle brought to him, her baby,
On Chanuka,
Marveling a little even then;
Knew them at her breast
And before that,
In the warm shadows where they first stirred.

O world of tuneful purpose since then,
Persistent, patient,
O conquered world where he, aloof and lifted,
As on a hill,
Stands with his violin against his face,
Child's face, and boy's, and man's:
O comfortable, lovely world.

She sits alone,
Serene as Buddha in the great building.
So she sat in the Crimean market-place
Among her chickens and red cabbages,
Haggling a little,
Counting her kopeks stolidly.

She knows those fingers!
And yet . . .
There is such sweetness in that bright, edged sound
Cutting into our hearts,
Imperious clamor of four strings rising above the surf of orchestra,
Quivering like heat in the air. . . .

She pushes from her plump shoulders the fur he gave her,
And beneath,
His diamonds bear witness to the glittering years;
The mother of the violinist listens.

Does one note falter? Fail?
Slip like a star from that steep firmament?
She knows!
The mild face grows intent,
The fur slips . . . slips. . . .

He is her son,
And every pregnant note is hers
To bear,
Like the great pain;
To bear. . . .

O slim and obdurate master of the shining Strad
Held high as harp in heaven,
Your mother listens and her body breaks with birth again;
O aching, silver trumpets,
O screaming larks!

A-a-a-h . . .
A thousand hands strike together,
The sound is arid,
Flat as a sandy road,
In any key.

She smiles:
The English coat looks fine;
And easy to play in, he says.

One concert more,
One concerto more;
He still likes Brahms' the best.

"*Tchudno!*" a voice bawls from a far, slanting bank of faces;
She smiles again:
Tchudno . . . da. . . .

She does not stay to hear the symphony.

CATHEDRAL

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

Perpendiculars
Stemmed upward, blossoming,
Bend over from a sky of stone.
Stars,
Stars larger than the moon in heaven, swing
Circles of blue and crimson through the blown
And frozen branches of a granite tree.
A slanting rope
Of light unravels fraying into dark:
As of a bee
Mumbles across the gloom and echoes grope
After it following. A sullen spark
Rings from reluctant bronze and smouldering
Flares up and falls.
Silent, an imminence of walls
Leans on the world with overreaching wing.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

TYPES OF MODERN HUMAN NATURE

BENJAMIN CONSTANT. By Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

POINCARÉ. By Sisley Huddleston. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF MARY PUTNAM JACOBI. By Ruth Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WILLARD STRAIGHT. By Herbert Croly. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The old question whether human nature changes has been found to depend, like many of our intellectual puzzles, mainly upon definitions. It seems clear that fundamental *instincts* do not change. That the general level of intelligence has been elevated appears at least doubtful. But if we mean by human nature *personality*—the interaction of the self with the civilization in which it has its being, then not only change but improvement may be fairly claimed. And this is what really matters. For we *are*, in fact, the sum of our attitudes and acts and philosophies, and we *are not* in any practical sense the (more or less hypothetical) instincts and intellectual potentialities disclosed by a too restricted and abstract analysis. Practically it is hard to resist the conclusion that throughout the modern period there has been a continual change in the direction of better balance between individual desires on the one hand and social or physical restrictions on the other. The modern captain of industry hardly knows the impatience of an Alexander for "more worlds to conquer": despite the shrinkage of distances or rather because of it, the world is big enough for him and to spare. Nor does he tend to sink into the cynicism of an Augustus or the suspicion of a Tiberius. As the modern man lives in a larger universe, his efficiency has increased together with his opportunities. Without raising the question of comparative intellectual power as between the ancient and the modern world, one may boldly affirm that Darius Longimanus could not have handled the affairs of Henry

Ford. A recent writer has declared that Napoleon Bonaparte could scarcely have performed the work of Marshal Foch—he was not a big enough man! The ideal of Service—however sickening the mere sentiment of the cult may be—has opened up an apparently limitless field for the expansion of the whole human personality. Because of the widening of horizons, sincerity is commoner, bigotry less common than it used to be. Ultimates are clearer; morality is less a matter of loyalty to a group or to oneself. Happiness, therefore, in some form or another, is both more stable and more precious—and stoicism has gone out of fashion.

The change has presented itself to the modern consciousness largely as a struggle for Liberty. But in point of fact it has been equally a progress in self-restriction. The opposite forces of personality and environment, Liberty and Government, have created by the very intensity of their struggle a wider field for the contest—have made more room for themselves and for each other. In common they have brought about an increase of liberty—not in the sense of unhindered desire, but in the sense of *opportunity*.

In view of the enormous practical change in civilization—in the efficiency and in enlightenment of the individual—it seems reasonable to hazard the opinion that M. Poincaré is a happier, because a more moral, man than Julius Cæsar—and perhaps really a more powerful man; that Mary Putnam Jacobi was a greater power for good than Madame de Staël; that Willard Straight was a more effective personality than Benjamin Constant.

Benjamin Constant (born, 1767; died, 1830) belongs partly to the new and partly to the older order of humanity. His life may be divided into two parts, of which the first division is characterized by the extreme of romantic futility. A precocious child, ill-educated, impulsive, affectionate; an unbalanced adolescent, always madly in love, infatuated with women, enamored of his own ideals; a man witty, cynical, disillusioned, but always supersensitive and dependently affectionate, Benjamin seems the last person who could conceivably make a mark in modern life, and it is amazing that he influenced his own era. Even after he had attained years of discretion, there persisted in his personality

much of the spoiled child; he continued capable of the more or less theatrical *coup* of attempting to poison himself when he felt that due affection or admiration was withheld.

His love affairs seem to have been for years—and to some extent throughout his life—the positive element in his development. Without some feminine influence his mind was infertile. Yet it is a curious fact that he was apparently not of the robustly masculine type, like that of Goethe, which appears to require the stimulus of sex in order to realize its own strength. In Constant's loves, on the contrary, there is always something of the filial, and the strongest emotion seems always in the end to be the fear of giving pain to the beloved. In his amorous relations he did not dominate except as he charmed and bewildered or enforced his will through the tactics of an *enfant terrible*. Yet in Benjamin's frenzies was there much real emotion? Or was it all, as Miss Schermerhorn suggests, in her fascinating life of him, "less a malady of the heart than of the nervous system"?

"During the first part of his life," writes Miss Schermerhorn, "Benjamin drifted; in his second period he was led or driven; and not until the last fifteen years of his life did he develop the initiative which insured definite accomplishment."

During the earlier stages—a prolonged adolescence, one might almost call them—he came under the influence successively of Madame de Charrière, and of the "*trop celèbre*", the high and mighty intellect, the intellectual *tragedienne* of her time, Madame de Staël. The former humored him, spoiled him, deepened his egoism, assisted while she soothed his malady of the soul (or nerves?), but really loved him and gave him that training in *esprit* which sharpened both his wits and his tongue and taught him to establish his defensive reaction toward an unsympathetic world. It seems all very curious and not a little futile. "And what could it all amount to in the end, this intercourse of theirs?" wrote Sainte-Beuve. "*De l'esprit, encore de l'esprit, et toujours de l'esprit.*"

The parting was as natural as it was inevitable if Benjamin was to find his true self. Yet, as represented by Miss Schermerhorn, the whole episode is not without its own pathos and charm.

Coming under the influence of Mme. de Staël, Benjamin was

dominated and as nearly as possible enslaved. The tyranny was complete, both intellectual and emotional. To Constant, the daughter of Necker seems to have been a Socrates, a Cleopatra, and an exigeant French mother, rolled into one. It is difficult to imagine a more trying and painful situation for a man of mettle. Yet Constant's mettle was of a quality to survive even this. And his inamorata gave him needed direction and really developed his intellect. This man of many loves seems to have married at last—and he married a woman of decidedly common characteristics—largely in an agonized effort to regain his liberty. And even so, his nerve nearly failed him at the last moment.

A weak man, by all modern standards, a personality with all the diseases of pride, egoism, romanticism, and lacking even the release of poetry—for Benjamin was distinctly unpoetical! A drifter, a self-pleasing, whimsical, impulsive sinner, at once unstable and obstinate, a self-tormentor, yet secretly proud of his faults! Nevertheless, he became an influential statesman and has deserved the gratitude of posterity. Goethe said of him, "Whoever recollects what this excellent man accomplished in after years, and with what zeal he advanced without wavering along the path which, once chosen, was forever followed, realizes what noble aspirations, as yet undeveloped, were fermenting within him." A high French authority has called him "one of the most vigorous and brilliant minds of the first thirty years of the nineteenth century", and asserts that "among the best representatives of the doctrine of State Sovereignty as limited by individual rights, none are superior to Constant".

The truth is that Benjamin Constant was essentially a modern. And in the advancement of modern ideas, in which he himself assisted, he found his true function and personality. Almost a successful opportunist, like Cavour, really a man of principle who adapted principles to circumstances and appeared to change policies and parties; often accused of inconsistency and even of treachery—Constant was modern in his passion for true liberty and for toleration. Intellectually superior to most contemporary political thinkers, he was in his day a "Progressive", and he had to tread the hard path of the independent or "mugwump". As one follows his career, one escapes from the close air of the

salon, from the stifling atmosphere of the eighteenth century, from the lurid climate of the Revolution and of the Napoleonic period, into the common light and air of the nineteenth century day. His feelings and his virtues are to be explained equally by the man's temperament and his period; and Miss Schermerhorn deserves commendation for the exquisite balance she has preserved between the personal and the exterior elements of the story. Poor Benjamin, criticized by his friends, mastered by his affections, despised by his enemies, and damned by his own temperament, is set forth with significance and charm as a personal failure, a public success; and the personality which is half the private Benjamin Constant and half the time in which he lived, becomes a part of the common human story and of that historic life in which we all participate.

From "genius" to man of affairs, from the inconsistent to the too consistent! To his friends Benjamin Constant must have been enigmatic enough, but it is apparently only out of deference to a convention which prescribes that uncommunicative statesmen shall be represented as sphinx-like that Mr. Sisley Huddleston has written of Poincaré the man as an "enigma". Psychologically, Mr. Huddleston's portrait of the former Prime Minister appears to be mainly a problem in the deft avoidance of the too-commonplace in characterization—a remark which does not mean that the portrait is either untrue or devoid of significance. Only in M. Poincaré's character there is really little to "feature", for plain virtues notoriously do not make good features.

Doubtless, the "enigma" is in the whole situation, rather than in the man himself: it is a situation which, like most things growing out of the war, tends to submerge personality, and which calls for the greatest wisdom and forbearance from everyone. It results that Mr. Huddleston has written an excellent book about French and English policies and the Ruhr—a book that might have been even better, one thinks, if it had not aimed to be primarily a portrait.

As for Poincaré himself, he is a plain, unaffected man, lacking all theatrical appeal to public interest. Of unbending rectitude, wholly sincere; a lawyer by training and temperament, methodical and industrious, courageous when he has once taken a stand,

he has won his way to commanding influence through persistent labor, through skill and pertinacity as a writer, and through unfailing honesty and consistency. The great point is that he truly represents French opinion: even now that he has ceased to be Prime Minister, there is a suspicion that he still does so. To close one's eyes to this fact or to underrate the man in this capacity is a cardinal mistake. His so-called stubbornness, affirms Mr. Huddleston, is "not the stubbornness of ignorance or of indolence, but the stubbornness of intellect and of careful calculation". M. Poincaré performs his historical function almost perfectly; another in his place could have done little if at all better; and he himself is perfectly sincere and logically correct in all that he does. It is not his fault that he did not have his innings earlier—though this, thinks Mr. Huddleston, might have been a good thing, because then his policy would have proved impracticable so much the sooner, and the solution of the Franco-British problem would have been just so much further advanced! Mr. Huddleston, who is, of course, a hostile, though perfectly fair, critic of French foreign policy, really makes M. Poincaré appear magnificent in character and in talent. So far as the Ruhr policy is concerned, his epitaph upon the statesman might be, "He done his damnedest—angels could do no more"—which is, apart from the æsthetics of style, a good enough epitaph for any man.

So far as Poincaré's personality has been the key to the situation, its importance is mainly due, Mr. Huddleston thinks, to two closely associated factors. The former Minister displays, in the opinion of this able publicist, the fixed resolution of an essentially timorous man who finds it difficult to recede from a position once taken. He has also played the part of influential journalist as well as statesman—a combination of functions which Mr. Huddleston disapproves on principle—and doubtless feels bound by his previous utterances: he is "the prisoner of his own propaganda". Too consistent, and yet inevitable—a fact that one may as well accept philosophically!

It is easy to underrate M. Poincaré. In the winning of the war he played a part scarcely if at all second to that of Clemenceau. His reconciliation with the latter statesman was an act

of real magnanimity. "There are two periods in the history of the Third Republic," writes Mr. Huddleston: "the pre-Poincaré period, and the period which followed 1911; the period during which France was crushed, divided, and afraid, and the period in which she was again strong, united, and fearless. . . . It can hardly be disputed that one of the greatest artisans of the new France, erect, smiling, and serene, was M. Poincaré." A patriot and at the same time a "visionary" who looks forward to ultimate friendship between France and Germany, Poincaré cannot be accused of narrowness or of a want of imagination. If a true comparison could be made between him and many a more showy figure of the past, he would almost surely appear to be one of the greater statesmen. For the rest, a little more tact upon the part of the British Government might have saved the muddle in the Ruhr; and if events have been too much for Poincaré, the same is true of every man alive today.

It is, of course, difficult to see the world today in anything like historical perspective, and hence it is not easy to be just to one's contemporaries. But one's failure to find in M. Poincaré the key to the European situation is rather to his credit and to the credit of our much-abused civilization. Those epochs in which a single personality exercises a dominating sway, or by obstruction holds back events, are not the most blessed. And it is quite possible that there are numbers of rather matter-of-fact public men in high position today who possess greater ability, courage, and vision, than most of the heroes of past ages. Though the difficulties of the world seem at times to call for greater wisdom than is forthcoming, yet character and intellect do develop to meet the changed conditions. One feels fairly confident that with men like Poincaré (or indeed his successor), like MacDonald, or Coolidge, or Hughes—the list could be extended—in positions of commanding influence, tragic mistakes will be avoided.

The freedom of a nation or a people to work out its own destiny in conformity with principle of morality such as men can agree upon—this freedom, as variously conceived by a Poincaré or a Constant, may be of more importance than the freedom of the individual to achieve his appropriate expression in society; but the two are essentially the same. The passion for personal free-

dom expanding toward an ideal of high service is spiritual force. "Liberty," wrote Mary Putnam Jacobi, "is the very breath of life." Although the career of this remarkable woman was not devoid of difficulties and opposition, still her heredity, the influence of her family, her larger social setting, and the age in which she lived, were all favorable to the successful development of a rare personality.

She was modern in the complexity of the factors that formed her character. These were mainly a thoroughly Yankee heredity, a Victorian background, a French scientific training, and the influence of a grandmother "absorbed in a vivid, militant theology". The result was a character strong, self-contained, and original. As intellectual beings should be, when they live in a free country and in a truly civilized world, Mary Putnam was unconventional but self-controlled, fitting into no formula but capable of reconciling the differences within her. Deeply religious she always remained, although in her twenty-first year she separated from the church which she had joined under pressure of her grandmother's suasion and her own early convictions. Her philosophy became a sort of rationalism united with a warmly humane spirit and held with religious fervor. "Heaven," she wrote, "means the Region of Pure Thought. . . . It is the life of Humanity that is infinite; it is the mysterious progress of Ideas that we understand by the workings of Providence . . . these are the great things of life—union with Humanity, Friendship, Love."

Such a career as that of Mary Putnam was almost unprecedented in her time, yet in the story of her early life all appears to happen simply and naturally. Obstacles yield at the touch of common sense, of talent, and of good nature, and we feel that we are reading the record of a highly civilized and talented woman living in a world that is becoming every day freer and more civilized. It is pleasant to read of how she surmounted the difficulties in the way of her entrance to the *École de Médecine* in Paris and of her success there. And it is with appreciation of her own serious yet gleeful spirit that one follows her through her various social and professional adventures. "It is so jolly," she declares in one of her letters from Paris, "to come to a place and begin

by shocking the most profound social prejudices of the people and so live them (the prejudices) down simply by holding your own course that they (the people) all come on your side."

On the whole, true freedom of thought—which is at the opposite pole from the vagaries of the imagination or the "wandering of desire"—is the note of her character which rings out with most bell-like clearness. It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of self-reliance in one who could write quite casually: "I cannot understand how anybody ever asks the assistance of other people in their thinking. I rarely feel inclined to ask for advice in action and certainly never in thought." This Emersonian utterance is matched by another: "One never can be lonely, if endowed with a certain intensity of intellectual consciousness." Her political opinions took their color from the same trait. Speaking of her association with a group of French reformers (red-hot Republicans), she wrote: "Wherever exists this ideal tone, whether among the Christians in the catacombs at Rome, among the Waldenses in the mountains, among the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, among the Socialists at Batignolles, there you have the salt of the earth."

The world is coming to see more and more clearly that except for governmental or administrative purposes, it is idle to assign individual praise or blame. Saint or sinner must bear the consequences of his own errors or defects, and others must bear them too. Successful living is the resultant of forces of personality and of social conditions which make success possible. Discarding a crude fatalism, which would make the thought of helplessness (of all thoughts!) the controlling idea, men are beginning to see that enlightenment and health of the physical, intellectual, and emotional natures are the conditions of righteousness. All share the disadvantage of error, but all benefit by the achievements of right living, for which the whole world, past and present, is responsible. Without indulging, then, in the silliness of eulogy or apology, we may legitimately take pride in the fact that such a life as that of Mary Putnam Jacobi—a life of free though self-controlled emotional expression and of intellectual honesty and freedom—was possible in our time, and we can justly admire the individual life and take inspiration from it. In these

our days, a more effective direction of impulse, a higher sublimation of instinct, a more inclusive and tolerant mentality exist than have generally existed in the past.

Whether or not the liberty of modern life has been precisely good for the younger generation, is a moot question and one not to be hastily answered. Upon the general problem, the life of Willard Straight may perhaps throw some light. For while Straight did not belong precisely to what we now understand by "the younger generation", being considerably older than the boys by whose side he served in France, yet he had much in common with them. The present generation of young folks doubtless has its faults, serious enough as measured by the standards of its elders, but they do frequently illustrate, as did Straight, the humanizing influence of liberty and enlightenment upon aggressive and sensitive temperaments.

The general impression that one receives from Mr. Croly's competent and sympathetic biography of this lovable young American is that Straight mainly did just as he pleased and pleased to do well. Much repression would have spoiled him. Discouragement on the part of those to whom he looked for approval quickly sapped his spirit. His whole career seems somewhat fortuitous, after the fashion of the modern youth who has to be well-pleased with his job if he is to remain in it. Yet when his imagination was once engaged, he worked with great buoyancy and steadfastness. It is painful to reflect upon how many men of the Straight type must in the past have been frustrated by unfavorable conditions.

Inability to survive or to succeed under any and all conditions is not, however, a sign of weakness; and real strength, as well as adaptability and resourcefulness, is evidenced throughout Straight's career in the Far East. Probably no one else would have made quite what he made of the not very inspiring office of Consul-General in Mukden. Thoroughly familiar, through previous experience in the Customs Office and in journalism, with the Chinese language and with Chinese life and problems, he was well prepared to give effect to his dominating idea that only through the participation of American financiers in the exploitation of the country could China be stabilized and safe-

guarded from the aggressions of Japan and Russia. "The creation of a strong quadruple banking group would be," he thought, "the best insurance against the old spheres-of-influence idea." Nor was he playing at the game of what was afterwards called "dollar diplomacy"; for the evidence seems clear that the State Department was endeavoring to use the American bankers to further its policy, and that the financiers were by no means attempting to use the State Department in pursuit of their own interests.

The signature of the contract for the Chinese currency loan in 1911 was really a personal triumph for Straight. The Chinese revolution seriously interfered with his plans; Russia and Japan were eventually admitted to the consortium; and a change of administration in the United States deprived the American Group of the support of the State Department, leaving them no practicable course but withdrawal. Nevertheless, Straight originated and did much to realize a Far Eastern policy which, though abandoned by President Wilson, was resumed, Mr. Croly says, and completed by Mr. Hughes. "The most important event in Far Eastern politics since the Chinese Revolution," writes Straight's biographer, "has been the Washington Conference of 1921–22. In substance and effect it approved and confirmed the group of ideas which had prompted Straight's work in China."

The whole story is the more appealing and instructive because one never loses the feeling that Straight was in an especial sense "one of our own"—of our particular age and country. One sees him as the typical college man—lively, humorous, terribly in earnest; always loyal, devoted to work when his imagination and his emotions are involved; and with sufficient pride to carry him through uninspiring tasks; none too patient of bonds; resourceful and far more able than his attitude toward routine work would seem to suggest. In school and in college, Willard Straight easily stood high. But it is said of him that his education failed to arouse in him a vital enthusiasm for the things of the mind. Confronted, however, by a real situation that touched his spirit, he responded vigorously and effectively—as men of his breed and training always will.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

BASES OF SOCIETY

THE BIOLOGICAL FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIETY. By Arthur Dendy, D.Sc., F.R.S. London: Constable and Company.

THE GROWTH OF CIVILIZATION. By W. J. Perry. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE NECESSITY OF ART. By A. Clutton Brock, Percy Dearmer, A. S. Duncan-Jones, J. Middleton Murry, A. W. Pollard, and Malcolm Spencer. New York: George H. Doran Company.

In all three of these books, representing entirely different fields of endeavor, we are aware of the new principle guiding all lines of investigation, and shaping all ways of thought, that of growth, evolution, process. Such conception of the organic nature of all life and of human institutions, of the unity of life, and of continuity in all human experience, is the distinctive mark of our age. These discussions are among many that make us aware how the doctrine of evolution has touched life and thought to new vitality, quickening, with its suggestions of boundless possibilities of growth, the mind of man in his long search for truth.

The object of *The Biological Foundations of Society* is "to trace to their sources, as far as those sources can be detected in the evolutionary history of the animal kingdom, the springs of human action, more especially in relation to the organization and behavior of human society", and "to show that, from the study of biology, we may derive much that is valuable in the way of actual guidance and inspiration".

The purpose is successfully carried out, and the book is a valuable one, intelligible to the uninstructed reader, full of information, clearly presented, in regard to "the laws which governed organic evolution in the earlier stages, . . . not repeated when man arrived upon the scene". This study of physical development in its various stages, from the beginnings of life up through the more complex processes of growth, through active response to stimuli, and of degeneration through failure to use latent powers, is clear and interesting. The steps in growth are carefully traced, except that, in the study of the cell, the leap from such lower orders as jelly fish and crab to the brain of man seems a long one. One could wish that here and in the discussion of the nervous system more stages of development had been pre-

sented. The lay reader might, too, excusably, plead for a fuller explanation of natural selection.

The author, in endeavoring "to indicate some points of contact between biology and the moral and political sciences" is finely reserved in making his suggestions. It is a pleasant surprise, in a book with this title, to find a maximum of biology, study of facts, for the most part a careful tracing of processes, and not wordy over-application in which fancy plays a major part. Mr. Dendy is aware of the fundamental problems of ethics, sociology, and international politics; such recommendations as he makes as to their solution, based on study of man in the light of his physical history, give pause for thought, and make us regret that many theorists, ignorant of the organization of life and the laws of growth and progress, have built systems upon the unsure foundation of man as he is not.

Especially interesting in this volume are the remarks about capitalism, the woman question, the family, sacrifice for the sake of coöperation, and equality. As regards the first, he affirms that the principle of capitalism is as old as life itself, that each generation gets a better start than its predecessor because of the habit of accumulating capital. Through this method, in plants and in animals, of sharing surplus energy, progressive evolution has become possible. It has remained for mankind to abuse the principle. That which he has to say in this connection on the woman question should at least command the ear of the present age. In regard to the last point he shows that, with the endless differences in nature in the matter of response to stimuli, and the complexity of all processes of growth, the doctrine of equality is utterly unscientific.

The last chapter, in which the chief application of the study of the laws of physical development to social and ethical problems is made, is especially interesting. By human beings a new environment of mental images and emotions is created, under which the mind builds itself up in much the same way as the body builds itself up under the physical, and this plays a dominant part in progressive evolution, progress now consisting in the formulation of high ideals and the adaptation to these. Discussions of improvement of physical environment, of education

of the bettering of the social organization, and other topics, leads on to cogent suggestions in regard to the League of Nations. "If the conception of a league of nations be fully realized, we shall then have an individual of the highest order that is conceivable under earthly conditions."

Mr. Dendy is unduly concerned because of the recent action on the part of certain American legislators in attempting to forbid the teaching of evolution. Can anything be conceived which would more surely convince the young of the importance of studying the subject? The book is one that may be heartily recommended to old and young, to people of a scientific and those of a non-scientific turn of mind. The author is no mechanist, but a believer in intellectual and spiritual values as factors in the long progress of the race. "The case against mechanism seems conclusive when we come to consider the phenomena of consciousness." A latent idealism pervades the book. Ethically it is sound and valuable, and nothing in it is of greater importance than its affirmation of belief in the validity of the will. "The power of the will to foster ideas that are beneficial to mental and moral development, and to repress, if not eradicate, those of opposite tendency, cannot be too strongly insisted upon, for it is upon this power that the building up of character depends. . . . Even such simple organisms as the amœba appear to have a certain amount of choice." Sex-obsessed writers of modern so-called realistic fiction, who evidently think that man has none, will please take notice.

There is enduring fascination in following the story of human development in the Old Stone Age, with its use of flint, its discovery of fire, its later fashioning of bone awls and needles, its sculpture, engraving, painting. Something from far away and long ago stirs within one, that submerged shaping creativeness which is in all of us, and which gives to *Robinson Crusoe* its lasting appeal. Quickening of this creative instinct attends the reading of *The Growth of Civilization*, a book not technical enough to overshadow a vacation, but chiming pleasantly with those vacation impulses which draw us back into the Neolithic, bringing a certain refreshment of spirit even as do our play-day activities,

from learning to build a camp fire to learning to drive a motor car. From the food-gathering to the food-producing stage one follows with sympathetic understanding, and the joy of old tales of adventure and exploration in circumnavigating the globe, in opening up new countries, comes in reading the account of the transmission of early culture from land to land, as adventurers from Egypt, the mother country, questing for gold and pearls, carried their arts and crafts with them, and shared them with more backward peoples.

It is to the land of the Sphinx that, in this treatise, civilization is carried back; possibly this may account for some of its mysteries at the present day. Here was invented the copper chisel which, with its stimulation of the crafts of carpenter and stone worker, meant a vast step forward in human development. Here, from studying the habits of the Nile, men found out the method of irrigation; here flourished workers in gold, makers of pottery, inventors of weaving; here the first calendar was devised. Mind and imagination are challenged and stimulated as we follow the trade routes of these early adventurers, enkindling civilization throughout the world: Crete, whence sprang the culture of Greece; Italy, Spain, France, Britain, Phœnicia, Carthage, India, the East Indian Archipelago, Polynesia, the Caroline Islands, South America—so runs the breath-taking tale of archaic civilization.

Certain convictions are stated at the outset and sustained throughout the study, making us freshly aware of the unity of all life, and of continuity in human progress. There was no spontaneous development of culture in different lands, the author affirms; all peoples, advanced beyond the food-gathering stage, owe their cultural capital to some other community, and, ultimately, all derives from one. That the earliest development of civilization came in the Mediterranean region does not startle the reader; that Egypt, who learned of none, so far as is known, taught all, comes more as a surprise, and doubtless some of the learned dispute the theory.

Certain preconceived ideas are challenged in the book; for instance, that of an early wandering pastoral stage of life, preceding the settled agricultural state. The nomadic pastoral mode, the author states, was a degradation from the agricultural method.

But the most interesting, and the most important, of these subversive statements is this: that in its early stages society was peaceful, and that war is an outcome of so-called civilization. So is reinstated in our minds the much-derided gentle savage of Rousseau and other eighteenth century thinkers; so is ushered in again, by investigating science, that early age of gold, fabled by poets, which gleams alluringly through much of classic literature. One reads with increasing thoughtfulness the account of the way in which early peaceful civilizations were broken up by irruptions of warriors from outside, and the theory that civilizations have fallen less from internal sources of decay than from the impact of peoples more given to fashioning and using weapons. Closely interwoven with the ideas here presented are those roused by the account of the formation of a class system, and by the coming into existence of ruling dynasties, interrelated, dominant, holding the reins of power in their hands. War grew up with the class state, and is an acquired, not a native, tendency.

This last section of the book, with its affirmation that man is not inherently cruel but becomes educated in cruelty, is the most arresting part of the volume. Two great tendencies are at work in civilization, the constructive, showing itself in invention, in all crafts, in the arts, and the destructive, due to tension that has resulted from the complexities of human relationships, making, often, for discord. It may not be impossible, the author suggests, to frame a society in which each member may live a calm, happy, creative life. To the reader it would seem as if decisive choice on the part of the national consciences of the world not to make weapons of destruction would not be too difficult a step forward for humanity at this stage of development. But, as Mr. Perry says, human progress is extremely slow.

Authentic voices, and voices long awaited, sound in *The Necessity of Art*, the work of a group of English essayists. Something in the inception of the work, and in a certain devoutness in facing both life and art, reminds us of that earlier group who founded the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Again we feel that art

> . . . . might still
> Kneel in the latter grass to pray again.

An attempt to make clear the fact, as the preface states, that "art is essentially religious, meant to express the highest spiritual realities"; that it is not "the mere production of beautiful objects in the realm of matter"; an effort to help the age escape from "that blindness to the eternal values which it has inherited from a quantitative and materialistic phase of thought", suggest the significance of the volume, and the depth of the endeavor.

The first essay, by Mr. Clutton Brock, is a plea for the development of individuality through appreciation and creation of art, for escape from content with pleasure of the senses, and from the tyranny of mere knowing. It is not sex repression but repression of spirit that ails our age, he happily and truly affirms. Unceasing spiritual effort, consciousness of higher aims, are necessary if we are to avoid the danger of "a set of beliefs which, though they are supposed to be scientific, we have contracted rather than acquired, and which, half-consciously held, poison our minds and enfeeble our wills, as the body is weakened by some unknown septic source". The affirmation that we are not selves to start with, but that the self is created by conscious aim, conscious effort, suggests the central doctrine of our idealist-philosopher, Josiah Royce. These are among many notes that will keep the voice of Mr. Clutton Brock still sounding in our ears, after his much regretted death.

Christianity and Art, by Percy Dearmer, and *The Puritan Objection to Art*, by Malcolm Spencer, discuss the misconception that art is irreligious. The former contends that, far from being antagonistic, art has reached under Christianity a significance, power, and beauty never known before. "Beautiful though art has been all over the world, for God has never left Himself without a witness, there is no parallel to the painting of Christendom, except in the exquisite but comparatively limited art of China; little to its sculpture, outside the Greece of a short period; little among all the beautiful buildings of the world to the breadth and richness and content of its architecture, and no parallel of any kind to its music. . . . So far from the Church being opposed to the human form, she required that form . . . for the teaching of her doctrines, because her message was the incarnation of divinity".

The Art of Movement, by Mr. A. S. Duncan-Jones, is an interesting and suggestive study of Christian music and ritual. *Literature and Religion*, by Mr. J. Middleton Murry, digs far down into the hidden sources of power in life and in art, and ably affirms great truths: that the central fact of existence is man's consciousness of himself as free—he cannot mechanize himself; that religion, a sense of the binding relation between the soul and God, is the deepest emotion of the human soul; that literature, an expression of the free human soul, is fundamentally religious, and sets forth spiritual struggle. He pleads for a new understanding of religion, free, not bound by dogma; interpreted, as everything in life must be interpreted, in terms of growth and progress, the most joyous high adventure of the soul.

In the last paper, Mr. Dearmer, carrying out Mr. Clutton Brock's purpose, develops an idea that one finds suggested in most of the papers, and that, happily, shows the soul of Ruskin still marching on, of art as a necessity, a vital part of the life of the people, not as *The Encyclopædia Britannica* states, "a sort of luxurious fringe to life".

The essays are of varying worth, but unity of thought, feeling and imaginative perception of values pervades the book. The ideas held in common and developed in different ways are great ideas: the essential spirituality of life, and of art as fundamentally life; the individuality and freedom of the human soul; the conviction that real art, springing from that which is deepest in the human soul, is essentially religious. The treatment of the various subjects is full of vitality, broad, suggestive rather than exhaustive. This concerted effort to set forth an idea of a progressive revelation of beauty, goodness, truth, is enriched by insights of great thinkers and poets: Plato, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, making us newly aware of our vast heritage of thought, and thankful for the fineness of spirit and the insight of those who touch the great messages of old to new life. There is about the book something of the freshness of the moment when the tide turns, and one feels again the stirring of an invigorating breeze.

MARGARET SHERWOOD.

STUDIES IN POLITICS

History of Political Thought. By Raymond G. Gettell. New York and London: The Century Company.

Roman Private Life. By Walton Brooks McDaniel. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

The Purple or the Red. By Charles Hitchcock Sherrill. New York: George H. Doran Company.

History of the Tory Party. By Keith Feiling. New York: Oxford University Press.

The Southern Oligarchy. By William H. Skaggs. New York: The Devin-Adair Company.

American Democracy Today. By William Starr Myers. Princeton: Princeton University Press.

Democracy and Leadership. By Irving Babbitt. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Hispanic-American Relations with the United States. By William Spence Robertson. New York: Oxford University Press.

International Law and Some Current Illusions. By John Bassett Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Otanes, Megabyzus, Darius: These three, in the ever vivid narrative of Herodotus, epitomize the age-long history of politics, which is the science of government. In their exchange of counsel at the fall of the Magian, they set forth the three elemental systems, to some of which every national rule has belonged; and belongs today. The three have in almost every age existed side by side. But while in early ages that of Darius greatly predominated, the slow process of the centuries has caused it to decline, and that of Otanes, at first by far the least, to gain the primacy, in name if not always and entirely in fact; though in all time the system of Megabyzus has encroached upon one or both of them, sometimes, perhaps, through benevolent necessity, but usually with pernicious results. But if these three epitomize the science of government, their ramifications and specialized developments have been all but innumerable; many of which, like the shoots of the banyan tree, seem almost independent of the parent trunk.

This latter is the first if not the strongest impression produced by perusal of Professor Gettell's fine *History of Political Thought*, though with it is coupled a certain wonderment and admiration

of the author for his diligence in ransacking the authorities of the world, and for his discrimination and skill in compacting within a single volume a wealth of material which might have filled many larger volumes without injurious dilution. His purpose has been, commendably, neither that of a propagandist nor of a dry annalist, but that of the true historian who seeks to find and to record truth without regard to the establishment of any preconceived thesis, and who analyzes and expounds that which he records, with relation to its background, its environment, its causes and its effects. For the first time, so far as we are aware, there is thus presented a comprehensive and integral view of the development of political thought, in all ages and lands, displaying it as a coherent unity, just as is the geological or the zoölogical history of the world. It is a book which every political student must take into account, both for the author's own illuminating text and for the veritable thesaurus of references to authorities with which it teems.

An interesting corollary to some of the major themes of Professor Gettell's work is presented in Professor McDaniel's admirable little treatise on *Roman Private Life*. We too often, and of course erroneously, think of old things—for example, in Italy—as having passed away, and all things having become new. The fact is that the life of the people has been more enduring in its characteristics than their architectural monuments. To the average reader, who has not taken this fact into account, it will be almost startling to find from these pages how largely the essential principles of domestic and social life have survived the vicissitudes of time, and prevail today in those regions which were the heart of the Republic of the Consuls and of the Empire of the Cæsars. Changes there have been, no doubt; largely induced by the change from Roman mythology to the Christian religion—though a larger volume than this might be written on the impress which what we idly call the paganism of ancient Rome made upon the Christian church, notably in its calendar, its festivals and its ceremonies. What our author has most felicitously and successfully undertaken to do, however, is not so much to argue and demonstrate the connection between ancient Roman and modern Italian life, as vividly and vitally to

reproduce the former, leaving it to the reader to make the further analysis and application, and to observe the degree to which the political thought of "the brave days of old" is reflected in the principles and the aspirations of the Italian nation today. The publishers have issued many valuable volumes on various phases of *Our Debt to Greece and Rome*, but none, we should say, of more general interest and practical worth than this.

General Sherrill, in his fascinating volume, instinct with both subjective and objective personality, continues our master theme with a demonstration of the utility of royalty in the twentieth century. Not yet can it with universal truth be told that "God said, I am tired of Kings." The fact is that various kings and queens are very truly and efficiently doing God's work in the world. The manner of doing it, no less than the character of the work itself, differs vastly from that of the days of "Divine Right", though indeed the essential principle of those days, grossly abused then, still prevails. "*L'État, c'est Moi!*" was from one point of view an intolerable arrogance, though it was probably not meant in that sense at all, but in a highly commendable one, to wit, that the Great Monarch embodied in himself not merely the power and authority but also the responsibility and the service of the entire nation. What is of present pertinence is, however, that a modified form of that same identification of the sovereign with the State now serves to inspire and to maintain a national sentiment among those people of monarchical countries who have not yet learned to regard themselves as a sovereign nation. It is the personality of the sovereign, and the tradition of monarchy, that holds the people together until such time as they shall learn the lesson of sovereign democracy. Thus the title of General Sherrill's volume, *The Purple or the Red*, is no mere touch of rhetoric, but is a most practical setting forth of the fact—that the choice of much of Europe is today between the purple of royalty and the red of Bolshevism. The new use for kings which the author discerns, and which he has been studying on terms of intimate personal contact, is to symbolize the continuing traditions of nationality, and to serve as a make-weight for stable and ordered government against the crimson chaos of Radicalism running amuck.

In no country since the Greece of Plato's time has political thought been so active, so fecund and so significant to the world, as in England. From Rousseau to Napoleon there was, it is true, extraordinary intellectual activity among the politicians of France. But that was for a comparatively constricted period. In England such activity was measured by centuries rather than decades—from the time of Alfred, through such mighty epochs as those marked by Magna Charta, Simon de Montfort, Hampden, the Commonwealth, and the passing of the Prerogative. In England, too, there has been the most noteworthy development of that party system of popular government which we in America long ago adopted as an essential feature of our politics. These circumstances invest with interest, even to Americans of the twentieth century, Mr. Keith Feiling's brilliant study of the *History of the Tory Party;* albeit that famous organization perished more than two hundred years ago. It is of course of the first Tory party that Mr. Feiling writes; that puissant and devoted—even when hopelessly wrong-headed—body of patriotic cavaliers who so largely dominated England from the days of Elizabeth to those of Anne. We may learn little or nothing of political philosophy from them. But we cannot help finding in their story much of interest in our own political conflicts, since it is the story of the first real party warfare in England, a warfare and a party system the effects and traditions of which were transmitted to our own shores in colonial days, and here made marks which time has not yet wholly effaced.

Indeed, the very essential connection between English Toryism and American politics is most impressively and convincingly pointed out by Mr. William H. Skaggs, in the extraordinary volume which he has produced under the significant title of *The Southern Oligarchy.* Some of the worst qualities of both the earlier and the later Tory parties of Great Britain seem to be prevalent, and indeed to have been prevalent for generations, in some of our own States. It is not alone as an earnest American but also as a Southern man, profoundly sympathetic toward and devoted to the welfare of those States, that he writes in righteous protest against a system which rests like a deadly incubus upon one-third of this nation and extends its evil influence over

the whole of it. To say that the Southern States are misgoverned by a provincial and despotic oligarchy needs no other vindication than the deadly array of facts and figures which Mr. Skaggs adduces, facts and figures from official and authoritative sources and therefore indisputable. The public has heard much from various sources of the limitation of the ballot to from only five to ten per cent of the qualified electorate, of the abuses of child labor, of the horrors of the chain gangs and convict labor camps, of the repudiation of public debts, of the backwardness of education, of the frequency of lynchings and other crimes, and what not else. It is an inestimable service, to the South and to the whole nation, to have the whole story completely, instructively and authoritatively told; and to have it told not in a spirit of railing or censorious denunciation, but rather in one of sympathy and generosity, and of unquenchable faith in the great masses of the Southern people. It is as a spokesman and champion of the South, against the oligarchy which oppresses and despoils it, that Mr. Skaggs has written this tremendous revelation in what deserves to be one of the most outstanding political histories and treatises of this generation, a work which no thoughtful and public-spirited American citizen, North or South, East or West, can well afford not to read.

Another volume which deserves the widest possible reading is Professor Myers's little treatise on *American Democracy Today*. Always conspicuous for the clarity and vigor of his thoughts and of his expression of them, and for what we may, in the best sense of the term, call his power of popularization, the author in these essays discusses precisely those subjects which are today foremost in the public mind, so far as that mind concerns itself with affairs of state—the actual status and temper of American democracy today and its conditions and tendencies; the place of the Presidential office in our political system; the powers and duties of the Congress; the essential functions of the Supreme Court; and the State Governments and their relation to the federal authority. Amid so much loose thinking and looser expression on these subjects, it is heartening to listen to the words of one who has the trained mind of a scholar as well as the intense interest of an active and aggressive citizen. Those who are be-

wildered—as how many are!—by the controversies over the respective powers of the President and the Congress and the Supreme Court, and by the multitudinous clamor for an overhauling of the Constitution, will find revelation and reassurance in Professor Myers's volume.

While Professor Myers is intensely practical, and makes his appeal to the man in the street as well as to the cloistered scholar, —indeed, rather more to the former than to the latter,—Mr. Irving Babbitt in his *Democracy and Leadership* is profoundly philosophical; which of course is not at all to suggest that he is not also practical. In reviewing the development of democracy, and its condition and outlook today, it cannot be said that he looks through rose-colored glasses. We should not call him a pessimist, but he certainly is an observer who sees the seamy side of political life, and who does not hesitate to call a seam a seam. Perhaps the crookedest and worst seam of all is in our educational system, which he perceives to be dominated by a mixture of utilitarianism and sentimentalism, and in which strong and sound ethical principles are lacking. These evils are most perniciously potent in our higher education, and they result, among other things, in a lack of efficient leadership. And because of lack of leadership, the people suffer increasing infringement upon their personal rights and liberties. The gospel which he preaches is one of sturdy individualism, and positive and critical humanism. In the fashionable philosophies of today he declares himself to be unable to perceive the fundamental truths of the inner individual life. For that reason he dissents from current political and social philosophies, and he urges that if American civilization is to be saved, it must be through the development of a higher type of leadership than our democracy commonly knows, a leadership instinct with aggressive loyalty to those fundamental truths. And in that contention, he is by no means singular or alone. It is a stimulating and thought-provoking gospel that he preaches, regardless of whether it is acceptable to all his hearers or not.

The supreme test of democracy, or of democratic leadership, one might say, is in the conduct of foreign relationships. It is there that the individuality of the nation is most essential, and

for the accentuation of that factor the personality of a monarch, as General Sherrill has reminded us, still counts for much. We are, however, happily outgrowing the old conception of international treaties as personal compacts between sovereigns, the chief remaining trace of it being in the investment of the President alone with the conduct of foreign negotiations and the framing of treaties, with the ratification of treaties committed to the single and comparatively select body of the Senate, instead of undertaking diplomacy through the town meeting of the entire Congress. This, however, is no more a relic of the old practice than it is a counsel of common sense practicability. How well the United States, as a Republic, has cultivated and developed international relations with its neighbor Republics of Hispanic America, Professor Robertson's opulent volume discloses. Despite the fact that the first fine flush of affectionate fraternity between us and them, inspired by our example in establishing independence and in adopting a written Constitution, by our early recognition of their independence, and by our epochal promulgation of a purely national policy of our own which nevertheless instantly proved to be the Magna Charta of their security —despite, we say, that all this was undone by our brutal stupidity in the matter of the Panama Congress, we have in the last hundred years had a volume of diplomatic intercourse with the countries to the south of us compared with which the record of European diplomacy seems poor and sordid. As this comprehensive record of *Hispanic-American Relations with the United States* most gratefully reminds us, with very few exceptions our dealings with those Republics have been contingent upon peace, while, as we unhappily scarcely need to remind ourselves, a very large proportion of European diplomacy has been consequent upon wars or rumors and dangers of war. This circumstance makes it peculiarly appropriate that this volume should have been prepared under the patronage of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

In discussing *International Law and Some Current Illusions* Professor John Bassett Moore performs a doubly valuable work, in correcting errors and in presenting pertinent truths. Two of the most mischievous of current errors are, first, the notion

that "old things have passed away and all things are become new"; especially that, in the new conditions of the world and the transformation of human nature itself, old rules of conduct and principles of ethics have become obsolete and the experience and examples of the past are of no further value; and, second, the counsel of despair, that since treaties and laws have been so flagrantly disregarded and broken, it is not worth while to make them any more. Both these suppositions are not only false, but so pernicious as to be grossly dangerous. Bad as was the World War, it was not comparable in atrocity with wars of old. Serious as have been violations of international law, it still controls the world today to a greater extent than ever before in human history. If we take, then, as we well may, Professor Moore's essays as a sort of summing up of the long survey of political development which these volumes before us present, the result is seen to be on the whole optimistic.

Otanes, Megabyzus and Darius still engage in their tripartite controversy. But it is now a Darius chastened, restrained by constitutions, and existing only through sufferance; while it is an Otanes possessed of the courage of his convictions and vindicated by successful experience; and as for Megabyzus, it is entirely the fault of the others that he exists at all.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS

LA PRISONNIÈRE. Par Marcel Proust. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.

L'EQUIPAGE. Par Joseph Kessel. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.

LA MAISON NATALE. Par Jacques Copeau. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.

DEUX HOMMES. Par Georges Duhamel. Paris: Mercure de France.

ARICIE BRUN, OU LES VERTUS BOURGEOISES. Par Emile Henriot. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

Modern French literature that tends to be radical, or as they say in Paris, "of the advance-guard," is attacking a different order of problems from that which chiefly preoccupies the young school in America. Here, novelty for the moment seems to arise

from the turning of a vision sharpened by a rediscovery of old truths toward a society the structure of whose relations is based on an idealism that corresponds no longer to the extraordinary variety of our population. In France, a not dissimilar movement occurred some fifty or sixty years ago: M. Homais lived not far from Main Street. But to-day, the moral shock of the war and the tremendous upheaval it has caused in Europe, combined with recent troubling developments in science and philosophy, have made men doubt the very texture of their own inner nature. Not only is there an old order to be overthrown; a new rhythm of thought and feeling must be found if readjustment to the future is to be possible.

The new rhythm has not yet been achieved—unless perhaps by Marcel Proust. His work is obscure and often repellant for those of us whose moral and intellectual formation was completed before the war. The two latest volumes of *A la recherche du Temps perdu, La Prisonnière,* are even more monotonous than those that have come before: interest in such an insufferably commonplace person as Albertine is extremely difficult to maintain, Yet there is more than intellectual snobbery in the flash of gratitude that illumines the French schoolboy's eyes at the name of Proust. He has found, it would seem, in these pages without paragraphs, a response to his unavowed longings, perhaps also a balm for the wounds inflicted by the harsh and fixed world of self-sufficient grown-ups into which he is being projected. For back of the very real novelty of Proust's conception there hides this insidious doctrine implied in all his work: happiness is to be found by the refraction in beauty of ever-changing reality through our ever-changing self; and only on condition that neither our will nor our convictions come to obscure or deviate this fascinating process. Of course one must have the prism. But it is easy for youth to be sure of this.

These two volumes are taken up largely with events of the winter after Marcel had captured Albertine and "imprisoned" her in his family's apartment, his mother being in the country. Albertine is, to be sure, in herself, absolutely uninteresting: but the image of Albertine, as refracted through the prism of Marcel's jeal-

ousy, is less so; and when for a time Albertine is forgotten, and it is a question of the morning street cries of the old Faubourg drifting in on Marcel's late-lying idleness, or of the death of Bergotte at an exposition of Dutch painting, even the oldest of us may well forgive him many a yawn.

The most evident originality of Proust in these volumes lies in the naïve unexpectedness of his associations: "in our inner life, all is interwoven and superimposed," he says. That he should call "hello-girls" the divinities who preside over the telephone, or that he should compare young ladies resting by their bicycles to immortals leaning on a cloud, is not surprising and perhaps a little flat; in such sentences as "the eternal pantomime of panic terror has changed so little that this old gentleman, victim of a disagreeable rebuff in a Parisian drawing-room, reproduced unconsciously the few schematic attitudes in which early Greek sculpture represented the fright of nymphs pursued by the god Pan," the analogy is at least piquant. But when it occurs to him to go for enlightenment in his relations with Albertine to the treatment of the cook Françoise by his old aunt, his proceeding is certainly unusual, and such comparisons as the following are not readily explainable:

> But if the former salon (of Mme. Verdurin) seemed to (Brichot) superior to the present one, it was perhaps because our mind, like old Protæus, unable to remain a slave to any one form, even in the social world, slips suddenly away from a salon brought slowly and with difficulty to its point of perfection and prefers to it a less brilliant one, just as the "touched-up" photographs which Odette had had taken by Otto, where she appeared elegantly robed in a princess gown and undulated by Lenthéric, pleased Swann (her husband) less than a little "album picture" taken at Nice, in which, dressed in a cloth cape, her disordered hair escaping from a straw hat embroidered with pansies and adorned by a knot of black velvet, although really twenty years younger (women looking generally more faded in less recent photographs) she seemed a little parlor-maid twenty years older.

Such sentences are undoubtedly the revelation of an extraordinary mind. For the older reader, however, the labor necessary to understand them seems ill rewarded by the mediocrity of their effect, and he will turn with relief to clearer passages. But the sentence quoted should not be passed over too hastily, for it may well be an excursion, painful but courageous, into the mode of feeling of to-morrow.

L'Equipage, awarded the Flach Prize for 1924, is one of several war books that have appeared in the last few months, and undoubtedly the best of them. It is the story of an *escadrille*, that arm which seems to have taken all that is left of joyous action and glorious freedom in war, a story of men quick to decide, ever ready to dare, living in graceful frankness the hours that may separate them from death. A modern aviator is to a modern soldier what the king of Greek tragedy is to the hero of a Balzac novel: high above circumstance, he is free to carve his own destiny. But M. Kessel has been careful to avoid false heroics. His plot is intertwined in the life at the front without ever affecting the military side of it. A handsome youth leaves the rear, his parents and his mistress, and joins an escadrille. There, he forms a warm friendship with a lieutenant twenty years his senior who is timid, awkward, self-conscious, easily wounded. He is tortured not only by embarrassment with his comrades, but by doubt as to the love for him of his young wife. During a leave the young aviator discovers, to his horror, that his mistress is his friend's wife, and on his return to the escadrille, he cannot prevent this painful secret from becoming gradually apparent to the anguished husband. During the last battle of the Marne, the older man, pilot of the machine that carries them both, arrives, in the midst of a flight, at the absolute conviction of his wife's infidelity, and seeks death for them both in battle with the enemy. Escaping as by miracle, he brings the plane down in safety only to discover that his friend is dead, his temples pierced by a flying bullet.

"Sometimes he went, of an evening, not to a vaudeville or a moving picture, but to the theatre: he represented a lost age." Thus, in the characterization of one of his amusing puppets of the kind "that Pierre de Coulevain calls *Vieille France*", does the most "modern" and most flippant of French novelists dispose of the French drama. But it was with a feeling of real sadness that America learned, a few weeks ago, that M. Jacques Copeau was giving up the *Vieux Colombier*. Opinions may differ as to the dramatic achievement bearing the name of Jacques Copeau. The high seriousness of his purpose and the inspirational power of his faith are proven by the new and passionate vitality that the

drama has taken on, the world over, in a multitude of little theatres whose original foundation is due to his influence. (The world over, but not in France? Can it be that a man is never a prophet in his own country?) Almost as if it were a legacy to his thousands of admirers, M. Copeau has published this year a play throbbing in intensity, swift-moving as passion is swift, perfect in the fullness that only meditation and inspiration can give.

It is the story of a provincial family living in the house beside the factory which they own. Years ago the head of the family was forced to withdraw from the business because he dreamed of other things. He gave his daughter in marriage to his foreman, who has since managed the enterprise. An admirable executive, hard but just and good, his workmen have accorded him a willing and entire coöperation. He has ruled, and his reign has brought prosperity and success. But in his home, things have been different. His father-in-law, despised as a weakling, is relegated to a garret-room where he plays all day with a theatre of marionettes; his wife has worn out her youth in serving her husband, faithful, loving, submissive, ignored; his two older sons, drawn by a longing for they know not what, stung to revolt by parental hardness, have run away and are lost; the youngest son, doggedly resentful, hides his secret dreams in silence, and when questioned, lies; the child daughter, bruised but not broken, suffers and wonders.

Hersant dies—that is the play. He too is cut deep by the eternal misunderstanding which his fierce and irritable energy is too proud, too hard, to dissipate. Who will continue the business? An uncle, called in consultation, puts the question bluntly to young André, the natural successor. He refuses. Why? He cannot explain. Then comes back Maxime, the oldest son, with the stick and bundle of the wanderer:

I am thirty years old, and I am not even a man. I have done nothing useful, my decisions have all destroyed each other, the effort of one day never continued that of the day before. I have given none of my labor or of my love. I am ashamed of myself. But I know that the choice of a man's work is important, that God does not allow any and every thought and does not bless any and every task. I hate and renounce all that attracted me. I thirst only for submission, for patience and monotony. I swear to you that I have found nothing in my wanderings so fine as the three great trees before the church, or so beautiful as your face that I have never ceased adoring, my mother.

She takes him upstairs to pray beside his father's body: "André: 'The coward! Oh, the coward! I am going! I am going!'" He picks up Maxime's bundle and stick, and walks slowly out of the house. The tragedy is in the agonized repetition of the pronoun. "The self is hateful," says Pascal.

M. Georges Duhamel has published another whole volume devoted to that strange creature Louis Salavin. Readers of *Confession de Minuit* and *Les Hommes abandonnés* will remember him, type of the eternal failure, plaything of a hundred diverse and contradictory petty vanities, petty spites, petty obsessions, forever sinking under the crushing and melancholy load of his unconquerable moral weakness. This time Salavin has found a friend (the motto of the book, printed on the cover, is the first line of that delicious fable of La Fontaine: *Les deux Amis*), a friend whose situation in life is exactly similar to his, like him a modest employee of a well-established house. But there the resemblance ceases: where Salavin is weak, Edouard is strong; where Salavin is sad, Edouard is gay; the work so hateful to Salavin is the joyous bread of life to Edouard. But Edouard admires Salavin, for there is in his nature a poetry unsuspected of the cheerfully prosaic: and Salavin is overwhelmed with astonishment and satisfaction to have found someone who admires him. Gently councilled, lovingly cherished by their wives, they become inseparable, then ecstatic, too little considerate of each other, finally quarrel and break forever.

M. Duhamel's work is primarily psychological. At least that part of it which is purely artistic, the evocation and transformation of the milieu in which his characters move, is definitely subordinated to the description and analysis of their mental states. One would not go to his work for the atmosphere of that most charming quarter of Paris in which Salavin lives: the Montagne Sainte-Geneviève. Much rather to Hugo or Balzac. No, the value of his work is in the analysis and exposition of man in what he has of most universal, the inner self, and in that he is close to the French classics. His manner of conceiving man is clearly and definitely opposed to that of those among the moderns who think according to Freud (the successor of Hoyle), in that he believes in

the essential unity of character, and in that he refuses to reduce all mental disturbances to a sexual cause. Note that in the story both Edouard and Salavin are happily married. Their "sex life", as we say so horribly nowadays, is normal, and continues so throughout the whole adventure of their friendship. And each successive episode of this strange friendship seems to make firmer, more complete the original conception of the characters of both men. For Salavin, this is the third volume in which he has continued to appear essentially himself. But as a novel is not after all a scientific demonstration, the reader will be convinced or not in so far as the figures give or do not give the impression of real humanity. For his pleasure it is perhaps desirable that he allow himself to be convinced, for the friendship of Edouard and Salavin is vastly more encouraging as to the stuff that men are made of than that, for example, of Proust's M. de Charlus and Charlie Morel, more in harmony though the latter be with the latest discoveries of psychology.

The French Academy has awarded its Prize for 1924 to a book whose sub-title might be translated *The Oldfashioned Virtues.* The book is *Aricie Brun, ou Les Vertus Bourgeoises,* by Emile Henriot. Like many others that have been appearing with increasing frequency, it is what the French call a "regionalist novel", for the scene is laid at Bordeaux. Unlike, however, the works of François Mauriac, Raymond Escholier or Georges Imann, its virtue is not in delicacy of style or accuracy of treatment, but in that it is a generous, unashamed, near-historical reincarnation of a whole group of people who live in the age when exactly that method of writing was most appreciated. No vain subtleties, no fatuous rounding of luscious phrases. An ample, moving story of a family of provincial merchants, neither better nor worse, more nor less remarkable than those who surround them, hardy, serious, limited, for the most part, but the sort of natures of whom one feels: "a nation made of such people is destined to endure". Aricie Brun is born in 1824, and dies in 1914. Her aunt and her grandfather both lived longer than she. She is the servant of her family, and indeed the saying of Jesus to Martha is the only passage of the Gospels which she has never been able to accept.

Twice close to marriage, missing it once through the death of her fiancé, again through her inexplicable renunciation in favor of her more fortunate cousin, she grows old in the service of her relatives, her mother and brothers, then her aunt and uncle and their children, incidentally her brother's children and grandchildren. "What makes in my opinion the worth of the ever-sacrificed Aricie Brun," says the author in his preface, "is that unconsciously, by her constant fidelity to her own nature, this white-haired Antigone appears the living expression of those old-fashioned virtues, austere certainly, unpretentious and far from brilliant, but made up of foresight and reasonable prudence, of altruism and modesty, of a high conception of duty triumphant over right, of pious respect for domestic tradition, and serving that ideal which is the preservation of the family and the home. Let us love those calm virtues of bygone days. They have made our France for us."

It would be venturesome to attribute either a particular or a general significance to any of these books, still more so to attempt a prediction of the future from them. None can be said to be the product of a school nor illustrative of a current of artistic endeavor. "Anarchy", perhaps, as older Parisians would have it, but not death. All are the result of sincere meditation, of a real and living contact with the world. And an art that has the sinews of long life within it.

PERCY CHAPMAN.

KING CARBON

THE COAL INDUSTRY. By A. T. Shurick. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

THE BLACK GOLCONDA: The Romance of Petroleum. By Isaac F. Marcosson. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Just as "the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing", so the modern world is not content with its present power. The more coal it finds, the more it burns; and the more oil it drills, the more it wants. There seems no end to its capacity for consumption. Machines beget more machines, and these live on coal and oil. In the United States alone 15,000,000

automobiles are forever stopping at filling stations to drink up gallons of gas, and a million tons of coal go up in smoke each day. In the mad rush for power no one stops to see whither we are bound, nor even to inquire into what is left to us. The world cries "more, more!" and our miners sink their shafts deeper and the drillers drive new wells.

Of the two industries—coal and oil—the former is by its very nature more staid. Coal has been used for heat and power for many generations and its production is more or less stable, whereas oil is as volatile in production as it is in nature—a veritable child of the twentieth century. This may explain why Mr. A. T. Shurick's excellent and informative volume, *The Coal Industry*, makes less of an appeal to the imagination than Mr. Isaac F. Marcosson's romance of petroleum, *The Black Golconda*. Both are valuable books for the layman, and both should be read by anyone interested in either industry. Mr. Shurick with admirable clearness and simplicity describes the coal industry in all its phases, from the discovery of the veins and the sinking of the shafts right through to the factory and the family kitchen. Based on long years of familiarity with the subject, his book is full of instructive information, confined almost exclusively to production in the different American fields. It contains a series of statistical tables that give a wealth of facts covering all phases of the industry.

Mr. Marcosson, on the other hand, approaches his subject not as an expert technician, but as an expert journalist. And to his credit be it said that he has produced a volume of fascinating interest. Although he too deals with some of the technique of the industry, the most interesting portions of his book are devoted to the rôle which oil is playing in the affairs of the world. We are in the age of oil, and today oil is power, oil is empire. In peace as in war it has become a vital necessity, for our entire civilization now depends upon it to such an extent that were our sources of supply completely cut off tomorrow, not only would our 15,000,000 automobiles run down, but most of our locomotives, steamboats and other machines of all sorts would have to stop for lack of adequate lubricants. We are prone to forget that oil is used to smooth the movements of countless millions

of mechanical devices, as well as to furnish the heat for their propulsion.

Of the romance of the oilfields most persons have already heard much. Mr. Marcosson's book adds many interesting items about the luck that attended certain men who "struck" oil, and about the fortunate few who held oil lands when a boom proved successful. So also does he tell of those fools of fortune who parted with their savings to professional wildcatters such as the notorious Dr. Cook of North Pole fame. He sketches the lives of the successful oil kings here and abroad, and tells of their co-operation during the war.

But the most interesting, and perhaps the most romantic, of all his chapters are those which deal with the great oil war in which three nations have taken a principal part—the United States, Great Britain and Holland. He describes some of the battles fought all over the world—in Oklahoma and the Orient, in Mesopotamia and Mexico, in China and Colombia. How the longheaded foresight of the British led them to stake their claims to the best oil deposits—outside of the United States—throughout the entire world is graphically told by Mr. Marcosson, and how Mr. Hughes earned the sobriquet "Secretary of Oil" in endeavoring to protect America's interests abroad. Incidentally, as one reads the history of his fight against British and Dutch monopoly, and of his protection of Americans seeking oil reserves to supplement our already partly exhausted supplies, it is not hard to see that the day may come when the term "Secretary of Oil" will be an honor instead of a reproach.

Mr. Marcosson makes a strong plea for a consistent American oil policy. "We have been exhausting our stores for the benefit of all the nations of the world while they have left their petroleum resources largely undeveloped," he says. Here is the whole matter in a nutshell. Not only have we gone about the production and consumption of oil with our usual devastating wastefulness, but we have furnished other nations freely from our rapidly dwindling reserves. The British and Dutch learned the lesson of oil before we did, and since the armistice (and even before) have captured practically all the available reserves of oil throughout the world. This does not mean that they have actually

driven wells and stored the petroleum. But it does mean that they have prospected and obtained exclusive concessions, and when we have sought equal rights for ourselves and others in new foreign fields, they have resisted and resented our insistence on the policy of the "open door".

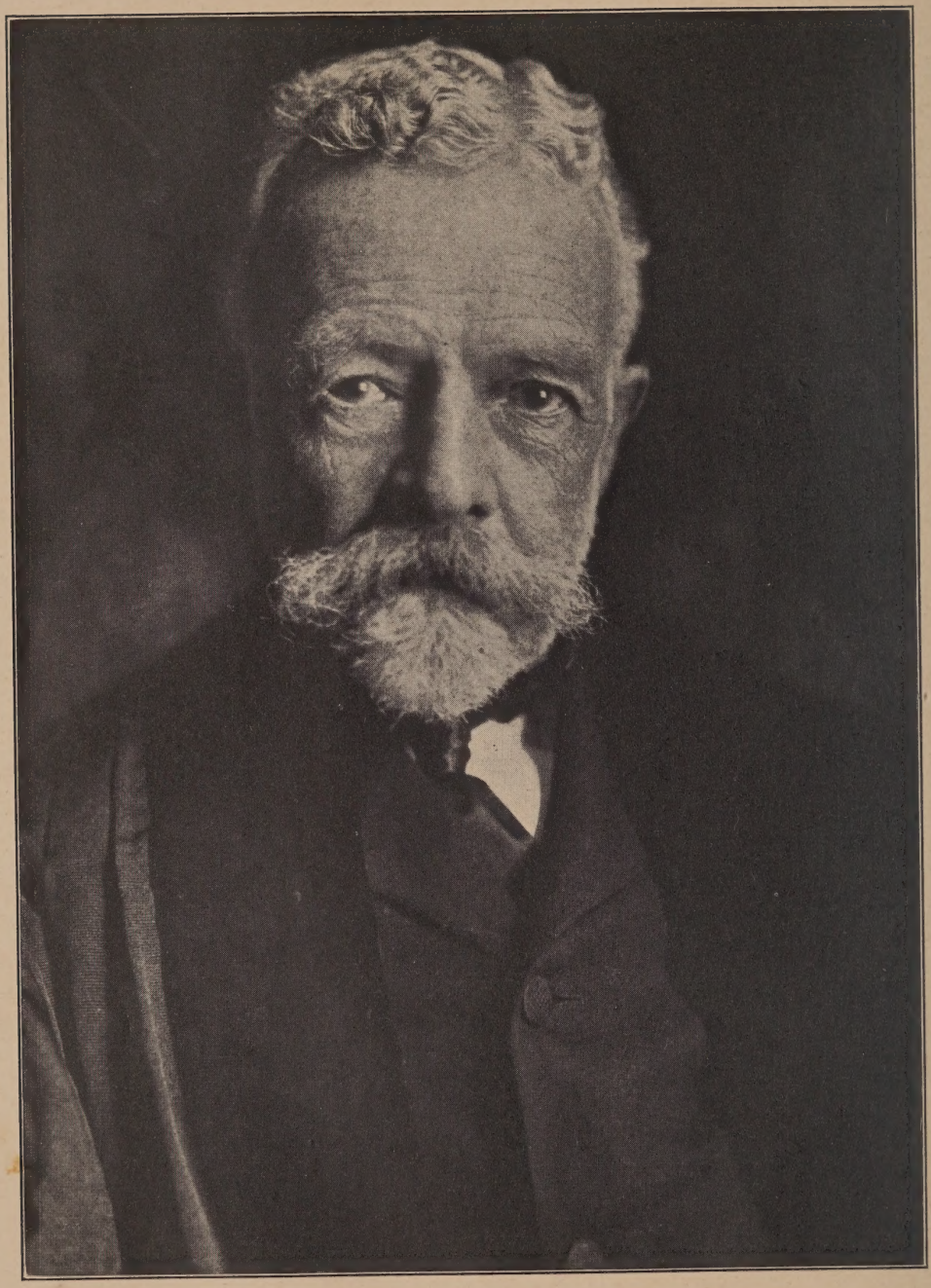
In 1921 Secretary Hoover summed up the problem as follows:

> As a result of a survey of our own and the world situation, it is evident that our domestic sources of oil will last only a generation at the present rate of exhaustion. Meanwhile foreign nations are rapidly preëmpting the available foreign oil-bearing territory. Unless our nationals reënforce and increase their holdings abroad, we shall be dependent upon other nations for the supply of this vital commodity within a measurable number of years. The truth of the matter is that other countries have conserved their oil at the expense of our own. We must go into the foreign fields in a big way. Though individual initiative will count for much in the location of deposits, the larger American end will be served by concerted action in production.

There is now greater coöperation in oil expansion. The Department of State has repeatedly championed the rights of Americans abroad. But even so, the American producers are handicapped by the lack of a consistent foreign policy such as Great Britain has put behind her oil producers overseas.

It is hard for the American—especially in a time of falling gasoline prices—to realize the connection between his flivver and Mr. Hughes's fight for the open door in Mesopotamia. And yet the war of oil has had and will continue to have a direct bearing on the ease and speed with which Americans rush about. As our reserves run down, the price of gas will run up—unless we are able economically to replenish our stores from foreign fields. This is part of the romance of petroleum which Mr. Marcosson has so interestingly described. To read his book is to have a new sense of the power of economic imperialism. Incidentally, it helps to disassociate the word "oil" from the evil connotations which it has recently acquired in the realm of politics and world affairs.

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT.



HENRY CABOT LODGE

1850-1924

EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 1873-1876

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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THE GREAT LESSON OF THE ELECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

THE eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year 1918 marked the ending of the Great War. The eleventh month of the present year signalized the beginning of true peace. Six years of turbulence intervened. The period seemed long, dreary and at times hopeless, but we may well believe that History will pronounce its duration as brief as could have been anticipated with reason. It was inevitable that so terrific a cataclysm should leave in its wake a vast number of problems such as had never before been encountered by so many peoples of the earth. There were no lessons to be drawn from the past; there had never been a like happening; there were no precedents; there was not visible so much as a rock upon which to build.

The remaking of the political world, the reëstablishment of the economic world, the readjustment of the financial world, the reorganization of the industrial world and, more vital than these combined, the regeneration of the spiritual world, all found their sole hope and reliance in the inert imagination of exhausted mankind. Four years and three months the clash of arms continued. Six years almost to a day were required to establish peace. Where human ingenuity failed, the divine agency Time has triumphed. For it is peace, beyond the shadow of a doubt, with all attendant blessings. Prosperity is at the door, goodwill is on the way, happiness gleams through the clouds, the world over.

Conservatism, commonsense, coöperation—these are the chief

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attributes of the Nordic race, and these have resumed their sway. Whole peoples had grown weary of the bickerings of politics. Men again realized that they must work to live. Women, endued with power, awoke to the need of safeguarding their possessions and of ensuring opportunity for their children. Illusions vanished. Realities appeared. Reason was recalled. Anglo-Saxons, by common impulse and with abrupt resolve, "swung to the right."

We have hardly yet begun to appreciate the true significance, or to measure the far-reaching effects, of the recent elections in England and America. The mere circumstance that they fell together was noteworthy. But the time of their taking place was more than coincidental; it was Providential. The effect of the results upon the world was increased immeasurably by the plain demonstration that the two great segments of the dominant race are seeing eye to eye and acting, not collusively but instinctively, in full accord.

Not only are the basic principles of stability and prudence, which were upheld so overwhelmingly by the electorate of both countries, identical; the parallel runs hardly less exactly with respect to personalities. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Coolidge embody respectively, perhaps more strikingly than any other two living statesmen, the traditional qualities and characteristics of Old England and New England. The two most scholarly and somewhat supercilious leaders have passed definitely beyond recall—the Marquis Curzon into a dukedom and Senator Lodge, full of years and honors, into the Unknown. The two most versatile, tenacious and successful demagogues, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bryan, await as dumbly as may be certain repudiation by their decimated and discredited parties. Labor, as a class, in England, has proved itself incapable of governing a nation and, in America, has failed miserably to make its defensive organization effective at the polls. Bolshevism of whatever kind or degree has been literally crushed to death by clear-thinking, self-respecting, obligation-recognizing Anglo-Saxons.

The mutual confidence engendered by the settlement of the great debt of England to America upon fair and honorable terms has found the fulfilment of highest hopes in the overwhelming

popular endorsement of the two faithful Governments, to whom must be accorded the credit and the honor of that great achievement. Never since the revolt of the colonies have the United States and Great Britain been so close in understanding and valuation of their common ideals, purposes and methods as they are today. In spirit and determination, not as allies, but as comrades, they are joined together to preserve the peace they have wrought, to hasten the prosperity in sight and to glorify the world with the contentment and happiness of all mankind.

That is the great lesson of the elections.

HENRY CABOT LODGE

AMERICAN STATESMAN AND SCHOLAR

THE death of Henry Cabot Lodge brings to a close an epoch in American history. So swiftly does time, "the suttle theef of youth," bear us on from one period to another, so lightly does it brush with its wings the boundaries which distinguish them, that we emerge from one and rush into the next before we are aware of it. Especially is this true of the years of doubt and darkness, when men are exchanging old ideas for new ones, and the face of the earth is blurred with the shadows of confusion. Only when the watchman to whom we have confided that which we value most cries no longer, and his lantern pales before the quickening dawn, do we realize that another day has begun.

Henry Cabot Lodge was born in Boston on May 12, 1850, a momentous year, while the country was waiting breathlessly to see if compromise between freedom and slavery could save the Union. Two months previously, Daniel Webster had astounded the North by his Seventh of March Speech; a few weeks afterward, Henry Clay gratified the South by his futile plan for conciliation. Lodge was descended on his mother's side of the family from "the excellent" George Cabot, President of the Hartford Convention. His father, John Ellerton Lodge, was one of those sturdy traders who built and manned their own clippers and sent them around the Horn to bring back the teas and

spices of China. Henry's heritage was the inestimable one of New England ruggedness and enterprise, and when he finally emerged from Harvard, in 1876, with degrees in art, law and philosophy, he could lay claim to two titles which are not without meaning yet, those of gentleman and scholar.

Meanwhile, during the years 1873–1876, while attaining his degree of Doctor of Philosophy, he had been co-editor with Henry Adams of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The friendship which he formed with his colleague, who had been also his professor in history while he was an undergraduate, was to endure until Adams's death, in 1918, was to be supplemented later on by that of John Hay, the three forming together perhaps the most noteworthy combination of art, history, letters, philosophy and statesmanship which this country has ever seen, or is likely to see for many a long day to come.

The curious contrast between Adams and Lodge offers ample material for the biographers of each. Both bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of New England ancestors, both historical scholars, with only twelve years' difference between them in age, they represented diametrically opposite types. Adams was somewhat of a mystic, frankly sceptical and in method distinctly Socratic. Lodge, on the other hand, tempered his intellectual curiosity with the shrewd common sense of a sire who knew an able seaman when he saw one, and his empirical mind forbade him to plumb for what no man had yet succeeded in fathoming.

Years afterward, Adams in his posthumous *Education* (of which Lodge wrote the preface) remarked, with a touch of his whimsical sarcasm, that, while he had been intimate with Lodge as his professor and as co-editor of the REVIEW, "since Lodge had suffered what Adams thought the misfortune of being not only a Senator but a Senator from Massachusetts—a singular social relation which Adams had known only as fatal to friends—a superstitious student, intimate with the laws of historical fatality, would rather have recognized him only as an enemy;" however, "apart from this accident he valued Lodge highly," and when they went exploring in mediæval Normandy he found that "in the thirteenth century, by an unusual chance, even a Senator became natural, simple, interested, cultivated, artistic—liberal".

Nothing could better illustrate the breadth of the gap which the intellectual sympathy of Lodge thus enabled him to span. Living, unlike Adams, wholeheartedly in a century which defied comparison, the range of his learning, the fertility of his imagination and the peculiar adaptability of his mind lent to him a viewpoint which reminds one of Gibbon. This understanding of the common factors of otherwise irreconcilable eras formed the temper of his mind, as it was later to cast the mould of his statesmanship. It explains why he saw, or endeavored to see, events of his own time in relation to those which had gone before and to those which would follow after. It accounts also for the fundamental divergence between his own viewpoint, on the one hand, and that of the modern "scholastic", on the other, whose creed was frankly one of resignation. Thus the appraisal,—

Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui:
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui,

was none of his.

When he came to record history for himself, he held this "continuous theory" always before him. The function of the teacher and the writer, as he saw it, was not to demand of the scales an equilibrium so nice as to preclude a tendency in either direction: that was not history: only dead weights can arrive at the zero mark. On the contrary, a principle, a theory, a school of thought or mode of action, if once tested and proved adequate, were capable of infinite adjustment, could not be dismissed with a lethal gesture, for there was nothing new under the sun. Hence the didacticism of his style arose not from prejudice nor mere ignorance, but from a deep-seated conviction. It reflected not only his determination to extract knowledge from the past but, having assembled it, to wield it against problems of the present. In the light of this consciousness of the value and purpose of research, his summary of the character of Washington takes on new significance:

> A penetrating vision which beheld the future of America when it was dim to other eyes, a great intellectual force, a will of iron, an unyielding grasp of facts, and an unequalled strength of patriotic purpose.

But he could turn aside from the science of history and revel with all the zest of Gladstone in the Classics. Homer and the Latin poets offered an enchanted realm for the natural impressionism of his mind. No one who has dipped into the well-springs of Western civilization can ever again wholly slake his thirst. Indeed, Castalia and her offspring, the Tiber, enter into the intellectual system and demand recurrent draughts.

An inherent sensitiveness to the value of words was trained and attuned early in Mr. Lodge's youth to a pitch of excellence seldom seen in any age. His essays, outside the realm of strictly historical subjects, are permeated with the precision, the elegance and the mellow smoothness which we associate with a Golden Age of expression. The same qualities characterized his speeches, more particularly those which in an earlier day men were wont to call orations. Undoubtedly the greatest literary triumph of his life was the address which he delivered at the dedication of the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard. The clarity of thought, the beauty of allusion, and above all the classic simplicity of expression, constitute a surpassing achievement, without serious rival in modern times.

These are some of the marks of an intellectual vigor which lifted him above the level of his fellow men. It is not the time nor is this the place to comment upon the phases of a public career of thirty-seven years of constant service which has just closed. Toward the end of his life he remarked:

> It has always seemed to me that a man in public life stood more strongly if he stood on his own merits rather than on someone else's defects. I think I may say that I have done a great deal of difficult and responsible public work. On that public work and on that record I am content to stand.

He departs full of years and honor: a devoted patriot, a resourceful statesman, a versatile scholar and an honorable gentleman—in the truest sense of the word, a great American. He brought knowledge from the past; he lent vision for the future. And now, like the singer of *Lycidas*,

> "Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

Vale!

THE NEW HOLY ALLIANCE

BY JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK

AMERICANS have good reason to congratulate themselves that the Peace Protocol was signed at Geneva, blessed or cursed as they are with a national good nature and ingenuousness needing periodic jolts into a mood more practical. These reminders may be sharp, but they are always wholesome. It may be said with like force that the fundamental fact in American political existence is that all the countries of the New World are entities in process of growth. They are still to have much experience that is an old story with Europe. Without such experience, a country cannot develop and train its political eyesight as it ought. At this moment, there is a need of experience in the United States that will show not so much what must be its attitude toward the Old World, as what actually is the attitude of the Old World toward the United States.

The plane of experience is not continuous; it seems to disappear for years at a time and then sharply to appear. It works in stages and in the national political life of the United States these stages have been marked by an increasing emphasis. We are now come to one of these in what is known as the Peace Protocol, an instrument that will be interpreted variously enough and doubtless better than in this article; but none the less I shall call attention to certain parallels between the Peace Protocol and the Act of the Holy Alliance. In examining this side of the matter it could be wished that the legendary "student of politics" represented every inhabitant of the United States that could read and think.

[NOTE: The first thing for the writer of the above article to do, is to thank Mr. W. P. Cresson for his admirable monograph, *The Holy Alliance, the European Background of the Monroe Doctrine*. Mr. Cresson's work has put the writer under the greatest obligations. Published in 1922, it is a handbook for those who would see clear as 1924 draws to a close as well as for those Americans inclined to regard history as an academic pursuit.—AUTHOR.]

In 1804, the Emperor Alexander of Russia gave his unofficial representative, Nikolai Novosiltzov, the well known "Instructions", that were no less than an initiative memorandum for setting the world in order. Tsar and subject at that time were filled with a sincere desire to do away with the old rancid scheme of intrigue and war, a fact that must always be remembered if one would really and justly judge the origins of the Act of the Holy Alliance and its spiritual descendant, the Peace Protocol. It cannot be said that the Holy Alliance was a striking success in the sense that was intended, but it made a good deal of noise that to American statesmen of that day sounded remarkably like threats. At all events, read one of the passages in the Instructions, bearing in mind that in 1804 France was giving a good deal of trouble: "I now come," says Alexander, "to the language which, in my opinion, it will be necessary to hold with respect to France herself. After having imposed our will upon her, and after, through just, benevolent and liberal principles, having manifested our intentions (giving her confidence that she can count upon the promises made by our Alliance), we should declare that it is not upon France that we make war, but only upon a government as tyrannical toward France as toward the rest of Europe." The milk and honey of this passage need no italics of mine, which rather are supplied by the Peace Protocol. Years went by, the gorgeous and absorbing Napoleonic pageant continued to sweep through the world, and for a time the imposition of any Power's will on France was an impossibility. Then came 1813 and with it the Treaty of Chaumont consolidating the Continental Powers more or less until 1848. As to this grouping of the Powers, let us only note that the English Government showed a steady disinclination to bind itself for "concerted action"; that is, it preferred what is today so often called "isolation". It was in September, 1815, that Alexander, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia signed the act that constituted the preamble to the Holy Alliance, formed, so said its signatories,—

> To manifest before the whole universe their unshakeable determination to take as their sole guide, both in the administration of their respective States and in their political relations with other Governments, the precepts of religion, namely, the rules of Justice, Christian Charity and Peace.

These precepts, far from being applicable only to private life, should, on the contrary, govern the decisions of Princes, and direct them in all their negotiations, forming, as they must, the only means of giving permanence to human institutions, remedying the imperfections.

Sincere or not, the point is that such words were used in all their mellifluousness. Let us next advance a hundred and nine years for our eyes to rest upon certain sentences in the preamble to the Peace Protocol:

Animated by a firm desire to insure the maintenance of general peace and the security of nations whose existence, independence or territories may be threatened; [*sic*]

Recognizing the solidarity of the members of the international community;

Asserting that a war of aggression constitutes a violation of this solidarity and an international crime;

Desirous of facilitating the complete application of the system provided in the Covenant of the League of Nations for the pacific settlement of disputes between States and insuring the repression of international crimes. [*sic*]

Here is seen a certain family likeness. The impression is not lessened when we turn back again, this time to the language of Article I of the Act of 1815:

Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures, which command all men to consider each other as brethren, the three contracting Monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity . . . In consequence, the sole principle in force as between the said Governments or as between their subjects, shall be that of doing each other reciprocal service, and of testifying by an unalterable good will the mutual affection with which they should be animated.

In the declaration signed at Troppau, November 13, 1820, a by-product of the Act of 1815, there occurs a passage that has a most familiar sound:

Any State forming part of the European Alliance which may change its interior government through revolutionary means, and which might thus become a menace to other States, will automatically cease to form a part of the Alliance, and will remain excluded from its councils until its situation gives every guarantee of order and stability.

Here is provision for the automatic discipline of a member State, but the sixteenth Article of the Peace Protocol is a great improvement on it. It looks after States that are not signatories, as witness these words:

The signatory States agree that in the event of a dispute between one or more of them and one or more States which have not signed the present protocol and are not members of the League of Nations, such non-member States shall be invited, on the conditions contemplated in Article XVII of the Covenant, to submit for the purpose of a pacific settlement to the obligations accepted by the State signatories of the present protocol.

If the State so invited, having refused to accept the said conditions and obligations, resorts to war against a signatory State, the provisions of Article XVI of the Covenant, as defined by the present protocol, shall be applicable against it.

International solicitude could go no further, but in 1820 it was not so far advanced. It may have been as a consequence that Castlereagh and the French Government dissociated themselves from the ingenious project. This parallel is only one of very many that run with startling regularity between the Holy Alliance and the Peace Protocol; in them we see the same motive and the same idea. Any State not entering the polyglot kingdom of heaven, is to kick itself into it, though the international politicians of 1820 and 1924 do not use such rude words.

How, under the preamble to the Peace Protocol, would an American define "nations whose existence, independence or territories may be threatened"? I fancy the definition would differ from that of Tokio or Rome. Of how many "international crimes" has the United States been guilty and what particular tendency to commit them does it manifest? There is excuse for asking these questions. The Peace Protocol answers them, or rather makes them unnecessary; for example, in the matter of "domestic issues", on which not a little light for Americans is shed by Articles 5, 10 and 16. The Super-State shall decide what is a domestic issue, if the Peace Protocol have any meaning. Too long to begin to quote in anything like proper length, the discussions at Geneva among the League representatives furnish reading for Americans that should dispel in their minds any doubt as to the promoter of this "domestic issue" debate. No more doubt can there be of the understanding by those at Geneva that "domestic issue" means immigration. If the Japanese pretended that a general question was meant, anybody that chooses can believe it. Not many Americans will so believe, save those whose conception of the perfect State is one regulated by "international administration".

As soon as the Act of 1815 was promulgated, the work of apology began, another parallel that readers will note. The English never cared for it, and cared still less when it soon became evident that the principal work of the Holy Alliance was to regulate the affairs of the New World through "mediating" between Ferdinand of Spain and the South American province-colonies rapidly shaking loose from Madrid. Whether from a love of constitutional liberty or with an eye to their commercial interests, the English had no use for a scheme that threatened to put customers becoming daily more important into the hands of a Power that would cripple their economic life. In the meantime, the philosopher Bergasse used these words in defense of the Act after discussing the revolutionary doctrines: "In the presence of such a possibility, it became a great and solemn necessity to proclaim as a guiding principle the sovereignty of the Divine Will—and the essential doctrine that nations as well as individuals must obey His laws if they desire to continue in a state of peace and prosperity." Place this near the paragraphs in the Peace Protocol and they recognize each other. This is the tone of the declarations made in behalf of the virtuous intentions of the Holy Alliance. It is the tone of the Peace Protocol, of which the arms conference proposal is a small part. The parallel between the two in methods of excuse is so close as to be ludicrous, and is only brought out the more clearly by De La Harpes's analysis of the later change in Alexander. The Tsar began, and it must be always put to his credit, with a desire to improve international morals; a most laudable and practical ambition on his part. Then he saw that union was necessary. Then he saw that union meant organization, and that organization meant rules. War and slaughter are wrong, hatred is wrong, spoliation likewise and territorial aggrandisement likewise. Above all, peace is to be ensued. Anybody that interferes with this work is an enemy of mankind, therefore, etc. The League of Nations wants peace, its most specific and irenic expression taking shape in the Peace Protocol. Peace can be disturbed by disputes as to domestic issues. Immigration has by the United States been termed a "domestic issue", but immigration relieves the economic troubles of certain other Powers and these economic troubles cause suffering which

in the eyes of an altruistic Europe removes the status of "domestic issue". Suffering must be relieved not only as a Christian duty, but as a deterrent to war. Therefore, etc. The sticky circle is now complete, and once more the Sermon on the Mount is used by General Staffs.

France as a whole, for the Châteaubriands and Polignacs did not then and do not now constitute France, was not at any time an enthusiastic supporter of the Holy Alliance. With the healthy blood of the Revolution in her veins and with a great working tradition of intellectual independence, it could not be otherwise. In England, the situation was still worse, for we find Canning using that word which causes the indignation of the Hon. John W. Davis: he announced that Great Britain would follow her policy of independent action and "resume her isolation". From which I gather that Great Britain very sensibly anticipated the United States by a little over a century.

The Act of the Holy Alliance required a little too much credulity. Like its grandchild, the Peace Protocol, it makes one think of what Lord Rosebery says of Shelburne, that his conduct was exemplary and needed constant explanation. The Peace Protocol will need no explanation if Americans come to heel and thankfully confess that immigration is not a domestic issue; but otherwise the European, Japanese and American promoters of that instrument will have a good deal to do. Here is an arrangement for an automatic alliance tentatively made by the representatives of the Great Britain that once was the champion of constitutional self-government and has great dominions tugging away from her; by Italy whose motto from Cavour to Mussolini has been that she "*fara da se*"; by that Greece whose secular and frantic effort it has been to be free, yet whose Ypsilanti was deserted by a Tsar that composed the Act of 1815; by that France, our friendly, lovely France whose eyes have the clearness of liberty. Will these Powers pretend that no alliance is aimed at the United States? Do they wish that our Republic shall be left to enjoy the self-respect that free governments must possess? Let Mr. Cresson describe the spirit of such proceedings as the arrangement at Geneva; speaking of the attempts made in America in 1817 to make the Holy Alliance popular, he thus writes,

The absurdity of being treated as "brothers" by the three most reactionary sovereigns of Europe would probably have deterred but few among the kindly majority of the Massachusetts Peace Society from expressing their sympathy for the Tsar's "peace league". The vague and impracticable language in which this manifesto was couched might appear ominous to diplomats, but misinformed public opinion could hardly foresee the true meaning and inner significance of a pact apparently so generous, or that the future policy of the Holy Alliance, as applied during Alexander's later reactionary "phase", was destined to become an unqualified support of "legitimist principles" abhorrent to American ideals.

The present situation differs, however, from that of 1817, for the Peace Protocol has been drawn in terms that leave no doubt as to its ominousness whether to diplomats or ordinary American citizens. America is to have no more domestic issues.

When Secretary Hughes touched on this, Mr. John W. Davis referred to the question as a "sterile issue". *The New York Times* in an editorial of October 10 echoed this phrase. It knows well enough that immigration is a domestic issue, but it said, "It has at once to be cast aside or forgotten as soon as anything definite is attempted in the way of international action". If the writer meant that to have immigration regulated by foreign Powers, the United States must no longer regard it as a domestic issue, I quite agree with him. Furthermore, Mr. Davis and, let us hope, *The Times*, knew that by "immigration" was meant the right of the United States or any other country to control the composition of its population. In the meantime, France has supplied the signatories to the Peace Protocol and Mr. Davis with material for a test case. The Republic, according to despatches of October 10, has decided to treat a domestic issue as distinctly her own, for she has concretely set about regulating immigration and with a good deal of minuteness. Compare with this an article in the Paris *L'Information* of May 15, signed by M. Herriot, apparently written before his election, in which he furnishes us with another parallel. After saying that world-shaking happenings may occur if Western States persist in exclusion, he asks specifically: "Were we wrong when we said that the decision of the United States was grave and that France, now mistress of Indo-China, would make a mistake if she did not interest herself in that decision?" This sounds remarkably like the

language used by Polétika and Dashkov to the American State Department in Adams's day, and we see the "interest" of France as shown by her representatives at Geneva.

The cynic's view is the very last that can be taken in this discussion. The issue is too solemn, the threatening and insolent mood of the Old World far too clear. Therefore once more let us in the yellow *dossiers* of the past find a parallel to the present. We come to the year 1818, when Alexander's Foreign Office sent to the Powers a "confidential memoir". There is one sentence in it that we can read with some profit, although the rest is but a repetition of Alexander's main and familiar idea:

> The wrongs under which all humanity groaned during the *revolutionary* struggle were the inevitable consequence of the errors of the past, viz., *individualism* and *partial or exclusive political combinations.*

This word "individualism" tells us a good deal. The immigration policy of the United States is not only a domestic issue, but one of the historic examples of national individualism. America is fundamentally a growing political entity with much of its experience yet to gain. It has not a homogeneous population often redundant. America for the time being must have its population clothes more or less ready made and more or less mechanically shaped. Its problem literally is of "a" population, not "the" population. There was but one way to approach this problem, a way that many sought to avoid for years, the way of individualism. If we must wear ready made clothes we should at least get them where we choose and as we choose and after a while make them for ourselves. This was a manifestation of the individualism, marked at some periods, quiescent at others, which has always irritated the Old World, an individualism that is no more than a sign of the nation's instinct that its methods of growth must be its own.

To remove this individualism, to substitute therefor the orders of a European directorate, is what today is in the hearts of the signatories of the Peace Protocol. They may assert that such is farthest from their thoughts, but their assertions are worth nothing, no more than those of such Americans as found and find neutrality of opinion more agreeable than conviction. The whole

tendency of a concerted European movement with relation to the United States must be towards coercion, now as well as a century ago, and for the reason that I state above. Europe, especially what we know today as Europe, is not opposed by any means to individualism when practiced by itself, but the individualism of the United States is another matter. The Old World has changed its tone somewhat, and while its phrasing is about as bland as that of 1815, though less unctuous, the content of what it says in the Peace Protocol is much more openly a threat. The more we look at it and the more we ponder on some of the beautiful sentiments for America emitted in the roaring days of the Great War, the dirtier business seems this same Peace Protocol.

Before I close a paper that should have been briefer, let us consider one or two things. The first shapes itself in the question raised by the Abbé De Pradt in 1819, whether the world as a whole would not profit by an America that developed itself without interference from Europe. An American today as the American of Monroe's day would say that his continent was an organism by itself that must grow in its own way to be of any real use to the rest of the world. Of course, there are plenty of Europeans who argue that the United States is too young and too prosperous to be enlightened, but we must forego the pleasure of Europe's example. There have been too many fine words in the past. In the Peace Protocol we have at least the satisfaction of beholding a degree of candor hitherto denied us by Europe. If Americans cannot now understand the attitude of Europe towards the United States, they will never do so; but we are none of us perfect, not even the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations. Therefore let us cast aside international personalities and entertain the idea that the United States as it is at present can do more and has done more for the Old World than as the stepchild of a suzerainty whose mere existence is the contradiction of its professions.

Next, and supposing that the Peace Protocol ever is ratified, will the adhesion of its members become more than nominal? It is ill work to suggest that Allies under such a golden banner should fall out; but can they possibly stand together in this attack on the United States of America? As Metternich at Aix-la-Chapelle prophesied that constitutional government had become the issue

of that day, so now in 1924 the survival, practice and defense of the American system is the issue. It has been the hope, the noble aspiration, of many American statesmen that such issue should be for all time settled. Would to God that for the world's sake as much had been vouchsafed! But now it seems that Europe would attempt to balk the fore-ordained, majestic development of a nation whose crime is that it breathes a freer air. You cannot separate immigration from the American system. Do so and that system is forever mutilated.

What part can a people saturated with the constitutional system, fiercely individual and proclaiming justice to be the keystone of its house, what part can the people of England play when this Peace Protocol is offered it for ratification? Will the French of today, whatever their ideas about the United States, proceed to treat immigration in Italy's favor as not a "domestic issue"? What will our neighbor, Mexico, have to say about a problem that looms upon her horizon? The New World can thank the Japanese for defining its situation and its policy. This, however, takes us too far away from the subject that I have tried a little to open. It is no more than that the Peace Protocol of 1924 is so closely joined in spirit with the Act of 1815, so clearly aims at the United States, and so plainly depends on the same sophistry and the same selfishness costumed as altruism, that Americans can learn and should learn from the Holy Alliance what the Peace Protocol may become. On November 19, 1823, Adams had an interview with the British Minister Addington of a very friendly and candid nature. This matter of European assemblages and their pretensions occupied him, as shown by words of his quoted by Mr. Cresson: "The very atmosphere of such an assembly must be considered by this Government as infected—and unfit for their plenipotentiary to breathe in." From the spirit of Adams a century ago, there has been no declension in the hearts of the American people.

JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK.

FOREIGN EFFECTS OF AMERICAN INFLATION

BY SHEPARD MORGAN

THIS essay deals with something that does not exist, but is looked for. According to the usual conception of what manifests inflation, there is little or none of it now in America. Business in its output and exchange of goods is perhaps not far from where it ought to be, allowing for year-to-year growth; the volume of credit is large but on the whole its use is marked by self-restraint; our banks owe very little to the banks of issue, and the general level of commodity prices has varied little for three years. These are not marks of inflation but of its absence; and beneath our structure of credit is a mass of gold such as no nation ever accumulated before, the very fundamental of business confidence. But it is this volume of gold, capable as it is of immense expansion through the processes of banking machinery, that is expected to lead us into inflation. Observers in Europe watch day by day for the first sign that marks it, for if it comes they hope to find relief, partial or complete, for their own underlying financial problem.

This is the problem of how to get back to the gold standard. In spite of recent proposals which would substitute a currency managed by banking authorities for one indissolubly locked with gold, there seems to be every disposition in Europe to return to the gold standard as it used to be understood. The conditions, however, which a nation must impose upon itself in returning to the gold standard are heroic, and the measures involved are always unpalatable. A nation bringing its currency back to a level with gold must rid itself of such part of its credit and currency as is not readily interchangeable with gold at face value, which is deflation; or else it must cut down the amount of gold that the face value of its currency represents, which is devaluation. In both cases the result is to reëstablish a free interchange between credit

and currency on the one hand and gold on the other. But the implications of deflation, real or supposed, are dull trade, falling prices, diminished production and unemployment; of devaluation, that all obligations payable in the national currency are scaled down to a fraction of their former nominal value. There is, however, another possible way out; instead of bringing the currency back to an even interchange with gold, the value of gold itself may fall until it reaches the level of the currency. It might appear that the latter is the more convenient process, for it implies standing still while conditions develop elsewhere. As matters stand, these developments can take place only in the United States.

So it is that the European press, particularly that of Great Britain, is observing current American finance with an interest not unmixed with hope. One reads, for instance, that our accumulation of gold, now nearly half the world's monetary stock, is likely to force inflation upon us whether we will or no, and that our inflation will bring with it a rise in the level of our commodity prices. That is another way of saying that the value of gold will fall, because at this time the price of commodities in America determines the value of gold, and the higher our prices rise, the lower the value of gold falls. Such a fall in the value of gold would tend immediately to benefit those nations, it is believed, whose currencies are only slightly depreciated in terms of gold and the dollar, such as Great Britain, Holland and Switzerland. The new inflation here, counterbalancing the old inflation there, would absolve them from undergoing further deflation. The dollar in falling to the level of the pound, the florin and the Swiss franc, would save the pound, the florin and the Swiss franc from coming up to the dollar. In this way the old parities would be restored, and with them would come a reversion to the gold standard. The time might then be appropriate for other countries, such perhaps as France and Italy, to reëstablish their currencies on a gold basis by devaluation or otherwise, and the world's commerce could resume its accustomed courses.

It is a simple and attractive solution, deduced from old processes which formerly worked inexorably and with precision. It commends itself to Europe not only because it appears to min-

imize the problem of deflation, but because it is based upon tried principles which heretofore have worked to restore equilibrium between currencies. But before accepting it as the best or the inevitable solution, America should take account of the price to be paid, a price which Europe could hardly avoid sharing. And that involves a scrutiny of certain unique features of the present situation.

The first and perhaps the fundamental feature of the present situation that distinguishes it from the ordinary experience of the past is the very condition which the solution is expected to correct, namely that Europe is not on the gold basis. Of all the great commercial nations of the world, the United States alone permits the free export and import of gold and the free interchange of its currency with gold. This fact has suspended the operation of the old laws, which worked, briefly, as follows:

When the currencies of the nations were closely matched with gold, if the general level of commodity prices rose in a given country, that rise (together with other changes which may be overlooked here) was reflected in a fall of the foreign exchanges until they reached the point at which it became profitable to ship gold. Gold then began to flow away, going to countries where the level of prices in terms of gold was lower. The flow of gold worked in a double way: it reduced the basis for credit at home, thereby enforcing a contraction of credit and ultimately a reduction of commodity prices; and it increased the basis for credit abroad, thereby stimulating an expansion of credit and ultimately of prices. Thus was equilibrium restored.

But the world is not now in the state of nice adjustment which allows these laws to work with their old promptness and precision, because the conditions have altered at both ends. In Europe gold has ceased to have its former definitive relation to the volume of credit and currency. In place of gold, government promises have been used in greater or less degree as the basis of credit and currency, and their indefinite multiplication, and in turn the indefinite expansion of credit and currency, are limited only by legislative act or administrative regulation. Moreover, the existing gold stocks in many countries are closely protected, so that no matter to what extent inflation proceeds and prices

rise, the visible supplies of gold do not flow out except as governments determine. In short, inflation may proceed independently of the gold stock; in fact we have frequently seen the spectacle abroad of prices advancing and gold being exported at the same time. In America scarcely less has the action of the old laws been denied. During the last three years the inflowing gold has not resulted in increased prices but has put a larger and larger gold reserve behind our currency and banking deposits. Whether this procedure will continue indefinitely, however, is doubted abroad, and upon its discontinuance is based the expectation that inflation in America is probable and even inevitable.

It may be seen from this that the old two-way process is now interrupted, for the flow of gold to America has neither caused a fall of prices in the countries out of which it went nor has it caused a rise of prices in the country to which it came. And if the expectation is realized that America cannot continue to retain most of the new and much of the old gold of the world without inflation, only one part of the old two-way process will be revived, and that part will have to do the work of both before equilibrium will reëstablish itself.

The suspension, however, of the old laws that worked effectively when the world was on a gold basis is only one of the unique features of the present situation. Others, from our standpoint at least equally important, have to do with conditions peculiar at this time to America. These are our unexampled stock of gold and our banking machinery highly efficient for erecting a structure of credit upon it. These two taken together make entirely possible an inflation of prices to a point about a third higher than the average levels reached in 1920, without involving any departure from the principles of the gold standard as we conceive it. This would be a gold inflation as distinguished from a paper inflation; but compared stage for stage the two types of inflation are indistinguishable in their effects upon business or the life of the people; one is as disturbing as the other.

The Federal Reserve Banks now possess more than three billions of gold, a full billion in excess of the amount held at the crest of credit expansion in 1920. No country, much less any bank of issue, ever before possessed more than a fraction of this

sum. Its size is an indication not only of the strength of our financial position, but of the extent to which our banking system might expand should demands be made upon it by individual borrowers. The processes of such an expansion are little understood, because we have in the Federal Reserve system a banking organization which, though it has been singularly tested, is still barely ten years old, a short span in banking history. It is not surprising that in this time there should have developed only a limited knowledge of the functions and operations of the Reserve system, particularly when it is recalled that the working of the Bank Act of 1844, which established the Bank of England in its present form, was not understood until Walter Bagehot interpreted it fifteen to thirty years later. At the risk of departing from the direct sequence, it may be well to refer briefly to those processes of expansion under the Reserve system which are intimately related to the stock of gold.

When gold is received in this country from abroad, the groundwork is laid for expansion in two stages, one of which is almost sure to happen, the other of which may happen. The primary stage, the one that is almost sure to happen, arises from the fact that new gold under our system tends to pass almost immediately into use as banking reserves; that is, into the Federal Reserve Banks. Gold as a commodity has a comparatively slight intrinsic value; it is more valuable as money, and is still more valuable, in the sense that it is more productively used, as banking reserve. Consequently, the receiver of gold from abroad is apt to obtain money for it as quickly as possible, and the bank which then obtains title to it is apt to deposit it immediately in the Federal Reserve Bank, where it adds to the depositing bank's reserve. The general rule, not only of banking but of law, is that the larger the reserve, the larger is the power to receive deposits; and that implies that the power to make loans is also enlarged, since a very large part of banking deposits arises from the making of loans. The legally required ratio of deposits to reserve is on the average about ten to one, and so it might be presumed that a bank which increases its reserve by a million dollars of new gold will proceed at once to increase its loans by ten million dollars. Through the rapid flow of credit between banks in the course

of modern business, something of the sort does happen in the aggregate; an addition to the reserve is very shortly followed by an addition to the loans and deposits of the banks, which run to an amount several times the amount of the new reserve.

The characteristic of primary expansion is that it tends to swell quickly and silently to its maximum week by week as new gold is received. This results from the fact that a bank, like other business concerns, is operated for profit, and the possession of excess reserves implies that a chance to make a profit is being lost. If commerce or agriculture requires credit, the bank lends to commerce or agriculture; if not, the bank with excess reserve is apt to buy bonds, notes or acceptances, or place money on loan in the stock market. Indeed, it is the part of good bank administration that a bank's funds be well employed all the time. Such expansion as this is not, from the standpoint of any one bank, expansion at all, for the obligations of law and banking are satisfied if the reserve is kept adequate and the character of loans and investments is kept sound. But from the standpoint of the country as a whole it is expansion to a marked degree, for all the banks are apt to be doing much the same thing at the same time. In the last three years primary expansion has largely accounted for an addition of at least five and perhaps six billions to the sum-total of bank credit in use in this country.

It should be observed that primary expansion does not involve any use whatever of the credit-making facilities of the Federal Reserve Banks. It is based entirely upon new gold received, and the Reserve Banks are left out of the process altogether except for their passive part as the sole legal depositaries for the reserves of member banks. In fact, the new gold deposited with them places the Reserve Banks in a stronger position than ever; and we have the spectacle of an active expansion proceeding side by side with a continuous strengthening of the fundamental banking position. This of course goes on until for one reason or another the loans of the Federal Reserve Banks begin to rise; is it at that point that the secondary stage of expansion begins. A dollar borrowed from the Reserve Bank is legally exactly the same to the member bank as a dollar of new gold deposited, and expansion is apt to proceed from it in exactly the same way.

The legal limit to secondary expansion comes when the deposits and notes of the Reserve Banks reach a sum approximating two and one-half times their gold and other reserves. That limit was approached in 1920. At present, however, the lending powers of the Reserve Banks are but little used, and yet their reserves are half as large again as they were in 1920. It is obvious that the credit-making power here held in storage is immense, and that large as the primary expansion already is, the further expansion that might be built upon the gold we now possess would not only bring us to a point far beyond the expansion of 1920, but beyond any expansion, other than one built upon the issue of paper money, that has overtaken any great nation in modern times.

These are new forces. Before the advent of the Federal Reserve system, indeed until the exigencies of war finance persuaded Congress to reduce the amount of reserves which banks were obliged by law to maintain, the import of new gold would not have carried with it a primary expansion of like degree. Also, we have in the Reserve system a mechanism which was aimed to provide elasticity, and in reality does provide it through the ample processes of secondary expansion. In short, we have now in America in the vast amount of our gold and in the highly efficient facilities for employing it, a new combination of conditions which, with the departure of Europe from the gold standard, profoundly alters the simple working of old principles. With these altered conditions in mind, it is now possible to test the proposition that inflation in America will restore the gold standard to Europe.

It will serve all present purposes to reduce the proposition set us from abroad simply to this, that inflation in America will restore the gold standard to England. Discussion may be thus restricted because the pound sterling, among the currencies of the former belligerents, is the one most nearly at parity with the dollar; and if inflation in America can be expected to restore the gold standard to Europe, it will assuredly restore the gold standard to England.

The proposition depends upon the effective working of the well-recognized principles that inflation is invariably accom-

panied by high and rising commodity prices, which are the main test and badge of inflation; and that a rise in commodity prices is ultimately reflected in a fall in the foreign exchanges.

The foreign exchanges offer a problem in relativity; there is nothing absolute about them. They picture a relation between the currency of one country and the currencies of other countries. The essential thing in currency is its command over goods, its power to purchase; and to the extent that free commercial intercourse obtains between nations, the fundamental force that determines the movements of the foreign exchanges is the relative purchasing powers of their different currencies. That in brief is the principle recognized over a century ago by David Ricardo and restated by Viscount Goschen fifty years later. It does not of course deny the existence of other and more transitory forces which may supplement or perhaps counteract the primary forces, as the wind and tides may disturb the even flow of ocean currents.

A change observed in the sterling rate quoted in the foreign exchange paragraphs in the newspapers, aside from such transitory but often very important influences as speculation, the supply of checks and bills and so on, implies that a change has taken place in the purchasing power of the pound as compared with the purchasing power of the dollar. A fall in the rate may indicate a fall in the purchasing power of the pound or a rise in the purchasing power of the dollar, or both; a rise in the rate the reverse. And if the rate remains constant, it may mean that the purchasing powers of the two currencies are remaining constant, or that both are rising or both falling in about the same degree. But whatever the rate, there are two factors that determine it, one in America and the other in England.

The proposition assumes that only one factor will function, the factor in America. Clearly, a decline in the purchasing power of the dollar without a corresponding decline in the purchasing power of the pound would go far to cut down the differences that obtain between the two currencies, and the exchange, which expresses the relation between them, would tend to revert in due time to the old parity of $4.86. Thus would the problem be solved,

But the long record of comparative prices in America and England gives little ground for assuming that a material decline in the purchasing power of the dollar could in fact take place without carrying the pound along with it. The evidence is to the contrary. For at least a century and a quarter American and British prices have tended to move the same way; a rise or fall in one country has been very quickly reflected in the other. This close relationship of prices suggests without going further that a price advance in America would be duplicated in England. But there exists additional ground for the presumption in the present conditions of commerce between them.

America sells more goods to England than she buys from her. Also, America produces many things, including raw materials, which Britain must have. Some of them, like cotton, she can procure in adequate quantity nowhere else. Yet for the available supply of cotton the mills of Lancashire are in active competition with the mills of Fall River, New Bedford and Danville. The price which the American mills pay is a gold price, and so it is a gold price with which Lancashire has to compete and which Lancashire has to pay. Thus, in respect of certain very important products America has established a sellers' market that sets a price in gold which reappears in a British price enough higher than ours to comprise the equivalent amount of gold. And quite as she has established a sellers' market in some products, America has established a buyers' market in others. The power of America to buy and consume is so immense that her demand for such things as rubber, for example, is the preponderating factor in the world's balance of demand against supply. The price which America pays is a gold price, and if Britain buys the same products, the British price has to be enough higher than ours to comprise the equivalent amount of gold.

In a great range of other commodities in which America has established neither a sellers' market nor a buyers' market, her impress on British prices as a profitable customer or a great source of supply while not controlling is important. The prices of such commodities are the results of the interplay of forces in the world's market, in which the demand from America and the supply on hand in America are highly important but not dominating ele-

ments. The only available common base to which the prices of such commodities can be reduced, however, is gold, and American prices are gold prices. Consequently, American domestic prices for such commodities, except as they may be modified by such factors as the tariff, transportation costs, and so on, tend neither to rise much above nor fall much below the gold price set in the world's market. The reason for this is that gold has not ceased to be the world's international currency, and the price that obtains in the one country whose currency is freely interchanged with gold tends to be the basic price for the world.

It will be seen from the foregoing that inflation in America would directly and immediately affect prices in the British market for commodities over which America exercises the controlling influence either as buyer or seller. As to the prices of other commodities, inflation would tend to increase rather than diminish America's buying power, and so tend to cause a rise in the world price of goods she desired to buy; and on the other hand would be slow to cause a rise in the prices of those commodities of which America has a large exportable surplus, and for which the world market sets the price. In any case, American prices, remaining gold prices, would continue to be base prices, and a rise in them would be apt to be reflected in a rise of British prices also.

The extent to which British prices would rise would of course depend upon the amount of credit and currency which would be made available for British use. If British demands for credit attending an incipient rise of prices were rigidly kept within bounds, it is entirely possible that a prolonged rise of British prices would be checked. If, on the other hand, it should prove impossible or inexpedient to hold down British credit expansion, then rising American prices would be in pursuit of rising British prices; and the point at which one would overtake the other becomes entirely a matter of conjecture.

One cannot withhold respect for the skill with which the British credit system is administered. Yet the difficulties in the way of a rigid restriction of credit at this time are so immense that it might very well prove to be impossible. Detachment from the gold standard has had the important effect in England of substituting a human programme for the automatic restraints formerly pro-

vided by the ebb and flow of gold. Up to the present the report of the Cunliffe Committee, made effective by Treasury minute, has provided the programme, the essential part of which is that the maximum of the fiduciary issue of currency notes in one year shall be the maximum for the next. Thus far there have been progressive reductions year by year in the currency note issue quite in accordance with the Cunliffe Committee programme and perhaps ascribable to it.

But within a year, at a time when British prices were rising and an expansion of the note issue was taking place, impatience with the limitations imposed by this programme manifested itself in strangely diverse quarters. The Cambridge economists, representing expert theory, and the Federation of British Industries, representing practical business, alike demanded an inquiry looking to its revision. Scarcely did the Cunliffe Report avoid becoming a major political issue. There can be no doubt that if a renewed and active rise in prices should again develop in England, calling for currency and credit beyond the limitations of the Report, such opposition as that of last year would quickly grow, and would extend to the less informed but more numerous body of the people. It is very easy to confuse a rise in prices with advancing prosperity, and any effective restriction of credit at such times meets with vigorous opposition. Furthermore, courageous action at the Bank of England would probably not be sufficient of itself to check an aggressive expansion, for under prevailing conditions in England, Government policy, responsive to public opinion, is at least equally important with the practice of the Bank in determining the available supply not only of currency but of credit. The political aspects of such a situation may be left to speak for themselves.

Yet one other phase should be observed. If in fact the Bank of England and the British Treasury should act together to restrain the expansion of credit at a time when prices in terms of gold were rising, it is probable that the repressive effects upon industry and trade, though somewhat veiled, would incur opposition not very unlike what would develop if they undertook to bring about deflation at a time when prices in terms of gold were stationary. In other words, the effort of standing still while gold prices rose

might involve almost as much determination on the part of banking and financial authorities and almost as much hardship on the part of the nation as a whole, as to work down to gold prices while they remained stationary.

At this point it will be well to pause and consider the stage at which this discussion has arrived. It has been directed at the expectation abroad that our stock of gold will force inflation upon us, cause a rise in our price level and so equalize our prices with those of England; and that the equalization of prices thus brought about will tend to restore the pound to parity with the dollar and so promote the reëstablishment of the gold standard throughout the commercial world. This necessarily presupposes that English prices and English credit will under these circumstances remain about at the level where they are now, or at least advance much more slowly than ours. But there is every reason to believe, judging both from the history of relative prices in England and America and from the influence of America in the markets of the world, that England could not avoid being caught more or less firmly in the meshes of our inflation. The materials for such a joint inflation are prepared and the automatic checks are either in suspense or wanting altogether; in America because our gold stock and our banking system provide the means for an immense further expansion of credit while continuing to adhere to the gold standard; in England because she is detached from the restrictions of the gold standard and is working instead according to a mutable programme.

We have now to consider the contingencies. No doubt the probable course, in case inflation develops in America, would lie somewhere between two extremes. At best, the degree of inflation required of America to bring the pound to parity would be somewhere around eight per cent., assuming that one could apply roughly the figure representing the present depreciation of the pound in terms of the dollar. At worst, the degree of inflation in America would reach the limits set by our gold stock or some other point at which the inflation collapsed from domestic causes. In probability, prices would advance in both countries but along converging lines, so that at last at some undeterminable point the exchange would reach parity; and the more remote that point, the

higher would be the rise of prices both here and in England, the larger the credit structure built upon our gold stock, and the more serious the effects upon our industry of the withdrawal of gold when the tide turned.

And what is true between America and England would hold directly or indirectly between America and the other commercial nations of the world. Just as the American gold price is the basic price to which the price levels of other countries tend to relate themselves when shorn of their inflationary ciphers, so the American gold price, even though rising would still tend to be the basic price for the world. Restraints of local law or custom, and the ordinary lag of retail prices behind wholesale prices, would no doubt retard a prompt adaptation of gold prices throughout the world to the rising American level; but the movement none the less would prevail, and would bring upon the world once more a general inflation such as occurred in 1920, and if carried to the extent permitted by our gold stock, the degree of inflation would be much greater.

There is no need to dwell upon the effects at home of such an inflation or of the deflation that would follow it when gold started to flow away from beneath the top-heavy structure of credit we then should be carrying. In the world at large, however, the rise and subsequent fall of American prices would shake the firm base which steady American prices in recent years have furnished for business transactions conducted in terms of gold. And the unsteadiness of the base would be felt not only in international transactions such as have recently been carried on in terms of American dollars, that is to say, in terms of gold, but would be translated into transactions conducted in other currencies, for into them would be injected a new and powerful stimulant to inflation. The progress toward stability which has been made of late in many foreign countries would be largely lost, and in some future time that loss would have to be recovered.

A very different picture presents itself if America is able to control the use to which she puts her gold and refrains from employing it for the extravagant creation of credit. Stability of prices in the United States for the last three years has given stability to the value of gold. If American prices continue stable, then the

value of gold will continue stable also, and in place of a shifting base, the currencies of the world will have a firm standard to which they can gradually attach themselves. There can be no doubt that the maintenance of such a standard is a consideration of vital importance during the period of reconstruction which is now proceeding in many parts of Europe. There are enough complexities already in the way of completing it without interjecting a new and upsetting factor. America can perform a work highly important in the restoration of the finances of the world by keeping the base firm.

This essay may conclude as it began: the world looks for us to build inflation upon our gold. But those abroad who conceive our inflation likely to benefit them with cost only to us, who imagine that our inflation will open an easy road for the return of depreciated currencies to gold, have reckoned up only one side of the account. If in truth we are to see a great inflation in America, even if at the end of it we find the exchanges reverting to parity, a distribution of costs will be inescapable. What the bill of costs accruing from our inflation would amount to cannot be foretold; but after examining the probabilities it is a rare optimist who would not conclude that Europe would lose by the process, and America's share in the costs be thrown away.

SHEPARD MORGAN.

THE CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT–I

BY GRACE ABBOTT

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Congress has submitted to the States a joint resolution adopted by more than the requisite two-thirds majority, proposing a twentieth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The text of the proposed Amendment is as follows:

Section 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

Section 2. The power of the several States is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of State laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress.

Before the reasons why this amendment is now before the States for action are discussed, its form and scope should perhaps be noted. It will be seen at once that, unlike the Prohibition and Suffrage Amendments, this proposed Amendment contains no prohibition and no regulation. It does not limit the authority of Congress to the occupations and the age and hour standards which would be written into a statute at this time. We do not know what changes a hundred years will bring. We do know that if we were to undertake to prophesy what these changes are to be, we would be sure to be wrong. It is, of course, for this reason that the powers granted through the Amendment should be general in scope and not limited to immediate needs. Under its power to regulate foreign and interstate commerce, Congress was first concerned with a commerce that moved on the stage coach, the pony express, the sailing vessel, and the rowboat. There are parts of the country in which all these are used today, but it is with the regulation of the railroad and the steamboat that Congress has been concerned in the last fifty years, and in the next fifty it may be the motor truck, the motor boat, and the air-

plane that will claim its attention. The general form in which the proposed Amendment is stated, then, gives to Congress the power to meet changing conditions by new regulations. Section 2 makes it clear that, whatever these changes may be, the co-operation of the United States with the States in the eradication of child labor is the object sought.

The proposed Amendment has a long history behind it. There is no subject on which opinions have changed more in the last hundred years than child labor, as a re-reading of Alexander Hamilton's Report on Manufactures shows. The first child labor laws were, it is true, passed during the period before the Civil War. But as they were not enforced, they were so many dead letters on the statute books. Fifty years ago only six States had established a minimum age for factory work. In four of these—Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Vermont—a ten-year age minimum had been adopted. Rhode Island had a twelve-year minimum for factories; Pennsylvania had a thirteen-year age minimum for textile mills, but employment in the mines at twelve years of age was authorized. The hours children might work were regulated in fourteen States as follows: California permitted no more than an eight-hour day for wards and apprentices—other children were not so protected; nine States or territories—Connecticut, Dakota Territory, Maine, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Vermont—had a ten-hour law; Massachusetts had a sixty-hour week for children; Rhode Island had an eleven-hour day for children under fifteen, and Georgia prohibited a longer day than sunrise to sunset for white persons under twenty-one years of age; Wisconsin's laws were so contradictory in terms that it is hard to say what they did prohibit. Only one State (Rhode Island) prohibited night work.

During the last fifty years the struggle to protect children by State action from industrial exploitation has been continuous. In the period from 1880 to 1916, when the first Federal law was passed, a new conception of the obligation of public protection of children was finding general recognition in this and other countries. While the ideal of equal opportunity for all children was accepted more rapidly in the United States than in other coun-

tries, it encountered many difficulties in actual realization. Effective barriers to the premature employment of children were erected in some States; in others the barriers were authorized in legislative enactment but were never set up because administrative machinery was not provided. In some States both law and enforcement were wholly inadequate, and in consequence a demand for Federal action developed.

In 1906 the first child labor bills were introduced in Congress. At that time Senator Beveridge of Indiana and Representative Herbert Parsons of New York sought by Federal legislation to "prevent the employment of children in factories and mines," and Senator Lodge of Massachusetts sponsored a measure designed to "prohibit the employment of children in the manufacture or production of articles intended for interstate commerce". Almost ten years later (September 1, 1916) the first Federal child labor law was adopted. Under its power to regulate interstate and foreign commerce, Congress sought in this measure to close the channels of interstate and foreign commerce to the products of child labor. On June 3, 1918, after the law had been in operation nine months and three days, the United States Supreme Court in a five to four decision held that the law was not a legitimate exercise of the power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce and was therefore unconstitutional.

Following this decision, Congress enacted on February 24, 1919, as a part of the revenue act of 1918, a provision for a tax of ten per cent. of the annual net profits of certain enumerated establishments which employed children in violation of the age and hour standards laid down in the act.

The child labor tax law became operative on April 25, 1919, and was in effect until May 15, 1922, when the United States Supreme Court in the case of *Bailey v. The Drexel Furniture Company* held that it was not a valid exercise of Congress's right to lay and collect taxes. Only one judge dissented from this opinion. It was, therefore, clearly established that either the policy of Federal assistance in eliminating child labor must be abandoned, or the Constitution must be amended so as to give to Congress the power which it was believed to have when these two acts were passed.

At the time that these laws were enacted, Congress believed it

had the authority through these general grants of power to reach the employment of children in any and all occupations and children of any age. The occupation, age, and hour standards which it set up represented, therefore, its conclusions as to the minimum Federal standard which should be established. In effect both these laws prohibited the employment of children under fourteen in mills, canneries, workshops, factories, and manufacturing establishments; established an eight-hour day, and prohibited night work for children between fourteen and sixteen employed in such establishments; and prohibited the employment of children under sixteen in mines and quarries.

During this period—1906 to 1916—the Federal Pure Food and Drug Act, the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act, the White Slave Law, and a number of other less known measures providing for Federal assistance in solving "local" problems which had become national in scope, were passed by Congress. The child labor law presented, therefore, no new administrative problems, and, it was believed at the time, no new constitutional difficulties.

Although absolute uniformity in child labor legislation was not sought through the two Federal child labor laws, an increasing number of people had come to be concerned not only with what happened to the children of a single State but with what happened to all American children. The Census of 1910 showed 557,797 children between the ages of ten and sixteen years employed in non-agricultural pursuits. In 1880 there were 396,504 so employed. Thus in spite of all the effort to secure adequate State legislation during these thirty years, the number of children engaged in non-agricultural work in 1910 was considerably greater than in 1880, and the percentage in such employment of all the children of the given ages was only one per cent. less. In justice to the children and to the future of the United States, it was urged that all American children should be protected against premature employment, excessive hours, and hazardous occupations. The facts showed that a very considerable proportion of American children were not so protected. Through years of work with State legislatures, advocates of a Federal law had learned that manufacturers always appeared at the sessions and objected to further protection for the children of the State because it gave

what they considered unfair advantage to the industries of other States in which a lower value was placed on childhood. This argument may not always have been sincere, but it was accepted so frequently as a reason for postponing action even in States whose standards were low that Federal action seemed necessary in fairness to the children and to manufacturers in all the States.

Although the reasons for a Federal law and a Constitutional Amendment to make a Federal law possible are the same, there are a few people who have favored the use of the power if it already existed but who have questioned the wisdom of granting it to Congress. Moreover, it was seven years after President Wilson went in person to the Senate to urge the adoption of the first law and five years after the tax law was passed on his recommendation, that President Coolidge reported to Congress that an Amendment to the Constitution was necessary for the protection of children. Since many changes may have occurred during that period, a new examination of the reasons or necessity for national action is, perhaps, needed.

Two questions should be considered with reference to the Amendment: What facts are there from which its significance in terms of the welfare of children can be determined? Does it do violence to the American theory of government?

There are those who are raising the whole question of whether any kind of child labor law, State or national, is necessary or desirable. They are talking of the opportunities which come to children only if they go to work at eight years of age, of the right of the parent, or, more correctly, the employer plus the parent, to decide whether a child shall or shall not work at any age or hour or occupation. There are those who urge that the cost of widowhood and orphanage must be borne by little children. There are some few who seek to enlist followers under the black flag of a business morality that should long ago have been outlawed. They ask only, "Is child labor profitable?"

These questions and objections have been raised whenever child labor or compulsory school laws have been considered by any State legislature during the past seventy-five years. They are as pertinent in the discussion of a State law as of a national law. In this brief discussion the objections to child labor which are widely

known will not be restated. The question is not "Shall child labor be eliminated?" Nor is it a choice between the alternatives of State and Federal action. Under the terms of the proposed Amendment the question is whether we shall make it possible for the Federal Government to coöperate with the States in the eradication of child labor.

To decide whether there is need for national action we need to know the character and the effectiveness of our State child labor legislation, and in what numbers, in what parts of the country, and under what conditions, children are now employed.

First, as to the numbers of working children: The decennial census is our only source of information for the United States as a whole. For the purposes of this discussion it does not give an adequate picture for several reasons: (1) Working children under ten years of age were not enumerated. Their numbers, it is to be hoped, are not large, but the serious effects of their employment make even small numbers important. Investigations made by the Children's Bureau of work in canneries and of industrial home work indicate that in some sections the number of working children under ten years of age is not inconsiderable. These investigations were made by the Children's Bureau during the period from 1918 to 1920, but there is no evidence of improvement since that time. On the contrary, investigations made during the last year in New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania by the State departments of labor indicate widespread employment of very young children in tenement home work. (2) The census was taken in 1920 when the Federal law restricted the employment of children under fourteen in mills and factories, and of children under sixteen years in mines and quarries. The full effect of the Federal law is, therefore, imbedded in the census, and the reduction between 1910 and 1920 in the number of children gainfully employed in manufacturing and mining operations in certain States is largely due to the Federal law since held unconstitutional. (3) The census was taken in January, when many of the child employing industries are not so active as at other times. (4) It is altogether probable that most of those engaged in tenement home work were not counted by the enumerators as employed. Nevertheless, the census showed more than a million

(1,060,858) children between ten and sixteen years of age gainfully employed, and nearly half a million (413,549) employed in non-agricultural industries.

Although evidence of exploitation of children in certain kinds of agriculture is not lacking, it is generally believed that a better enforcement of school laws will reduce interference with school attendance, which is the most serious evil in rural child labor. As the employment of children in agriculture is usually on the home farm and is seasonal and out of doors, it is much less objectionable than employment in mines and factories. Moreover, many of the farm children merely help their fathers with the farm work just as the girls help their mothers with the housework. If not too arduous, such work is, of course, valuable to boys and girls for the training it gives and the sense of responsibility which it develops. Therefore those who have advocated the Amendment have been especially concerned with the child employed in non-agricultural occupations.

As to the number of children ten to sixteen years of age which the Census of 1920 reported as gainfully employed in non-agricultural pursuits, it was smaller than in 1910 but larger than in 1880. In 1920, it should be remembered, the Federal law was discouraging by a prohibitive tax the employment of children under fourteen in mills and factories, and the Federal eight-hour day made it more difficult and less profitable than formerly to employ them in mills which operated on a ten- or eleven-hour schedule. The census figures for 1920 show that the textile mills were then employing 54,649 child operatives; iron and steel mills, 12,904; clothing factories and sweatshops, 11,757; lumber mills and furniture factories, 10,585; shoe factories, 7,545; coal mines, 5,850. Child servants and waiters were reported to the number of 41,586. Messengers, bundle wrappers, and office boys and girls numbered 48,028; sales boys and sales girls in stores, 30,370; other child clerks, 22,521. Newsboys numbered 20,706, and there were 147,048 children between ten and sixteen in other miscellaneous occupations.

These children were not employed in any one section of the country. According to the 1920 census the proportion of the total child population ten to fifteen years of age, inclusive, "em-

ployed in gainful occupations," ranged from three per cent. in the three Pacific Coast States to seventeen per cent. in the East South Central States, comprising Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi.

In Mississippi more than one-fourth of all the children ten to fifteen years of age were at work; in Alabama and in South Carolina, twenty-four per cent.; in Georgia, twenty-one per cent.; and in Arkansas, nineteen per cent. Of the New England States, Rhode Island had the largest proportion of children from ten to fifteen years of age, thirteen per cent., "employed in gainful occupations." Except in the South, no other State had so large a percentage of employed children as this.

What numbers are now employed and what is their geographical distribution it is not possible to say. At the time the second Federal child labor law was declared unconstitutional, we were suffering from a serious industrial depression during which several millions of men and women and thousands of children who had previously left school for work were unemployed. Reports as to the number of work permits granted in 1923 in some thirty-four cities indicate that this reduction in the number of employed children was only temporary. With the revival of industry, the children were re-employed in large numbers, so that the problem in some centers has increased rather than decreased.

Those who have read of Lord Shaftesbury's struggle for the child workers of England in the recently published biography by J. L. and Barbara Hammond, will remember that he encountered more opposition in his attempt to reduce the hours of work for the children who were legally employed than he did in raising the age at which their employment should receive legal sanction. This is true in the United States today, and explains much of the opposition which the amendment is meeting. After the minimum age of employment is fixed, there remains the equally important question of the conditions of work for those who are allowed to enter industry. There is not only the problem of preventing too great a strain during the adolescent period because of too long hours; there is also the problem of occupations which may be reasonably safe for men and women but are extremely hazardous for young persons. More progress has been made in writing fourteen years

into the statutes as a minimum age for employment, with all kinds of exemptions and exceptions to be sure, than in protecting adolescent boys and girls from the strain of the ten- or eleven-hour day. Since Congress indicated in the two Federal laws it enacted that it believes in the eight-hour day for factory children between fourteen and sixteen years of age, it is from the States in which children of fourteen and fifteen are still legally working long hours that opposition is to be expected.

A recent analysis of work accidents to minors in Wisconsin, Massachusetts, and New Jersey made by the Children's Bureau gives fresh evidence of the need for discrimination in deciding which occupations should be closed to all those who have not reached what we call "years of discretion". In this investigation facts concerning minors to whom compensation had been paid were obtained from the files of the State industrial commissions and accident boards. This meant that in Wisconsin records of accidents which had caused disability of more than seven days' duration were included, and in Massachusetts and New Jersey, records of those which had caused disability of more than ten days' duration. Within twelve months [1] in these three States there were 7,478 such accidents to minors under twenty-one years of age, 496 to children under sixteen, 2,039 to children of sixteen or seventeen, and 4,943 to minors of eighteen, nineteen, or twenty. Thirty-eight minors died from their injuries, and 920 were partly disabled for life.

An analysis of the causes of the accidents in the only State (Wisconsin) where comparative figures could be obtained, showed that nearly twice as many of the injuries to minors as to adults were due to machinery. Each of the States studied had attempted to protect its child workers by prohibiting the employment of children under sixteen years of age in certain occupations, chiefly in the operation of the more dangerous machines. Wisconsin and Massachusetts also prohibited some kinds of employment for children under eighteen years, but operation of many of the dangerous machines was permitted to children of sixteen and seventeen. The effect of the special protection accorded children of

[1] In Wisconsin and New Jersey the period covered was the year July 1, 1919, to June 30, 1920; in Massachusetts it was the year July 1, 1921, to June 30, 1922.

fourteen to sixteen years and the need for its extension to children up to eighteen are seen in the proportions of accidents due to machinery among the children of the different age groups.

In each of the three States a larger percentage of the accidents to children sixteen and seventeen years of age was due to power-working machinery than of the accidents either to children fourteen and fifteen (the protected group) or to those eighteen, nineteen, and twenty years old, in spite of the fact that a greater proportion of the minors of eighteen and over are employed in the more dangerous occupations.

Because they are too young to appreciate the risks involved either to themselves or to others, boys and girls will not observe as carefully as adults the precautions necessary for self-protection in industries in which there is danger of industrial poisoning or accidents due to power-working machinery. There are new industrial hazards each year, followed only too slowly by new safety devices, and no safety engineer has been able to give to persons under eighteen that appreciation of risk and steadiness of purpose which make daily caution possible. Practically all of the States have enacted some legislation looking toward protection against hazards of this sort, but in many of the laws there are serious and obvious omissions.

Whether, in the event the amendment is adopted, Congress will ever undertake to prohibit persons under eighteen from work involving exposure to poisonous gas or dangerous moving machinery, cannot be foretold. Congress has been slow to utilize its powers. It was not until more than ninety years after the adoption of the Constitution that it passed a general law regulating immigration; it did not make it possible to fix freight rates until even later; and the machinery through which the "Pittsburg Plus" decision became possible was not provided until more than 120 years had passed.

As to the present status of State legislation: It varies so in the occupations to which it extends, in the exemptions and exceptions which are made, in the age, hour, educational, and physical standards, that general statements with reference to the protection afforded children by State laws are impossible.

Using as a standard the laws which Congress attempted to set

up in 1916 and 1919, we find that only eighteen of the forty-eight States have as high or higher standards in the regulation of factory work. Nine States have no law prohibiting all children under fourteen from working in both factories and stores. Twenty-three States with a fourteen-year minimum age limit have weakened their laws by permitting exemptions under which children not yet fourteen may work. Thirty-five States allow children to go to work without a common-school education. Nineteen States do not make physical fitness for work a condition of employment. Eleven States allow children under sixteen to work from nine to eleven hours a day; one State does not regulate in any way daily hours of labor of children. Four States do not protect children under sixteen from night work. Exceptions and administrative loop holes further complicate the difficulty of making any general statements. The only conclusion that can be reached is that a few States have excellent laws which are well enforced, some have poor legislative standards poorly enforced, and there are States at every point between these two extremes.

To summarize: The number of young children employed is still very large. Their employment is not confined to any one section of the country nor to any one part of a single State. Although the States in the various parts of the country have enacted child labor laws, those laws have been uneven and inadequate, sometimes because of successful opposition to the enactment of a law, and sometimes because of successful opposition to the effective enforcement of the law.

During recent years through the medium of the "draft conventions" agreed to at the International Labor Conferences of the League of Nations, most of the civilized world has made international agreements with reference to minimum age, night work, hours of work, and certain hazardous occupations. The United States has, thus far, elected not to enter into any of these agreements. Are we also to say that in the face of a real national need we shall not have even a national standard? There are political objections. Someone suggests that the foundations of the Republic will be shattered if it is made possible for the nation to protect its children from industrial exploitation. Americans believe in local self-government. On the other hand, we have learned

from experience that there are some subjects which need national action. The list was a very short one in the Articles of Confederation. It was made longer in the Constitution, and has since been increased by amendment.

Our history accounts in large measure for our belief in local responsibility. In the field of social service—the care of the poor, the aged, the children, the helpless generally—the tradition of local control came not from our Federal form of government but by inheritance from England of the theory of parish responsibility for the poor of each parish. Although local responsibility in this field has behind it much sound political reasoning, it has frequently furnished the explanation of neglect and of shameful incompetence and inefficiency in the United States as well as in England.

The struggle for State coöperation with the local units in the care of the dependent and defective has been won in principle. We do not today hear people saying that the abandonment of a county insane asylum, a county jail, or a county poorhouse is a direct blow at the foundation principle of local responsibility in government. It was, however, exactly so denounced when Dorothea Dix began her agitation for State and National provision for the insane. Nowhere was this feeling of the importance of local government stronger than in Massachusetts, where Miss Dix began her work. But in the face of the facts which she presented, political theories had to give way, and Massachusetts took the first steps toward State care of the insane.

In recent years, although the movement for local control has decreased State authority in many fields, our State Governments have assumed increasing responsibility in the field of social welfare. In the last few years State administrative machinery has been greatly improved, so that these new responsibilities are being more successfully met. State provision for dependent children by institutional or family-home care, by payment of some part of the cost of mothers' pensions, by the licensing and supervision of private agencies, by standardization of probation service, by assistance in the organization of county welfare boards and coöperation with such boards—these are only a few of the many examples that might be cited. The tendency in education has been along

the same lines, and in the health field the States have been compelled to take the leadership.

A new and genuine appreciation of the importance of serving rural as well as urban communities has given added impetus to this whole movement for the assumption of leadership by the State. No one sees any other method by which county-wide work can be initiated and carried on in the less populous and less wealthy counties. Even with taxation involving a sacrifice entirely out of proportion to that borne by the richer communities, some counties find that the burden of adequate provision for the children's education, health, etc., is too heavy to bear.

When it comes to the function of the National Government, there are new complications. The old theory that matters of national interest should be the function of the Federal Government and those which are purely local should be locally settled, is still unquestionably the rule to follow. But what is national, what is State, and what is purely local, becomes a question of fact rather than of political theory or political tradition. Those who are opposed to the particular undertaking under discussion can always be counted upon to talk much about the fundamental political principles involved and very little about the end which is sought. But there are a few who favor the object sought, to whom the political changes seem so dangerous as to warrant opposition. Reference has already been made to the fact that there were those who prophesied the fall of the Republic when it was proposed that new types of work should be taken over by the State and when the authority of local government was to be in any degree curtailed, just as they do when a proposal to increase or develop national functions is made.

Although within the boundaries of the States local feeling has been as strong as State feeling, and geographic, economic, and social differences between different sections of the same State are as striking and as fundamental as the differences between any two States, this local community feeling has never been associated with a great struggle, and it finds expression in no familiar maxim which passes for thought and judgment.

Recently it has been found that some employers have managed to dodge behind State lines, escape the penalties of a child labor

law, and yet employ children. For example, an investigation of home work by children made in Jersey City last year disclosed the fact that more than a thousand children, the great majority of whom were under the age of fourteen, were doing sweat-shop work in their homes under dangerously insanitary conditions. It was brought out in the testimony given in connection with the State's investigation that a considerable amount of the tenement home work done by the New Jersey children was distributed from factories in neighboring States. Thus, New York manufacturers, who were sending their work to Jersey City to escape the New York regulations against tenement home work, were not subject to the penalties imposed by the New Jersey laws.

Geographical relationship and economic and social conditions have all greatly changed in recent years. The most remote State may be nearer Washington in means of communication and transportation than Buffalo was to Albany or Boston to Springfield at the time the Constitution was adopted. Economic lines of development everywhere cross the arbitrary boundaries of the State. The industrial district of which New York City is the center crosses the boundaries of four States; that of Chicago, three States; while in the industrial districts of St. Louis, Philadelphia, and many other cities, two States are included. The State in which a large and an increasing number of men and women sleep and vote is not the State in which they work. We have come to recognize that local transportation problems of these and many other cities cannot be settled in either a single city or a single State.

What about Federal coöperation with the State to control child labor? Is this a dangerous leap into the dark? Fortunately not. We know how Congress would act if given this power, because it has already twice acted in the belief that it had the power. We know what the problems of administration were and to what extent Federal and State coöperation was found possible. The cost of administration—less than $150,000—is a matter of record, not of speculation. Resolutions adopted by the State officers charged with the enforcement of State laws at the conventions of the Association of Governmental Labor Officials in 1918, 1923, and 1924, indicate that these officials found that a

Federal law brought increased respect for State laws. The statute books show that State initiative was not paralyzed by Federal action; on the contrary, the progress made by States with lower standards and those with higher standards than the Federal law was greater during the time the Federal laws were in effect than either immediately before their enactment or since the second law was declared unconstitutional.

That the welfare of children is a matter of more than local concern no one would challenge, since the future citizenship of the Nation as well as of the individual State is always involved. States individually are unable to protect their children or their industries against unfair competition. Industrial districts, industrial opposition to better standards for working children, have recognized no State lines. Hence the conclusion of the President and Congress that children need the help of both State and Nation.

In most countries the sense of responsibility toward children has quickened since the War. In many countries which suffered more than we did, the losses have enhanced the importance of children. Individually and as a Nation we have made our concern what has been happening to the children of Germany, Russia, and Austria, as well as to those of Belgium and Japan. Americans cannot know that children anywhere are suffering and not help to relieve them. Here are American children, hundreds of thousands of them, not protected as our reason and our affection tell us they should be. The amendment raises the question whether we shall make national action for their relief possible.

GRACE ABBOTT.

THE CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT–II

BY DUNCAN U. FLETCHER

United States Senator from Florida

CONGRESS, by the required two-thirds vote, passed the Resolution reading as follows:

> That the following article is proposed as an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the Constitution:
>
> "SECTION 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.
>
> "SECTION 2. The power of the several States is unimpaired by this article, except that the operation of State laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress."

If and when three-fourths of the States ratify this resolution, it will become a part of the Constitution. There is no limit of time within which it may be ratified. The members of the Legislature of each State will be bombarded by propaganda and by voluntary agencies in order that they may, one by one, be induced to take favorable action. The Constitution puts no time limit on the period during which a proposal to amend it remains unacted upon. In addition to the nineteen amendments already made a part of the original Constitution, four other proposals for amendment have been submitted by the Congress, but have never been acted upon by a sufficient number of States to secure their ratification. Two of these have now been before the States for nearly one hundred and thirty-five years—since the First Congress, September 15, 1789. The third was proposed more than one hundred and thirteen years ago and is still pending. The fourth was submitted the day Abraham Lincoln was to be first inaugurated President. It behooves the States opposed to this Amendment to reject it at the first session of the Legislature at which it is pos-

sible to consider it, and thus end the confusion and danger. If more than one-fourth refuse to ratify it by affirmative action, that fact ought to be certified promptly, in order that it may be proclaimed as rejected by the States.

It is the most audacious proposal to change our whole theory and system of Government ever suggested. I was surprised at the vote by which the resolution was adopted. I must believe that some members of Congress eased their consciences by the thought that while they would submit the matter to the States they did not believe the States would ratify this revolutionary enactment—because it means a complete surrender of most essential reserved powers of the States. In fact, if the States consent to the adoption, ratification and proclamation of this proposed Amendment, they might as well consent to another amendment abolishing all State Governments, for to continue the functioning of State Governments after the ratification of this proposed Twentieth Amendment would not be justified—the cost considered. The expenditure for administering State Governments would not be warranted. The jurisdiction over what would be left might as well be transferred to Federal authority, thus putting the States out of business. The fears of those who opposed the ratification of the original Constitution, as expressed in the Conventions to which the ratification was referred, would be realized!

The Constitution, as the fathers framed it, guaranteed to each of the States a Republican form of Government. The Tenth Amendment, proposed in 1789, provides that—

> The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

Chief Justice Marshall held "that immense mass of legislation, which embraces everything within the territory of a State not surrendered to the General Government; . . . inspection laws, quarantine laws, health laws of every description, . . . are component parts of the mass", and insisted they should not be encroached upon. And later he said, "The acknowledged power of a State to regulate its police, its domestic trade, and to govern its own citizens, . . . the power of regulating their own

purely internal affairs, whether of trading or police," must be conceded. He fully enunciated and sustained the principle of loca self-government in local matters and the police powers of the States.

The Supreme Court has declared over and over again that the regulation of child labor and such matters are the province of the States; that, generally speaking, the police power is reserved to the States and there is no grant thereof to Congress in the Constitution. This Amendment proposes to give that power to Congress, without restrictions or limitations, as respects the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

It is claimed Congress will not fully use this unlimited power and will be reasonable in its exercise. We may use the past in judging the future. Congress passed an Act on September 1, 1916, assuming a power it did not have, pretending to find warrant for it under the Commerce Clause of the Constitution which each member was sworn to support, and the Supreme Court said of it:

> This act in a twofold sense is repugnant to the Constitution. It not only transcends the authority delegated to Congress over commerce, but also exerts a power as to a purely local matter to which the Federal authority does not extend. . . . If Congress can thus regulate matters intrusted to local authority by prohibition of the movement of commodities in interstate commerce, all freedom of commerce will be at an end, and the power of the States over local matters may be eliminated, and thus our system of government is practically destroyed.

Congress still persisted in trying to circumvent the Constitution and sought out the presumed power to tax on which to hang the legislation to regulate child labor, and passed the Act of February 24, 1919. When this Act came before the Supreme Court, by an almost unanimous opinion it was declared to deal "with subjects not intrusted to Congress, but left or committed by the supreme law of the land to the control of the States", and it was added that "to give such magic power to the word 'tax' would be to break down all constitutional limitation of the powers of Congress and completely wipe out the sovereignty of the States."

This Amendment is now proposed in order that Congress may have the power to do that very thing. They have tried twice

to do it when there was no Constitutional power. Now they ask to be given that power. It is inconceivable that the States will be guilty of the folly involved in attempting to grant such power.

If Congress will proceed repeatedly to enact legislation not authorized by the Constitution and in violation of the Constitution, in order to take over the control, direction and management of the social and domestic affairs within the exclusive jurisdiction of the States, what may it be supposed Congress will do when it shall be granted the unlimited and vast authority proposed by this Amendment? The new Nation which "our fathers brought forth on this continent, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal", we are asked to say shall not endure. "Freedom is the last best hope of the earth", we are now to learn is a mistaken doctrine. The man making those announcements went to work when he was seven years of age. His biographers tell us, "During his years in Indiana young Abraham grew strong and athletic and long before he was twenty he made a full hand at all kinds of heavy work".

It is proposed now to send out to the humble homes of Thomas and Nancy Lincolns, all over the country, and tell them how to rear and treat their children. We shall have agents of the Federal Government to direct what shall be the occupation, the recreation, the environment of their girls and boys. It is proposed to set up a guardianship over the children of those "plain folks" who have furnished the country Presidents, Congressmen, Governors, judges, ministers, teachers, and leaders in industry. We shall even intervene between parent and child, and advise the child to disobey the parent and flout the domestic authority. It will discredit the judgment of the parent with the child, displace the parent as guide and adviser. It will destroy the respect and lessen the affection which should obtain in the family relation. There is strong evidence that the only progress the world has made for over three thousand years has been along social lines, if we may include the uses of steam and electricity. It is proposed now to set that back to the beginning.

A large number of new jobs will be created. That feature

impresses a good many people. It will cost a large amount of money to enforce the laws Congress will enact. Who will pay the expenses? The philanthropic, benevolent, kind-hearted, self-appointed friends of the "persons" under eighteen years of age will contribute little revenue along with much advice and insistence for more powers, extension of the work, and unlimited control. Mr. Average Individual pays $103.84 taxes a year. He would like to feel that this is not to be used to interfere with his family relations, his household affairs, and to oppress him. He has supposed that when any regulating was required it was an affair of his State. He recalls that Section 4 of Article IV of the Constitution of the United States provides that "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of Government," and so forth. He wonders why it is proposed now to bore into the Constitution, disregard this mandate in the fundamental law, and, instead, give the States dictatorial government directed from Washington.

Are we to permit surface-minded sentimentalists, unthinking enthusiasts, to change the Government from one by the people to one by self-appointed dictators?

The second section amounts to nothing. All State laws must give way before the laws of Congress. Nothing is reserved by this section that is embraced by the first section. Congress becomes the supreme lawmaking power in dealing with the subject. The States might as well abandon every attempt to handle it. They are to be silenced. Their laws are to be suspended. Congress will now legislate and be obeyed. This section merely repeats what was laid down in *Fletcher v. Peck* in 1810.

Not only is the power granted, in the first section, to Congress, but along with it goes the power to make the grant effective. This may mean that the power to prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age and to prescribe the conditions of such labor will include the power to prescribe how persons under eighteen shall be occupied, how and to what extent they shall be educated, and what standard of conduct must be observed. The powers granted to Congress by such an amendment to the Constitution, and necessarily implied, would involve and include,

it may reasonably be held, national control of education and of the care, custody, and guardianship of all minors under eighteen years of age. The Children's Bureau would have its hands full.

The idea of regulating, much less prohibiting, the labor of a person seventeen and one-half years of age is absurd. Youthful labor may be invaluable to such a person as well as to a large family of struggling people. Such an amendment followed by the legislation it warrants would bring great distress to many families, throw many children into idleness, prevent them from acquiring knowledge and experience to fit them for some gainful occupation, deprive them of opportunities, and destroy their future. It would mean turning over to Congress the care, custody and control of forty million human beings.

Another large force would be given positions as special agents to enforce the legislation Congress would enact and add to the 600,000 now at Washington and in the field. Every State has Child Labor Laws generally suitable to local conditions. A statute or set of regulations prepared by a Federal Bureau might be adapted to one State but be wholly inapplicable to another. The substitution of Bureaucracy for Democracy, the centralization of power, the surrender of sovereign rights, the abandonment of local self-government, are the controlling considerations. Let us not break down the principles upon which our Government rests.

On May 28, 1924, I concluded my remarks before the Senate on the resolution in these words, which I repeat:

"I cannot believe that this proposed amendment under discussion will be passed in this body by the requisite vote. If it should be submitted to the States, I cannot conceive of a sufficient number ratifying it to make it a part of the Constitution, now or at any other time. My hope would be that it would take its place with those submitted one hundred and thirty-four years ago and now forgotten.

"Mr. President, I wish above everything else that I might adequately respond to the call of this hour. I hope in this debate some one will measure up to the commanding responsibility which now confronts us. We are to preserve American institutions or abandon them as out of date and weak. Truth,

justice, honor, never get old or need revision. We are to hold fast to the system of government laid in the blood and treasure of a free people, designed by the inspired vision and wisdom of the master builders, or discard that system for one which the experience of mankind has discredited. The century-old conflict between dominion founded upon power and a confederacy founded upon law has never met but one ending wherever waged. Between an autocracy or a dictatorship and democracy the gulf is wide and can never be successfully bridged. We hoped to develop true constitutional liberty here. We aspired to be a Nation that loves liberty—where every man is set free to do his best and be his best.

"The danger the early statesmen apprehended now confronts us—the centralization of power in the National Government, the destruction of local self-government, and the relinquishment of the sovereign powers of the State. Against that those far-seeing patriots set their souls, and we have had no occasion to question their wisdom. They would be distressed beyond measure if they could look upon this vital thrust at the sacred system of their prayerful making. I would stay the hands that would strike that blow. It is supreme folly and inexcusable rashness to push down the pillars of the temple."

DUNCAN U. FLETCHER.

CHANGING CHINA

BY HENRY W. BUNN

THE transformation now taking place in China—social, economic, political—is of unsurpassed importance; the transformation, namely, of the most ancient of civilizations and polities, pertaining to a nation which numbers almost one-fourth of the world's population and occupies a territory larger than Europe.

The process of change began with the birth of Chinese nationalism in 1895, after the disastrous war with Japan over Korea. The new spirit of nationalism was whipped into fury by the success of the onslaughts by the Western Powers and Japan on Chinese sovereignty and integrity, the which onslaughts resulted in the several "spheres of influence," the numerous concessions, the "conquest by railway and bank." It found its first striking expression, blind and hideous, in the Boxer Uprising; its second in the Revolution of 1911, which overthrew the Manchu Dynasty and established the Chinese Republic. After the Boxer business it became evident that only by adoption of Western science could China retain the portion of sovereignty still left to her, much less recover what had been filched away. Chinese students, therefore, began to flock abroad in search of the Western learning. Some of them returned fanatic Republicans and made the revolution. They did not, however, win the masses to revolt against the Manchus by arguments for a republic, which would not have been understood; but by nationalist appeals. Manchu inefficiency, they declared, was responsible for China's humiliations; which was largely true. "The Manchus had sold China to the Powers:" a lie. No doubt the prime motives of these young gentlemen were patriotic; in their view the republic, the unitary republic, was the one and only ticket. They were carried off their feet by the show of wealth and prosperity in the United States; they seem entirely to have missed our defects. They were a set of rabid doctrinaires; they had no notion of what they

were doing to China when with such curious ease they set up the Republic.

Sun Yat-sen, "Father of the Revolution," was first President of the Republic, but, in the interest of national unity and with a self-effacement in curious contrast to his later record, he gave place to Yuan Shih-k'ai, who had favored a limited monarchy and retention of the Manchu Emperor; the latter on the ground that with that form of government there was "nobody else whom the people would agree upon for his place." He predicted that, should the throne be abolished, "there would be no peace for decades." Yuan knew his China far better than did the returned students. As a servant of the crown he had been a foremost champion of reform; but not too fast, not too fast; no sudden wrenching away from immemorial traditions. There is pretty general agreement now that Yuan Shih-k'ai had the right of it; that, to put it sweetly, the Republic was established prematurely. Ever since its establishment there has been chaos; and no sure promise of an end thereof.

Yuan Shih-k'ai was a great man, one of the greatest of his time; but autocratic by temperament and training. In contrast, the majority of the first Parliament under the Republic turned out to be intransigent Radicals, resolved that the President should be their very humble servant. The consequences of this antagonism were tragic for China. A revolt in the central and southern Provinces started by several members of Parliament was crushed by Yuan with somewhat too exemplary severity. Then Yuan turned Parliament out of doors, and proceeded plain autocrat. Finally, in December, 1915, he proclaimed himself Emperor. Thereupon a fierce civil conflict threatened, but, as a Chinese annalist records, "Providence found a solution by calling Yuan Shih-k'ai to Heaven." There are those who say that but for Japanese open opposition and close intrigue, Yuan Shih-k'ai might firmly have established himself on the Dragon Throne.

It was, indeed, as I observed, tragic for China that Yuan and the Parliament could not work together; for out of that estrangement grew the institution of the Tuchunate, the worst curse of China today. After the revolt mentioned above, in order to forestall further like efforts, Yuan stationed in each Province a mili-

tary governor, or Tuchun, with troops, the civil governor being discharged or subordinated to the Tuchun. In Yuan's time, to be sure, the system worked well enough; the Tuchuns were subordinate and forwarded to Peking the provincial revenues. But no sooner was he gone beneath the Yellow Springs than the Tuchuns became each, as it were, an independent feudal chief, and, instead of that return of the Golden Age of Shun promised by Sun Yat-sen and his henchmen, we behold an anarchic condition recalling the period of the Contending States of the latter days of the Chóu Dynasty, so brilliantly described in the *Tso Chuan*.

Of course, that is a poetic statement of the matter. It was not quite so bad as all that. A peculiarly noxious kind of militarism had fastened itself on the country, to be sure, which threatened, unless headed, to disrupt China into so many Provinces or groups of Provinces. Worse yet, complete political and social demoralization seemed to be threatened. The Tuchuns were for the most part a thoroughly bad lot, selfish, predaceous, lining their pokes with the provincial revenues, giving their draggle-tailed warriors the privilege of loot in lieu of pay; compared with Tuchun the name of mediæval *condottiere* hath a sweet savor in the nostrils. But what could you expect? The profession of soldier has immemorially been discredited in China; far less esteemed than that of bandit. There was indeed a phase in which the worst elements in China were in the ascendant; when complete disintegration seemed threatened.

But that phase was, after all, brief; from the death of Yuan Shih-k'ai in 1916 to the overthrow of the Anfu clique in 1920. That phase was extremely complicated and only its main features may be noticed here. Yuan Shih-k'ai (who died President, having abdicated the throne in face of the furious opposition) was succeeded by the Vice-President, Li Yuan-hung. A working agreement of Militarists and Radicals seemed in prospect; i. e., of the Peiyang (Militarist) and Kuo Min-tang (Radical) parties. But it was foiled by Japanese intrigue; for Japan seized the opportunity of the preoccupation of the Western Powers with the Great War to attempt to fix a strangle-hold on China. Under pressure from the northern Tuchuns, Parliament was dissolved in 1917 and its Radical members (a majority of the Parliament) set up an independent

Republic with its capital at Canton, to which several of the southern Provinces adhered; they proclaimed the Provisional Constitution which had been repudiated by Peking, and declared war on the Peking Government. The claim of the Canton Government to be the *de jure* Government of all China was technically plausible up to June, 1922, when, the old Parliament having been invited to reconvene at Peking, most of the "rump" at Canton accepted the invitation. Sun Yat-sen, however, still conducts a kind of Government at Canton; still, I believe, regards himself as President of all China. The Canton Republic performed a great service to China during the phase of successful Japanese intrigue (1917–20) by continually exposing and denouncing the subservience to Japan of the Peking Government; but since declining to come to an accommodation with Wu Pei-fu in 1922 Sun Yat-sen has been a pure obstructionist. The warfare between Canton and Peking has never been more than desultory even in the Celestial sense.

But to return to Peking. While in the far south the Tuchuns were dominated by Sun Yat-sen, in other words, the supreme control was civilian, the Peking Government, that recognized by the Powers, fell completely into the hands of the Militarists, or, to be more precise, into the hands of the military clique known as the Anfu Club, as precious a set of rascals as ever perfumed the earth. These gentlemen, in return for Japanese bribes, had by 1919 gone far, by concessions, secret agreements, etc., to deliver China, lock, stock, and barrel, into the control of Japan.

April 30, 1919, marked the end of the period of disruption, of disintegration, of China, of the ascendancy of the worst elements; the beginning of the period of redintegration and of recovery. On that day news arrived in China of President Wilson's decision at Versailles against China on the Shantung question. Instantly there were tremendous demonstrations of nationalism all over China. More striking than the demonstrations themselves was the fact that they were under intelligent direction, the direction, namely, of a Students' Union of 700,000 members; this union, in turn, being under the direction of so-called Young China (the students who have imbibed the Western learning). The world has witnessed few more striking phenomena than this. The re-

sults of these demonstrations were as follows: The Government instructed its delegates at Versailles not to sign the Treaty; the two most notoriously pro-Japanese members of the Government fled for refuge to the legation quarter of Peking; a boycott of Japanese goods was instituted throughout China.

Now, the Peiyang or militaristic party had split in two. One of its divisions was the Anhwei party (practically identical with the Anfu Club); the other, the Chili party. The Anhwei party was pro-Japanese; the Chili party, however militaristic, was not. The President, the accomplished but rather spineless Hsü Shih-chang, favored the Chili party, but until the demonstrations of April, 1919, dared not show his preference. Encouraged by those demonstrations, he proposed to purge the Government of Anfuites. Parliament, packed by the Anfuites, opposed him. The upshot was a war in July, 1920, in which the Anfuites were overthrown by the forces of the Chili party. The head of that party was General Tsao Kun, Super-Tuchun of the Provinces of Shantung, Chili and Honan. The bulk of the fighting was done for him by a divisional commander, Wu Pei-fu, who now first appears in the limelight. But, strangely enough, there was little fighting. The Anfuites had chiefly relied on a crack force, Japanese-trained, of 40,000, organized nominally for use in the Great War, but really as a sort of Anfu Guards. This force deserted almost *en masse*. Why? Induced thereto by the propaganda of Young China. As Wu Pei-fu was mopping up, there appeared on the scene one Chang Tso-lin, Super-Tuchun of the three Manchurian Provinces, with an army of Manchurians. He relieved Wu Pei-fu of the mop, and the curtain rang down on the scene with Chang Tso-lin holding the mop and claiming to have done all the work.

At this stage I note four things in the order of their importance: Further demonstration of the influence of public opinion directed by Young China; the emergence in Wu Pei-fu of a new type of public servant, loyal to the Republic yet jealous for the best traditions of old China; the ignominious snuffing-out of Japanese prestige; and the sinister appearance of Chang Tso-lin on the scene.

Though only a divisional commander, Wu Pei-fu was already a marked man. He was understood to favor a Liberal programme in harmony with the ideals of Young China. The hopes of the

best elements of Young China were and are today centered in him. Tsao Kun professed similar Liberal views, but, as he was known to be a Prince of Trimmers, that profession only indicated which way the wind blew. But Chang Tso-lin, that hard-boiled old Tory, that ex-bandit, that Master of "Squeeze," universally thought to be a friend of the Japanese, and in time past bosom friend of the Anfuites; what was he doing in that galley?

Chang Tso-lin played a careful waiting game, but finally came out in his true colors. Having installed himself at Peking, towards the end of 1921 he openly assumed the Dictator and imposed a reactionary régime. He had at once to deal with Wu Pei-fu. The latter had been rewarded for his services in 1920 by the Super-Tuchunship of the Provinces of Hunan and Hupeh. He had foreseen a clash with Chang Tso-lin as inevitable, and was prepared. He marched north, met Chang Tso-lin near Peking, thrashed him, and sent him flying back to Manchuria. Tsao Kun, the Great Trimmer, gave a quasi-support to Wu Pei-fu in this business.

Wu Pei-fu was now free to announce his programme, which included the reassembling of the old Parliament, illegally dissolved in 1917, reunion of North and South, abolition of the Tuchunate, and restoration of the civil power and true Constitutional procedure. He eschewed the rôle of Dictator, but stood by with his army until a substantial beginning had been made toward institution of his programme. The old Parliament (the original Parliament of 1913) was reassembled, including most of the "rump" of Canton. Li Yuan-hung, who had in 1917 resigned the Presidency under pressure from the Militarists, was recalled. Then Wu Pei-fu retired to Paoting-fu to wait watchfully. A dense fog settled upon the Chinese political scene. Those jackdaws, the Parliament, were debating the permanent Constitution, but seemed to arrive nowhere. Wu Pei-fu was silent.

In June, 1923, however, a curious thing occurred. President Li Yuan-hung was compelled to resign; almost undoubtedly by pressure from Tsao Kun. Whether or no Wu Pei-fu had any part in that curious business, does not appear. Rumors thereafter reached us of correspondence between the deposed Li Yuan-hung, Chang Tso-lin, Sun Yat-sen and the Tuchun of Che-kiang

(mark), looking to a change of things. For months Government was carried on (or wasn't), without President or Vice-President, by a so-called Cabinet consisting of undersecretaries of the recently defunct Cabinet. Half the Parliament went off to the bright lights of Shanghai. It was rumored that the Tuchun of Che-kiang had crossed their palms; his idea being to prevent election of a President through lack of a quorum. But, so the story goes, Tsao Kun crossed their palms again and they went back to Peking. At any rate, there was a quorum in October, and Tsao Kun was elected President and at last the Permanent Constitution was adopted.

Now for the latest development. I have told how in 1920 the Anfuites were ousted from power. Not all, it seems. Somehow the Anfuite Tuchun of Che-kiang and the Anfuite Defense Commissioner of Shanghai kept their fat places. In the 1922 business most of the Anfuite bigwigs emerged from cover and joined Chang Tso-lin, but apparently the Tuchun of Che-kiang and the Shanghai Commissioner lay low. I have, however, cited rumors indicating that recently they were intriguing against the Government. It is not necessary to inquire nicely into the immediate causes of the conflict near Shanghai just ended. The real explanation is that Wu Pei-fu decided to clear out of his way two dangerous enemies to his scheme of things. It was all to the good that the Tuchun of Kiang-su, whom in chief he employed for the business, had a special grievance against those gentlemen.

Those pests have been abated. The business, however, was but prologue to the swelling theme of another grand conflict between Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu. Chang Tso-lin had long been spoiling for another fight, and had only been biding a favorable opportunity. In the Shanghai business he saw his opportunity. He expected his Anfuite friends to make things so hot that Wu Pei-fu would be constrained to send considerable reinforcements to the Tuchun of Kiang-su. He would then descend upon Wu Pei-fu, thus weakened, and eat him up. But he was disappointed. Wu Pei-fu has met him with his full strength on the Chili border and they have been fighting for weeks now; with what results, does not clearly appear. It seems fairly certain, however, that Wu Pei-fu, who hitherto has shown himself in-

comparably the better general, will win, and that Chang Tso-lin will have to content himself with his Manchurian principality.

Chang Tso-lin has an unfair advantage. In 1922 Wu Pei-fu was, I believe, prevented by the Japanese from pursuing him into Manchuria, and now Tokyo warns Peking that there must be no invasion of Manchuria should Wu Pei-fu win again. In other words, Japan permits an enemy of China to use what is in effect Japanese territory as a base of operations against China. That scarcely seems fair dealing. It is greatly to be hoped that Wu Pei-fu will be able to give the old bandit such a thrashing that he will never menace again. That is perhaps too much to expect, but it is a reasonable expectation that Chang will be punished sufficiently to be unable to give trouble while Wu Pei-fu proceeds to deal with Sun Yat-sen.

I have been assuming all this time that Wu Pei-fu is an honest man. There are some who entertain grave doubts on that head, who do not like his record since 1922. But, really, we know little about his record since 1922. He has kept himself much in the dark, watching developments, training his army for his next bout with the Manchurian Tuchun. These doubting Thomases wonder that he should allow Tsao Kun to obtain the Presidency, and by such scandalous means; an illiterate, a trimmer, with scarce anything to recommend him but a certain bonhomie and a purse swollen by "squeeze." Obviously Tsao Kun is not an ideal President; but observe that Wu Pei-fu has always found him manageable. It may have been a case of kicking upstairs. Wu Pei-fu, you see, succeeded Tsao in the chief Super-Tuchunship—that of Chili, Shantung, and Honan.

Suppose the Chili campaign, now in process, to turn out happily for Wu Pei-fu. That would mean, we may suppose, a quietus on Chinese reactionary elements for some time. Then suppose the Canton Republic "liquidated." That would mean, presumably, a quietus on the Radical elements for some time. Then Wu Pei-fu would be free to address himself to the mighty task of setting on foot the provisions of the new Constitution, which in a general way embodies Wu Pei-fu's programme, especially as to the abolition of the Tuchun system and the proper gradation of civil government through provinces and districts down to the

town and village groups with their immemorial traditions of self-government.

But, if Wu Pei-fu should fail or should falsify our opinion of him, need one despair of a happy consummation of the evolution from Old to New China? I think not, if the rest of the world will allow China to work out her own salvation. I confess, however, to an extreme distrust of Russian intentions, and I am not too sanguine in my thoughts of Japan.

Any one familiar with the history of the Chinese State and of Chinese civilization must admit that the Chinese have in the course of the rolling ages shown themselves capable of any achievement. Extraordinary political genius went to the expansion of the Chinese State to its present territorial limits (I refer to the Eighteen Provinces) and to its solidification within those limits; still greater genius to the spread of the Chinese civilization throughout that area and its establishment so solidly that it has survived, without fatal impairment, many periods of political anarchy and economic distress. The longevity of the Chinese civilization is one of the most striking facts in human annals, and one of the most creditable.

The Chinese have shown in the past quite unparalleled power of recuperation. The question now clamors for answer: Are the Chinese genius and capacity of recuperation unimpaired? I believe they are. If yes, there is good reason to expect that the period of depression which commenced in 1796 with the accession of Chia Ch'ing to the Dragon Throne, is now culminating in the anarchy of the Tuchuns and will, through the efforts of such men as Wu Pei-fu, Chen Kwang-ming and the Tuchun of Shansi, with the coöperation of Young China (I mean the students of the latest vintages, whose attitude towards us of the West is sceptical), be succeeded by another phase of material prosperity and intellectual and artistic splendor.

HENRY W. BUNN.

[NOTE.—Since the above was written, Wu Pei-fu has been defeated and his army has been scattered, through the treachery of his chief lieutenant. This melancholy business does not falsify the opinion of Wu Pei-fu above set forth. Moreover, he may yet retrieve his fortunes, if the Yang-tze Tuchuns support him, as they have promised.—H. W. B.]

A NEW INVASION OF FRANCE

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

Editor in Chief of *Le Matin*

It has very often—and very pertinently—been pointed out that the greatest danger threatening France is not one that is most talked of. It is neither war nor bankruptcy. France does not fear a new war, since, for the moment, the French army is strong enough to repel whosoever may attack her territory. France does not fear bankruptcy, for she is determined to work as courageously as she has fought. The greatest danger that threatens France lies in the future: it is Depopulation.

In 1700 there were only three Great Powers in Europe—France, with a population of 20,000,000; Austria, with a population of 13,000,000, and England, with a population of 9,000,000. Prussia, at that time, had a population of only 2,000,000. Thus France alone, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, possessed forty per cent. of the total population of the great European nations. In 1789 France was still in the lead, with a population of 26,000,000, while Austria had 18,000,000, England 12,000,000 and Prussia 5,000,000. Even Russia, at that time still steeped in dark mystery, had a population of only 25,000,000. A hundred years later, in 1880, the situation showed a lamentable change for France. Russia had a population of 84,000,000, Germany 45,000,000, Austria 39,000,000, France 37,000,000 and Italy 28,000,000. France, until then the first, now ranked fourth in population, with only thirteen per cent. of the total population of the great European Powers.

The terrible curse of depopulation which has descended upon France has, during forty years, taken an even firmer grip upon the country's throat. In 1914 it found an ally in another more immediately terrible curse, the war. In 1921, despite the fact that the three Departments that comprised Alsace-Lorraine had

been recovered, France had a population of but 39,000,000. Russia, despite the ravages of Bolshevism, has a population of more than 100,000,000; Great Britain 47,000,000, and Italy 40,000,000. France now ranks fifth in population, as compared with the other Great Powers of Europe. She has, in fact, dropped to seventh place, if one counts two other great nations that have risen to world power, the United States, with a population of 110,000,000, and Japan, with 58,000,000. France, therefore, possesses but 9 per cent. of the total population of all the Great Powers. The year that has just passed does not permit of any optimism, nor show the slightest pause in this course of self-destruction. On the contrary, it seems to have quickened. Official statistics issued by the Minister of the Interior show that in 1924 the proportion of births to marriages was 166 to 100. If this continues, the present population of 39,000,000 will have dropped to 35,000,000 in 1940; about 31,000,000 in 1950, and 25,000,000 in 1965. By the year 2000 France will have ceased to exist.

Such being the situation—and it is a tragic one—how is it that the French people face it with such calm and indifference? A nation which declines numerically also declines physically and morally: how is it that the French nation does not shudder before the moral and physical decline which threatens her?

The explanation may be the following one. A new fact has occurred since the war, and that fact has helped France out of her present difficulties. It is immigration—a steady, regular, wonderful immigration. According to the official statistics, there were more than 60,000 Italian immigrants last year (1923), more than 100,000 Czecho-Slovaks, and above all there were more than 400,000 Poles—exactly 412,435. The last figure, which is astounding, will be exceeded this year. And it is anticipated that in 1924 about 500,000 Polish workmen will have crossed the French border and settled down in the Northern Departments. We find ourselves here in the presence of an extraordinary invasion which has no precedent in history. It is worth while to study it in detail and to examine what the marvelous consequences of it may be.

A few weeks ago, I had the pleasure of meeting the Polish Minister to France. He looked half proud, half surprised.

"Don't you know," he said to me jokingly, "that Poland is settling down in France?"

"What do you mean?"

"I have just come back from the North, from the Pas-de-Calais, and have visited three of your mining districts there, which are almost exclusively populated by my compatriots. Go and see for yourself."

I went and saw the scene myself. On a rainy September morning, I got down at the station of Bruay-les-Mines. Bruay-les-Mines, remember that name! If you look on a French map, you will see that it is a little mining city not very far from the famous Lens basin. But the map is wrong. Bruay-les-Mines is now no more a little French mining city: it is the capital of the Poland of Northern France. As soon as I had left the station I thought I was dreaming. In front of me I saw a country merry-go-round turning to the sound of music, to which fair-haired children were galloping, seated on wooden horses, and those fair-haired little ones were calling out, laughing, to one another in a language I could not understand. They all had Christian names unknown in France: Yanka, Wanda, Bolek. The shops bore sign-boards with names I could not read: tailor, baker, grocer, butcher, everything was in Polish. If *Chemin de fer* had not been written upon the station in French, I might have thought that while I was asleep I had made a long journey and crossed far-off frontiers.

It is a well-known story that when you visit a Russian or a Polish village and you want some information, your only course is to go and ask the pope or the priest of the village. I remembered this, and immediately called on Monsignor Helenowski, who, with the full consent of the French authorities, is the chief shepherd of this large herd of immigrants.

"There are," he told me, "42,000 Poles in a district of four miles around Bruay. In the Pas-de-Calais and in the North there are already, for the movement continues, about 600,000. . . ."

"Where do they come from?"

"Mostly from Westphalia. They are people who have been

made Germans definitely by the Treaty of Versailles, and that in a country on which the imposition of the respect of the minorities has been forgotten."

"But could they not enter Poland?"

"Poland, unfortunately, has too many laborers, whereas foreign immigration has become an unquestionable necessity in the French mines. Would it have been possible to find better qualified immigrants than these populations, rendered fiercely anti-German by a century of bondage and bullying? Note that as soon as these people arrive in France they lose their German nationality and are naturalized in block by Poland. It is, therefore, hundreds of thousands of citizens which France takes away from Germany, citizens who possess each an average of five to six children."

"Are they good people?"

"They are all hard workers, well organized and educated. You will have a chance of seeing them nearer. It is Sunday, and to-day there are everywhere theatrical performances, conferences and friendly meetings."

I follow the bishop, in the rain, along the streets. Everywhere there are Polish sign-boards, everywhere Polish posters. Above the very few shops kept by French people I notice the inscription: "Polish is spoken here. . . ." (*"On parle ici le polonais."*)

We come to a large hall in the middle of a performance given by amateur workmen who are playing a popular piece. Men with stern faces are applauding with their rough hands. In the balcony, five hundred children, packed against each other as in a subway car, are shouting with joy and laughing at the funny repartees.

The president of the local labor association, a big miner, rises and with dignity and courtesy invites me to be seated at the table of honor, placed against the stage. The curtain was just rising on the interlude. Twelve little girls, in the picturesque costumes of the Cracovian peasants, execute a dance in a pretty ensemble, and sing a popular folk song in chorus. Then the tallest comes forward and recites a piece of poetry.

"This little girl," explains the miner to me, "is what we call a

'Westalka'. She was born at Bochum, her father and mother are from Herne. She has never been in Poland, and yet note how well she speaks our tongue."

"I do not doubt," I say, "that her daughters, when she will have any, will speak and sing as she does. . . ."

"Yes, yes," replies the workman somewhat affected, "that is what is needed. But it is a rather difficult and tender point to explain. You see, for us, our mother tongue, our national traditions, are our strength, our religion, our honesty. . . . France, who is so generous, must forgive us for this sentiment, or rather she must be brought to understand it. We are in France, and we shall probably remain here all our life; we all ardently desire to learn French, but we do not wish to forget our mother tongue at any price."

The curtain falls on the final act. Next door, in a kind of vast shed, an attentive public is listening to a lecturer, a man decorated with the military medal of the army of General Haller, who, in simple and vibrating words, is relating the fearful sacrifices of France during the war, and then, without any transition, he speaks of the beauties of the French cities and villages which he has visited. Loud cheers respond, bursting from all sides.

"And now," says the old soldier brightly, "citizens, let us make the best of our Sunday and amuse ourselves."

In the twinkling of an eye, chairs and benches are placed along the walls and an orchestra of accordions and clarions starts a joyous mazurka.

"In your country you do not dance the tango and the fox-trot yet?" I said to the president-miner, who had escorted me.

"No," he replied laughing, "you see that even in the matter of dancing we do not apply our programme, but we must and you will have to help us to do so."

"What help do you want?"

"We should like to have schools, where we could learn French and at the same time not forget Polish. Then we would be able to serve and love our two countries: our former one, Poland, and our present one, France."

I left Bruay-les-Mines in the afternoon and went to Arras,

the chief city of the Department. I applied to the Prefet, who, in the French Departments, plays very much the same rôle as the Governor in the American States. I inquired as to whether he had to complain about the conduct of the thousands and thousands of new citizens who were under his control.

"Not in the least," was the answer. "And the proof is that we have not a single constable more than before the war, and that there are fewer delinquencies submitted to the tribunal than before the war. All our Polish immigrants are gentle, laborious and peaceful."

I called also on the chief engineer who supervises the work in the mining districts.

"There is not," he declared emphatically, "the least doubt whatsoever that, if at the end of 1925, all our mines are once more in working order, it will be thanks to the Polish laborers. The Polish workman is strong, disciplined and conscientious. Thanks to him, we are two years in advance on our programme of reconstruction. In fifteen months nothing more will remain of the ruins caused by Germany. If our mines are restored, one might justly put up this inscription: 'Polish labor did it'."

Such are the facts of the case. I said that they were wonderful. Bruay-les-Mines is not an isolated example. There are five or six mining centres which are all closely copied on this model. There are, I repeat it, more than 600,000 Poles, who, having left Germany have come to settle down in France forever, and who are working to raise new French cities on the ruins of the war.

Even in Paris, even in the large towns of the North and the East, like Lille and Nancy, foreign immigration pursues its pacific and slow invasion. In Paris there are a dozen Polish registry offices: they procure servants, chauffeurs, cooks, shop employees, and street laborers. None of these foreigners are taking the place of French people, because, alas! French people are lacking. The war has laid 1,400,000 Frenchmen low and the depopulation has not replaced them with thousands of others. Not only are there no out-of-work people in France, but in the country as well as in the towns they are clamoring loudly for workers, for more, and still more. . . .

What will be the result of this powerful immigration in the long run? Will it be able to continue? Will it not constitute a danger?

Formerly, before the war, France would have considered this invasion of another kind with distrust and anguish. France is an old country where the sentiment of tradition dominates all other sentiments. France, before the war, did not entertain a friendly feeling towards the foreign workman who came to settle down at her hearth. She considered that France should belong to only the French appertaining to the old French stock. But the war has changed many ideas and many prejudices. It has, if I may venture to say so, widened the horizon of French thought. It has caused every citizen to reflect upon problems which never crossed his mind in former days. At the same time, it has inspired more confidence in foreign friendship and loyalty.

Above all, the example of the United States has opened the eyes of a great many Frenchmen. They have seen that a country in which all the races of the world are mingled, where there are a considerable number of foreign-born citizens, is, however, in no way inferior to any of the others in the world as regards moral unity and fine patriotism. This was like a revelation to France and also an indication. France looked around her, and she found in the very centre of Europe a nation which has enjoyed the most marvelous civilization, which has suffered like herself from invasion, and which has even been wiped off the map. She held out her hand to it, to-day she helps it to assure its independence; and she opens wide the doors of her house to it, in order that she may recuperate part of the blood which she so liberally shed in the common cause of the universe.

Thus the same causes do not always produce the same effects: France, who almost died from the German invasion, is thinking of assuring her existence, thanks to another invasion, the Polish invasion.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

"HANDS OFF!"

BY HANFORD HENDERSON

THAT the world is still in very grave trouble is so obvious that one may not profitably dwell upon it. And it is equally obvious that every decent and thoughtful man would do his utmost, even to the point of large personal sacrifice, to help get the world out of its very grave trouble. Many have tried their hand at the problem; many more are now trying; doubtless still more will try. And it may honestly be said that in a large way things are certainly improving, but as regards many of these efforts one is almost tempted to add that the improvement is in spite of the efforts, rather than because of them. Through ignorance, many are pulling in the wrong direction, and are only adding to the trouble. Others, through evil intention, are deliberately prolonging the trouble in the hope of personal power and advantage. A goodly number of well-meaning but futile persons so far fail to recognize the nature of the trouble that they are merely beating the air, and are fulfilling their customary rôle of getting in the way. In view of these many failures to make any valid and substantial contribution toward the solution of the world problem, it may seem more than rash for a quiet country gentleman to add his voice to the outcry, but it may be permissible if he is sufficiently brief and not too insistent. If the application would not seem too obvious, it might further be remarked that in the country one has time to think.

The first step in any cure is a correct diagnosis. Unless you know what is the matter with the patient, you can hardly hope to get him on his feet. In scrutinizing the multitude of social reclamation projects which now flood the world, it seems to us that the fundamental defect in most of them—in fact, in nearly all of them—is just this failure to inquire at the outset how so intelligent a world as ours happened to get into its present disaster. Without this preliminary knowledge, it is quite hope-

less to try to pull the world out. Nor would it be quite worth while if the old causes were allowed to continue to operate; and, if given half a chance, to precipitate fresh and larger disaster.

We propose, then, to inquire, with somewhat brutal frankness, and all the persistence of a man much in earnest, just how the trouble all started. That it belongs in the category of preventable evils is made quite clear and convincing by the simple fact that the last dozen years have been notably free from natural catastrophe. The record shows no untoward events—no collision with wandering comets; no marked earthquakes, prior to the recent deplorable disaster in Japan; no unusual flood or drought, famine or pestilence; no tidal wave or volcanic eruption. There have been minor disturbances, of course, but on the whole Nature has been complacent and benevolent. Seed time and harvest have followed in their appointed season, and Mother Earth has been as steady going as any conservative could wish. She has been a good neighbor. In the country we count it neighborly to mind your own business and to lend a hand, *when it is asked for*. Mother Earth, for some quite unknown reason, sends weeds and boll weevil and some other pests, requiring the police power of suppression, but she never plays the sorry trick of sending you crops that you have not asked for and do not want. She is not in the least paternalistic, and not only allows but requires that you shall choose your own crops.

These homely facts are not at all novel, but they seem quite worth reciting because they bear such eloquent and unimpeachable testimony to the fact that whatever else it may be, the present world trouble is fundamentally man-made, and as such is both curable and preventable. If, then, we can discover the way into the trouble, we shall surely be able to find the way out.

The way in, to our own quiet mode of thinking, has not even the dignity of a riddle. It is so simple that he who runs may read. It is so very simple that it has been entirely overlooked by all save an extraordinarily small group of persons. Stated without circumlocution and as baldly as possible, the whole cause of the present world trouble is the growing tendency to substitute mass action, directed from without, for wholesome individual

action, necessarily directed from within. The way out of the trouble is the rehabilitation of individual effort, and the minimizing of mass action. That, it seems to me, is the whole matter in a nutshell.

The world is full of problems, but most of them are man-made, and essentially unimportant. They do not belong to the eternal verities; many of them are petty side issues and not even *en route* to the great achievement. There is only one major problem in the whole world, and that is the salvation of the individual soul. We do not mean salvation in any narrow, theological sense; we mean salvation in the largest and broadest human sense. Our own personal problem is quite the same as that of every other sane, red-blooded, earnest man or woman in the whole wide world. It is to make ourselves as big and fine and useful and human as we possibly can; and were we so fortunate as to have well born sons and daughters, to help them to be bigger and finer and more useful and more human than we are. It is a much less spectacular job than the artificial problems of government, dynasty, empire, ecclesiasticism, trades unionism, Socialism, Communism, commercial supremacy, dictatorship, and all the other aggressive mass movements, but it is the one real and important problem, whose solution will bring peace and tranquillity and worth to a world now very much distraught.

Even here in the country, where we have the leisure to know better, I am surrounded by a multitude of men and women pathetically eager to save the world, but strangely unwilling to submit to the austere self-discipline of saving themselves. They forget that a fountain cannot rise above its source.

As soon as you begin to organize men into masses, and to treat them as masses, with motive and compulsion applied from the outside, you are letting yourself in for any amount of very grave trouble. The social machinery looms larger than the purpose for which it was created. The one supreme purpose, individual human advancement, is quite ignored, and man loses his quality and distinction. Many years ago, Emerson remarked that "men are so prone to mistake the means for the end that even natural history has its pedants who mistake classification for knowledge". That, in our opinion, is precisely what has happened to the

sorely-troubled world of today. It has fastened its attention upon the machinery of life, has ignored the one supreme human purpose for which all machinery exists, and now, in the resulting chaos, is amazed to find that the machinery fails to function. Let us be still more specific and say that the supreme purpose in any rational life is the unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit. That purpose is the basis and goal of all true government, true religion, true education, true science, true art. Everything that furthers this supreme purpose is progress; everything that retards or defeats it is unqualified disaster. And the one method by which this human distinction may be gained is disinterestedness, a love of excellence quite without regard to the loaves and fishes. I need not point out that this quality cannot be manifested by any group, however large and vociferous, unless it is first achieved by the component units. It is an individual virtue, the fruit of individual effort, and may not be evoked by the pressure of either statute or arms.

In the orgy of blood and violence through which Europe has been passing, and through which certain unhappy portions are still passing, it may safely be said that the perfecting of the human spirit was and is the very last thing thought of. The spiritual units, the human souls, have been clean forgotten, and instead of the magnificent, stirring human drama that we might have for the asking, we have a sordid pageant in which usurpers play the leading rôles, such poor usurpers as dynastic ambition, imperialism, commercial greed and the tawdry mirage of Communism. Fortunately, the disaster is never quite complete, for always in every corner of this weary world, and among all people, however hard pressed, some faithful souls are still to be found. But the outer, material disaster is appalling, and threatens to become worse. The oldest and once richest empires in Europe are starving and bankrupt. They cry despairingly for outside help. But no League of Nations, no special form of government, no social theory, no nationalistic frenzy, no eleemosynary enterprise on our part, can bring prosperity out of such deep, fundamental chaos. We can help these stricken people temporarily, by tiding them over to the next harvest; but it is a mistaken philanthropy to do this twice, for no permanent remedy can come

from the outside. It must come from within, and must take the form of that spiritual redemption which results from wholesome, unimpeded self-activity. No man can save another man. Neither can the State save a man; nor the Church; nor social theory; nor labor organization; nor vocational bloc; nor charity society. Every man must save his own soul; if necessary with fear and trembling, but at any rate through his own work. It is an austere business, but that is precisely the task asked of us all—the redemption of individual human souls through individual effort, and the consequent inescapable redemption of society.

It is highly significant that the two countries which have achieved the most amazing house-cleaning within the last year or two—Italy and Spain—have done so at the bidding of an individual voice, and that not even the voice of the Sovereign. But the renovating method was not novel. It was the very ancient and durable method, perhaps more often praised than used, the method of individual integrity and honest work.

The present world disaster is the direct and inevitable result of excessive and malevolent mass action. An individual sometimes runs amuck, but the number is never great enough at any one time to constitute a social menace; and it is the primal though too much neglected duty of the State to see that he does not do it a second time. But a single ruler, or a group of men, or even a small clique in an otherwise respectable group, if given the power of compelling mass action, can make a whole nation run amuck and can create the havoc of a world war. Obsessed by the idea that force is a legitimate means, and that world dominion is a legitimate end, mass action is capable of unparalleled evil. We have seen such action in Germany; we see it today in Russia; we may see it before long in the Far East.

It requires no intricate analysis of our profound world trouble to discover the way in. It is by the tyranny of mass action, the imposing of an alien will upon others. The way out of the trouble is a simple reversal of the way in. It is to cut down just so far as possible, to cut to the very bone, all mass action involving compulsion; that is, to minimize to the utmost the function of the State, and in every legitimate way to encourage and stimulate all

wholesome, self-directed individual effort. We ask of the State and of Society only one thing—a fair field and no favors. This does not mean the raw Anarchism of the tramp and hoodlum, for such Anarchism would have no government whatever; but it does unequivocally mean a strict limiting of the functions of government, a strict cutting out of all paternalistic activities, and the unfaltering insistence that government shall really perform its basic and fundamental duty, the protection of the individual citizen from violence and interference. An otherwise excellent man, over-zealous in the cause of foreign missions, is all too prone to neglect his own family and his immediate neighbors. The case of poor Mrs. Jellyby is not unique. It is quite the same with the State. When it concerns itself with illegitimate and paternalistic activities, it is all too prone to neglect its own proper and fundamental duty. If one recalls that here in these United States between ten and twelve thousand men, women and children are murdered *every year*,—the population of a fair-sized town,—it is quite obvious, we think, that government would better address itself to the primal duty of protecting life at home, instead of meddling in the internal affairs of foreign States, or creating multitudinous commissions to inquire into the conditions of foreign trade.

It is our own mature, leisurely conviction that that form of government is most truly American, is most truly the best, which most completely protects its citizens from violence and injustice of every sort, both at home and abroad, while taking the least possible part in their daily individual lives and imposing the smallest burden of taxation consistent with such protection. It is a man's own job to feed himself, to clothe himself, to educate himself, to occupy himself, to amuse himself, to look after his own family—in the end, to save his own soul. When the State attempts these tasks, it not only does them very badly and expensively, but, as we have been pointing out, it only does them by neglecting its own proper job. Worst of all, the paternalistic State robs the individual of that character and self-development which would have been his as the result of sturdy, manly self-activity. The interesting people in America are the people who do things, the pioneers of the frontier, the experimenters in art,

and science, and education, and industry, the sturdy paddlers of their own canoes, not the crowd of listless office-holders in Washington, or the political hangers-on in our State and municipal governments, or the inadventurous devotees of the pay-envelope, or the social parasites for whom everything is done by somebody else. It is a great moral disservice to do for either children or adults the things that they ought self-reliantly to do for themselves. In both cases the result is weakness. The fault in many of our private schools is that in their solicitude they do too much for the children. It is found that public school boys make the better record at college. Few students of biography have failed to be surprised at the large number of distinguished men and women whose early education had to be neglected. "Hands Off!" must be the motto of the wise parent, the wise leader, the wise priest, the wise State. It is even coming to be the motto of the wise physician, who is learning to substitute self-imposed states of mind, self-directed exercise, and self-determined diet for outer prescriptions and drugs.

Life devoid of spontaneous, self-directed activity is not life at all; it is a charnel-house of dead hopes. The social pictures which come through to us from Russia are absolutely appalling, not alone in their demand upon our pity for the violently dead, but even more for those still living. In my own hurried and more or less unreflective city days, when I believed that the Kingdom of Heaven *could* be taken by violence, I used to go with a crowd of well-meaning persons who called themselves Socialists and Reformers; and, for a time at least, I quite honestly believed myself one of them. But doubt soon crept in, and grew so rapidly and so prodigiously that before long I found myself quite on the other side of the fence. My first doubt was artistic. When these friends gave rein to their imagination and drew pictures of the sort of world to which their ideals would ultimately lead, they pictured something so altogether arid and unlovely that one accepted an ancient doctrine that those whom the gods love die young.

But the second and final doubt was moral. I found that these eager Socialists and Reformers were quite as willing to tyrannize over unbelievers, to impose their own view and their own will

upon others, as were rival groups supposedly less estimable. And I found them both quite ready to act out a doctrine long since discredited, the doctrine, namely, that the End justifies the Means. This doctrine is seldom openly avowed, but in reality it underlies the activities of many legislators and voters who suppose themselves patriotic and moral; as well as the more questionable activities of labor unions, secret societies and corporations. Our present vocational blocs in Congress apply this doctrine on a large and disastrous scale when they seek legislation in favor of one group of citizens at the expense of other groups. Majority rule is in reality a most direct and elementary application of the rule of Ends and Means. When fifty-one men can impose their own will upon forty-nine other men, we have scant measure of Equity and Justice. Those of us who are particularly interested in Colonial history are often struck by the extreme sensitiveness of the early leaders to any form of injustice or unwarranted restraint. I sometimes wonder what my neighbors, the Washingtons, the Marshalls, the Masons, the Madisons, the Pinckneys and other notable men of Virginia and the Carolinas, would say could they look down upon the political situation of today. It is easy to picture their indignation when they saw Oregon prohibiting all private schools by the simple device of making attendance at public schools compulsory upon all children of school age; when they saw the railroads asked to carry coal for export at lower rates than coal for home use, and to give wheat intended for export a similar preferential treatment; when they scrutinized the income tax, and on asking whether all citizens still enjoyed equality before the law, found that this ideal had been quite given over and that discrimination was open and specific—men penalized for being bachelors or having large incomes; rewarded for marriage and parenthood; excused from all tax burden if thriftless or idle. I do not know, but I am disposed to believe that these old neighbors of mine, when sufficiently recovered from their surprise, would feel with profound sadness that their own sacrifices for liberty had been in vain; for it must be recalled that those abuses of powers on the part of England which led to our American Revolution were very much less grave than the constant abuses of powers practised by the Federal and

State Governments in the United States of today. It is true that this group of remarkable and high-minded men who made the Nation possible were believers in representative government, and accepted as the recognized *modus vivendi* the rule of the majority, but they so clearly realized its dangers that at every turn they provided an elaborate series of safeguards. What they seem most to have feared was the very evil which has overtaken us today—legislative oppression, the subjugation of forty-nine men by fifty-one. Even Mr. Jefferson, in his more reflective years, was moved to write: "The tyranny of the legislative power is really the danger most to be feared."

The way of escape from this very grave and very real danger is not the abolition of government, the setting up of a complete anarchy, but the rigid restriction of government to its proper and primal function, the protection of life and of liberty and of the freedom to personal happiness. Our fifty-one men have a perfect right to maintain, and to maintain by force if need be, that the other forty-nine men shall not kill them, or rob them or imprison them, or interfere with them; but they have no right whatever to say what church these other men shall attend, what schools they shall send their children to, or what physicians they shall patronize. Nor have they any right whatever to say what these other men shall eat or drink or wear; or, through taxation, to spend their incomes for them either for approved or disapproved purposes.

Sometime ago, there was displayed in our village post office a new and strange poster, put out by the United States Department of Agriculture, and authorized by the Postmaster-General. It had such strange reading that I dared not trust my memory, but copied it down verbatim, and here it is: "Meat is wholesome. For health and vigor eat well balanced meals. Use a variety of kinds and cuts of meats." Few questions are more debatable and more debated than the question of diet. To have the Government take sides and carry on propaganda of this sort must seem, even to meat-eating taxpayers, a great impropriety; while our vegetarian friends may well consider it both improper and misleading. Why stop at meat, one is tempted to ask? Why not evaluate fruits and vegetables, and add a word about underwear

and housing, with an occasional bulletin from the Bureau of Standards on such perplexing questions as relativity and electrons? Once well started, paternalism moves on without discernible limit.

Absolutism is objectionable in its very essence, and quite as objectionable when exercised by a group as by a single ruler. It would, I think, be prejudicial to my own education and development to live under an absolute monarchy, but I could do so with considerable cheerfulness if the monarch were a super-man, a god, and quite assuredly wiser than myself. But I know of only one such kingdom, the Kingdom of the Spirit, where God is King and governs through a moral law to which He is Himself most willingly subject. When I regard my immediate neighbors, dear and estimable as they are, I am, as an honest man, obliged to admit that while some of them are my superiors, the majority are not. I am forced to live, outwardly at least, in obedience to lower standards than I can formulate for myself; for only demagogues pretend to believe that the voice of the people is the voice of God. In the South we have the crowning infamy of majority rule, a distinctly inferior race, proven inferior both by experience and impartial scientific test, allowed by law to outvote a superior race, and to impose, so far as a feebler will can, a point of view lower than that of the country as a whole. But we see a similar situation in most of our cities, and notably in the large cities of the Atlantic seaboard, where highly-evolved men and women whose ancestors created America are outnumbered and therefore outvoted by hordes of ignorant aliens, too quickly naturalized and almost wholly devoid of any conception of American institutions and standards. It is bad enough to have fifty-one good men impose their will upon forty-nine other good men; it is intolerable when fifty-one ignorant, undeveloped, possibly evil men dictate to forty-nine decent, superior men.

One need not question the honest good intention of Socialists and Reformers in order to find their social goals unlovely and their methods immoral. But they may easily retort that some of these matters are matters of opinion, and the opinion so largely personal that a man who is avowedly an individualist and an aristocrat is obviously disqualified for passing any valid judgment

upon the democratic intricacies of mass action. There is, however, one criterion to which, whatever our social creed, we are all bound to submit, or be unceremoniously ruled out of court, and that is the test of science. If a thing is not so, neither the pressure of propaganda nor legislation nor arms can possibly make it so. It happens that the methods I have been objecting to as immoral are also objectionable because they are unscientific. All social theories deal with human beings, and cannot be valid if they do violence to the now fairly well known laws of psychology. The revolutionary doctrine that by creating through force a certain form of paternalistic government and a given type of society you can act effectively upon the individual, and in the end produce quite admirable persons, finds no support either in theory or practice. It ignores the fundamental fact that education is essentially an inner process, an affair of the spirit. All our social experience goes to prove that in family life, in school, in church, in the world generally, even in our reformatories and penal institutions, there is but one redemptive agent, and that is genuine self-activity. We all know the vital difference between those two verbs, *to teach* and *to learn*. You may teach away until you are really quite blue in the face, and little good come of it. But once let a boy want to know, and he will learn faster than the most clever master can teach him. The State that substitutes State-directed activity for self-directed activity is a wretchedly poor schoolmaster, and can produce nothing admirable either in the way of individual character or collective achievement. Excellence is not evoked in any such fashion.

We got into our present tragic trouble by an excessive augmentation of mass action, and a corresponding eclipse of individual initiative and integrity. The Socialist proposal to complete the unfortunate process by still further submerging the individual in the State, in order to get us out of our widespread trouble, does not strike us as scientific or hopeful or logical. The same essential defect is to be found in the programmes of the Communists and of our so-called Progressives. It is progress of a sort to keep us still headed in the wrong direction, but it is misleading to champion such progress as desirable. The way into trouble is most decidedly not the way out. In reality, it is the

way to a still more complete and irreparable disaster. There is but one way out, and that is the uncompromising reversal of the way in. The way out is the limiting of mass action to absolute essentials, the effective protection of life from violence and property from theft, and the throwing wide open of all the doors of opportunity to spontaneous, self-directed activity. The world of today is individually feeble. The majority prefer the pay envelope, the labor union, legislative favors, drives upon other persons' pocket-books, charity, instead of getting out and doing things for themselves. Even our Boy Scouts invite decay by staging drives and benefits. We had supposed that their sole object was to be self-reliant and helpful. We have been made individually feeble, not only by the criminal perversion of mass action during the past ten years, but also by the increasing and mistaken mass action of many preceding years. The Socialist-Communist-Progressive plan of trying to fashion a perfect form of society through the wisdom of the very material which that society is to redeem, strikes us exactly for what it is,—an attempt to lift yourself by your own boot-straps,—and when they add immoral methods, the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth seems very far off.

However much you may want to, you can not save society *en masse*. Salvation, as we can hardly repeat too often, is strictly an individual adventure. The one way to save society is to save individual men and women. When they are sound and forceful and enlightened, the society which they collectively form will inevitably be of the right sort. Even if the gods themselves could supply the perfect social form, it would be psychologically futile to try to save man by any outer circumstance of life. The method did not work, even in the Garden of Eden. The better method was inaugurated by the cherubim with the flaming sword. It was the manly method of working out your own salvation.

The doctrine of evolution has been an immense stimulus to our modern thought. By misquotation and misapplication, however, it has also rendered some disservice. This is notably true as regards the question of environment. In the irrational world of Nature, the world of plant and animal life, environment plays its huge and important rôle; yet even here it is not all-powerful.

Many of us have come to believe that the minute changes which it evokes, the so-called acquired characters, are not transmissible, and that evolution instead of being the continuous process which we once believed it, is in reality discontinuous; not an inclined plane but a series of steps. These steps result from heritable mutations which occur in the inner life of the organism, and are as yet not understood. The story of the plant and animal world cannot be told in terms of environment, not even by adding the too-little emphasized force of heredity. There remains that profound mystery—the changes in the germ cell. In our human world, all these considerations have added force, for it is the testimony of all close scrutiny that man differs from that seemingly material world by creating his own environment. Beauty-lovers built the Parthenon, but succeeding generations gaze upon the lovely ruins without any discernible art impulse. Perhaps we sum it up by saying that while a man responds to all the myriad forces which beat upon his life, the most potent of them all are the inner forces of the Spirit.

The great war bears tragic witness to the complete failure of mass action. It is quite futile to urge that it was not mass action itself, but the abuse of mass action that got us into our present grave trouble, for as a matter of fact mass action always shows this marked tendency to abuse. Historically, mass action has always been abused; and in the very nature of things it can only be exercised through abuse,—through the imposition of your will upon mine, or of mine upon yours,—and the childish argument that the imposition was for the supposed good of the victim does not at all save the case.

We do not know of any human institution to which power may safely be entrusted. We delegate a certain protective authority to the State, but as we love liberty we surround every such delegation with urgent safeguards. Even such ideal institutions as the Church, and the School and the Family have shown an astonishing capacity for tyranny, and it has been necessary to curtail their power by strict laws. On all sides experience shows the exercise of power leading in the end to the abuse of power. And not only is this abuse a matter of world-wide and all-time experience, but it seems to us unavoidable, for there are few forms

of mass action which can go very far without grossly violating individual rights. "The greatest good of the greatest number" is not a moral argument, and in the end realizes the greatest good of nobody. To be morally sound and acceptable, the action must be right from beginning to end, and that includes both the goal and the method. There is such abundant good in our daily lives, and such bubbling happiness, especially for those of us who live in the country, that most of us suffer the minor injustices of the hour without too noisy grumbling; but the trouble is that these injustices tend to grow in both number and dimension, and to engender a certain callousness to injustice which robs us of spiritual insight and healthy-mindedness. The tragedy of perverted mass action is not alone the material violence, but even more the spiritual confusion which leads to crooked thinking. Many of these encroachments upon personal liberty are undoubtedly well meant, but the demoralizing effect is just as reprehensible as if they were badly meant. And it may never be safely forgotten that these insidious encroachments facilitate additional encroachments.

Our conviction that along with power there always goes this tendency to abuse power does not lead us to advocate anything so spineless as a world without power,—were such a world possible,—but it does lead us to urge with all earnestness that this power shall be resolutely held in check and limited to absolutely necessary channels. The fundamental function of the State is the police function, the imperative duty to protect every individual citizen from violence and interference. And this protection should be extended not only against individual transgressors, but also against associated groups, whether these groups be Congressional blocs made up of vocational partisans, or labor unions made up of "class-conscious" working-men, or corporations made up of greedy capitalists, or societies made up of blind fanatics and single-track reformers. There is but one defensible social ideal, and that is a world in which every individual is free to work out the inner impulses of the Spirit, without aggression on his part or interference on the part of others. A State which accomplished this simple, primal duty, the protection of all its citizens, would accomplish something greater than has yet been

historically recorded, and something which no State, preoccupied with illegitimate and paternalistic activities, is ever likely to accomplish. But one must not confuse mass action with coöperation, for the two have nothing in common. Coöperation is not mass action; it is confederated individual action in which the impulse is voluntary and the direction is from within. Mass action, on the contrary, is a group activity in which the compulsion and purpose are imposed from without. Its agents are not free and their activity is not moral. Many publicists have confounded mass action and coöperation. Impressed by the immense value of coöperation, and failing to see its inner and spiritual nature, they have sought through legislation to make it compulsory. But in such an enterprise failure is inevitable. To be coöperation at all, it must be voluntary. Apply legal compulsion to coöperation, and the thing ceases to be; it becomes mere mass action, always inefficient, always materialistic, always tending to grave abuse.

America, like Europe, has been taught by recent events one large and valuable lesson. We have seen the abuse of mass action on a scale never before attempted in this country. And we shall not soon be allowed to forget this very expensive object-lesson—it will be kept in mind for years to come by a burden of unreasonable and unnecessary taxation. But Americans, while they often make mistakes, hate to make the same mistake twice. This leads us to be somewhat optimistic about the future, even though we are distinctly pessimistic about the present.

The great war was an immense, unforgivable, unjustifiable calamity. No good that may flow out of it can ever balance the colossal evil. To thank God for the war instead of blaming the Devil, seems to us a sickening impiety. But the gigantic sum of evil will be slightly lessened if one permanent result of the war is to make us turn from the brass idols of a tyrannous mass action to the vital, effective spirituality of a free and awakened individualism.

"Hands Off!"

HANFORD HENDERSON.

FASCISM AND FINANCE

BY ALZADA COMSTOCK

At the opening of 1924 only two countries of Europe, Austria and Italy, found that the year that had passed had bequeathed to them an essentially new internal order. Austria, as the ward of the League of Nations, had made its painstaking progress under the direction of a foreign Commissioner. Italy alone had been pushed toward reform from within, with a flutter of national flags and ovations to a national hero. Whatever the future may hold for Fascism, that onrush of the young men of Italy, under a leader who esteemed the Napoleonic gesture and the shouts of Parliamentary Deputies rather more than the esteem of diplomatists, will continue to hold the Italian imagination. As with the great individual *coups* of the past, the glamor of the leader's personality dims and blurs the exact outlines of the national questions involved.

Mussolini is far too able a leader, however, to rely wholly upon the effect of the dramatic situations in which Italy has been placed, and to ignore the economic and financial foundations of the new order which he has established. He is aware that it is upon such things as these that citizens ponder when the great public meetings are over. Again and again since the end of October, 1923, when the first anniversary of the Fascist Revolution was celebrated, the leaders of the movement have taken stock of their accomplishments and have announced the results in a press which has had far too little of European national achievement to record. Such captions as *Decrease of Unemployment in Italy*, *Revival of Italian Industry*, and *Reduction of the Budget Deficit* have become familiar in the succeeding months. The tale of reform is almost endless, but the Fascisti have enumerated the individual acts. At the close of 1923 they announced that one thousand reforms had been introduced.

Unfortunately public education with respect to such matters as

taxation and budget making is in a somewhat elementary state, outside of Italy as well as in it. People with a greater flair for finance than the Italians have ever claimed have been ingenuously cheered by the fine words of Ministers of Finance. And it is not alone in Southern Europe that the Treasury mountain labors and brings forth a mouse. It is therefore the proper task of the financially educated to comprehend and digest the real trend of Italian fiscal affairs, as it is also its duty to recognize the exigencies of the treasuries of France and Soviet Russia, in order that the shadows which coming political events cast before them can be distinguished.

When Fascism made its dramatic entrance upon the stage of Italian official life at the end of October, 1922, the country was well on its way to the completion of the kind of a financial system which is usually termed "democratic". Since the war ended Italy had adopted a capital levy, that favorite device of the British Labour Party which the Conservative press of that country alludes to as "the confiscation of property", and which the Left Wing calls "equality of sacrifice". Security holders were forced to have their investments registered, in order that the amount of evasion by large holders of intangible property should be cut down to a minimum. The war profits of over-energetic stay-at-home manufacturers had been confiscated, and the rates of taxation on various classes of property had been made heavier.

A tax policy of this kind is bound to stimulate active and partisan interest in fiscal affairs. On one side stood the middle and poorer classes, who favored the methods used and considered them an effective way of drawing public revenue from the sources where money was plainly to be found in large quantities. They had a measure of support from some of the financial experts, who saw in Italy's strenuous fiscal policy an attempt to conform to the rigorous measures recommended by the Brussels Financial Conference of 1920 for those European countries which honestly sought rehabilitation. On the other side were the propertied classes, who felt that the mere accumulation of capital was penalized and who prophesied the economic downfall of Italy if the policy was continued.

Under Mussolini the atmosphere of the Ministry of Finance

soon changed. Following his declared intention of giving the young men of the Fascist movement positions of power, he delivered the financial affairs of Italy into the hands of Signor De Stefani, a university professor forty-four years old. (Any total of years under fifty is rated as youth in the case of a European Minister of Finance). Signor De Stefani had been a lecturer in Economics in Venice, Ferrara, and Padua, and retained many of the characteristics of the university professor.

The new Minister of Finance proved to be an uncommunicative, hardworking official, committed to the plans of the Fascist Government, not on the wings of a sudden impulse but as a matter of permanent conviction. Placed in the midst of a group of functionaries who were survivors of the former administration, he needed all of the energy, tirelessness, and perseverance with which he is said to be equipped.

The accomplishments of the reorganized Ministry of Finance in the year which followed have since been given to the public as "the setting in order of Italy's chaotic finances," as the Italian correspondent of a great metropolitan newspaper reported. Dispatches from Italy brought the news that the country's whole fiscal system had been overturned and an improved machinery substituted. It is such announcements as these, springing, no doubt, from the enthusiasm which the restored order and organization in Italian public services almost invariably arouses, which should be analyzed in the light of the facts and figures of recent history.

A change in the sales tax was the first important indication of the intention of the Mussolini Government to modify the national policy. The sales tax itself is not a Fascist measure, but a part of the former fiscal system which originated in 1921 and which provided a modest part of the revenue. What the Fascisti did was to increase the rates so that they correspond to the rates in force in several European countries although they are still lower than the rates imposed in Canada, enlarge the scope of the tax, and diminish the luxury tax rates.

With regard to the sales tax, then, the Fascisti can claim no great originality. This type of tax has been popular in Europe since the war ended, but on that continent its use has been con-

fined to countries which have found themselves in serious financial straits. It is well known as a consumer's tax and one which is capable of yielding large sums in revenue, if it is efficiently administered, on account of its ultimately universal application. As such, it fits well into the expressed Fascist policy, but the fact is that it was recognized by the earlier Government as a valuable balance wheel in a tax system which tended to impose the heavier burden on the privileged.

A much more widely discussed change was made in July, 1923, when Signor De Stefani announced that he intended to abolish the most irritating sections of the inheritance tax law. Italy's inheritance taxes amounted to very little, for their total yield was only about two per cent of the net revenue in 1921–22 and in 1922–23. Nevertheless a sensation was created when the Minister of Finance published the fact that thereafter no inheritance taxes would be paid on bequests to direct descendants, and that other inheritance taxes would be diminished. In making this announcement Signor De Stefani denounced the existing taxes as exorbitant, and said that they had caused a serious loss to Italy by bringing about the scattering of family fortunes. They had come to exist, he said, on account of the pressure from Socialist and Democratic quarters for taxation on property, but he believed the policy to have been a misguided one. The proposed changes would accomplish three things, he continued. They would strengthen the family, an institution indissolubly bound up with the moral unity of the nation; they would encourage thrift and promote the formation and conservation of small property; and, finally, they would form a measure of national justice towards the South of Italy, where tax reform, especially the reform of the taxation of land, upon which the inheritance taxes pressed most heavily, was bound up with economic prosperity.

This statement was greeted with great enthusiasm. It was unanimously approved by the ministers, and its author received the personal compliments of Mussolini, who said that the encouragement of the accumulation of family property was a sound national policy and that Italy should learn to dispense with revenue from such a source. The truth of the matter is that the inheritance tax rates were in fact unusually high, and that they had

been increased in the period of democratic control. At the time when Signor De Stefani's announcement was made the maximun rate was seventy-five per cent., with an additional five per cent. in the case of collateral heirs who already possessed certain property. The State took the entire property of intestate persons, so that it could accurately be said that confiscation was a part of the inheritance tax system. It was commonly said in Italy that the laws had the effect of destroying the incentive to save and of encouraging tax evasion.

Politically it was probably of great importance that the inheritance taxes should be changed. Fiscally the whole matter was a tempest in a teapot. The outlay of so much energy on a tax which yields hardly more than two per cent. of the national revenue, in a country which owes billions of lire of principal and unpaid interest on its foreign debt, seems hardly justified. It merely offers an example of the attention which a relatively slight change may have when the Government succeeds in turning popular attention upon it, while the public remains uninterested and uninformed on the larger and more pressing issues.

The Mussolini Government offered another sign of its attention to the burdens of the propertied taxpayers when a decree was published facilitating the payment of taxes due under the capital levy. The situation of delinquent taxpayers was somewhat eased and a rebate was allowed for payment in a lump sum. Much more important for the state of mind of the taxpayer was the repeal of the order for the compulsory registration of securities. The removal of this requirement offers a curious contradiction to the repeated announcements that the Government is making all possible efforts to gather tax dodgers into the fiscal net, and that it hopes to catch some half million who have been evading taxes.

The capital levy is somewhat more significant fiscally than the inheritance taxes, for it yielded about twice as much for the national treasury in 1922–23. Socially and politically its bearing is much the same. It dates from the period (1919) when Italy's tax system was undergoing revision to meet the heavy after-war needs, and it lays a heavy burden on persons who have large accumulations of wealth. The rates reach a maximum of fifty per cent. on property of 100,000,000 lire.

Consistency would seem to demand that the Fascist Government should pay more attention to the terms of the capital levy than to the inheritance taxes, since the capital levy is more important as a source of revenue and since it is a more immediate burden on the State's wealthier taxpayers. For some reason essential changes in the capital levy law have not appeared as a part of the financial programme. Since direct taxes are known to be in the main a burden on the property holder, while indirect taxes are paid by the general consumer, the Fascisti have emphasized the fact that some of the direct taxes which were in force when they came into power have been done away with. It is not generally stated, however, that some of these were classed as special war taxes which were due to disappear in any case. In addition to the abolition of the special war taxes, there have been a number of changes which make for the uniform treatment of the direct taxpayer.

The shift in the direction of indirect taxes has not shown itself markedly in the official figures. In the first three months of the fiscal year 1922–23 (July, August, and September, 1922), when the former democratic taxation was still in force, the yield from direct taxes was twenty-seven per cent. of the total revenue. In the corresponding period a year later, when most of the Fascist reforms had been installed, although their full effect was probably not felt, direct taxes furnished twenty-five per cent. of the total revenue. In the fiscal year 1923–24 more than 21 per cent. of the revenue came from direct taxation.

Still another widely discussed change is the abolition of commercial monopolies and the substitution of taxes on the production and consumption of coffee, which have no corresponding expenditure except the cost of collection. Here again the change is of little fiscal importance. The commercial monopolies yielded only two per cent of the national revenue, and up to the present the coffee duties have furnished even less.

Turning to the question of the budget deficit, it appears that people at home and abroad tend to overestimate the relative accomplishments of recent months. No single step so serves to establish a government in the esteem of thinking people as a serious attempt to balance the budget, and the present Government in

Italy is well aware of that fact. This is true especially of foreign opinion, to which, in spite of his expressed disavowal of internationalism, Mussolini occasionally lends a careful ear. It is natural that there should be frequent announcements of the improvement in the budget situation.

Signor De Stefani has promised that by 1926 Italy is to have a clean slate; that is, that the national deficit is to be wiped out by that time. For 1922–23 the deficit was first estimated at 4,000,000,000 lire, and then reduced to 3,000,000,000 lire. In 1923–24 it was reduced to 623,000,000 lire. At the opening of 1924 Signor De Stefani announced in the Senate that the deficit for 1924–25 would be only 700,000,000 lire, in spite of increased military expenditure.

This degree of reduction in the budget deficit is a commendable achievement, and one which should not be minimized. Nevertheless it is scarcely comparable with the accomplishments of the years just preceding, as a glance at the reports of the Financial Committee of the League of Nations demonstrates. In 1918–19 the deficit had reached its high point of 22,700,000,000 lire, or seventy per cent. of the expenditures. In the three following years that unprecedented sum was reduced to 8,000,000,000 lire, and a reduction to 5,000,000,000 lire was planned for 1922–23. This is a scale which the Mussolini Government cannot hope to equal, and for which there is fortunately no necessity. If Signor De Stefani accomplishes his purposes of balancing the budget by 1926, he will be merely following the course which was undertaken before he took office.

Late in 1923, when the budget deficit for the current fiscal year was still given at 2,600,000,000 lire by Signor De Stefani, there was some speculation in Italy as to the exact state of the country's financial affairs. Almost one-half of the specified deficit was due to arise from payments of interest to the United States and Great Britain, and of course nothing was being paid on those accounts. The greater part of the remainder of the deficit was to be caused by expenditures for reconstruction in the Venetian district, and it was a matter of common knowledge that only a part of these expenditures had been actually incurred. The question was discussed as to what unbudgeted expenditures the money was

to be applied. The reduction of the estimated deficit raises the further question as to how far the changes are due to variations in accounting methods.

On some counts, at least, expenditures have been materially reduced, following to some extent the programme of the previous Government. In August, 1921, a law had been passed empowering the Government to abolish services, offices, and individual posts, to dismiss officials and to cut down staffs, and generally to revise the scales of salaries. A Parlimentary Commission was set up to advise as to the ways of economizing in the public services. This programme was in its first stages when the Fascist revolution occurred.

Italy's foreign debts remain in the unsatisfactory position which they have occupied ever since the close of the war. The debt was contracted chiefly during the European War. Great Britain, the principal creditor, stands first with £515,000,000, and the United States second with $1,648,000,000. To each of these sums the interest, which is unpaid, must be added.

The Mussolini Government has chosen to leave the foreign debt question almost untouched. In so far as Signor De Stefani is the spokesman, Italy may be said to have taken the stand that the question of foreign debts and the question of reparations are interdependent. In May, 1923, in a widely-quoted speech on the financial situation which he made in the Scala Theater in Milan, Signor De Stefani suggested a "general" debt settlement. At the same time he announced, rather ambiguously in view of his other pronouncements on the debt question, that Italy would meet her obligations to the United States, but that she would ask for the same facilities which had been given to Great Britain.

The whole foreign debt situation has remained indefinite for so long a time that an agreement with the United States and Great Britain would redound greatly to the credit of the Mussolini Government, especially in view of the more secure financial position now claimed for Italy by the Fascist Government. Signor De Stefani would certainly disclaim any severe financial emergency such as that in which France now finds herself. The fact probably is, nevertheless, that Italy's capacity to meet external obligations is more problematical than the budget figures

would make it appear; and that the Mussolini Government, not over-experienced in financial administration at the best, has hesitated to attempt a solution.

One factor in the debt situation is the unfavorable balance of Italian foreign trade. The increased importations of raw materials, such as iron, steel, and cotton, combined with the necessary importations of foodstuffs, are not yet balanced by a growth in exports of agricultural or other products.

As matters stand now, Italy's impotence in the face of the war debt question is a factor in financial reform which the Fascisti have not yet faced squarely. The avoidance of the issue indicates either that they distrust their own powers of financial administration or that Italy is further from recovery than is generally admitted.

The internal debt is quite another matter and in many ways a simpler one, but until recently the Fascist policy has been to let well enough alone. Corresponding to the reductions in the budget deficits since 1918–19, the relative annual additions to the internal debt gradually diminished, and in 1923–24 the principal was slightly reduced. In 1924 the total reached ninety-three billion lire, causing an annual interest charge which exceeds the budget deficit. Paying out in interest a sum greater than the national deficit, which must in turn be met by increased borrowing, is a policy which only a serious emergency can justify, but it was one that was continued up to 1923–24. The progressive improvement in the budget which has been going on since the war ended has put a stop to the growth of the debt on this account, but the necessity of funding or repaying a total of nearly one hundred billion lire remains.

The present Government's expressions of satisfaction over the reduction of the amount of currency in circulation should also be viewed in the light of the preceding monetary policies. Under the Mussolini Government the paper circulation fell from 20,179,000,000 lire on January 1, 1923, to 19,654,000,000 on December 31, 1923, a drop of less than three per cent. in twelve months. But during the previous year the circulation decreased by approximately 12 per cent. Here again the new Government can be seen to be carrying out the deflation policy of the previous

Government, but again more gradually and more cautiously. Meanwhile the price of the lire on the foreign exchanges fell during 1923 from 5.1 cents to 4.3 cents, and in 1924 to 4.0 cents.

The closer inspection of the financial condition of Italy shows that the statements of the youthful Fascist leaders are colored by their own unquenchable optimism. The truth is that there has been much smoke and little fire. The tax system has been changed so that it is somewhat less burdensome to the well-to-do and propertied, but the fiscal effects of the changes have been exaggerated. On the other hand the gradual reduction of the budget deficit and the deflation of the currency are programmes of the previous administration which Mussolini has carried out at a more gradual pace. Even the reform and economy in the public services were steps planned by the former Government. Meanwhile the balance of trade continues to be unfavorable to Italy, the foreign debt situation is unchanged, the internal debt is oppressive and the value of the lire has fallen under the Fascisti.

The talents and accomplishments of the Fascist Government in the financial line are still to be demonstrated. Up to the present its abilities are more conspicuous in the field of politics and social reform than in the tasks of fiscal administration.

ALZADA COMSTOCK.

THE ACADEMIC HOUR OF TRIAL

BY EDWARD P. WARNER

It is not surprising that students should be substantially in accord among themselves in feeling that the scholastic millennium will have arrived when the examination has disappeared forever from the calendar. The dates of mid-years and finals are marked, not in red but in the most sombre black. Even so the criminal at the dock must regard the approaching hour of his sentence.

More startling, however, is the agreement of a certain group in the teaching profession, who have come to look with scorn upon the old-fashioned examination and to seek its replacement by a psychological test or an analysis of character or some other fancy of the hour. To be sure, so far as labor involved is concerned the teacher has more to complain of than the student, for it is a far more tedious and exhausting task to read and mark a hundred examinations than to prepare for and write two or three. The instructor should, however, be in a position to recognize the great value of the examination to the students, and he must find the basis for a mark somewhere unless the school is to be run on the good Communistic policy that all men are equal in ability, attainments, and industry, and can therefore all be graded alike without any tiresome formalities.

With growing pressure alike from the student and from a section of the faculty, the examination would really be in danger if anything could be found which would satisfactorily take its place. That no effective substitute has yet been produced, however, throws rather serious doubt on the force of the objections which have been raised against the written test of knowledge.

The first and the most frequently voiced of those objections, bears on the uselessness of the test and on its inaccuracy in the grading of a class. It is declared that the examination furnishes no real measure of the student's knowledge of the subject, but only of the intensity of his cramming during the few hours im-

mediately preceding the ordeal. It is further said that the ability to write a good paper is dependent largely on temperament and nervous condition, and that many a student fails because of inability to tell what he knows.

The second allegation is true beyond all doubt. The first may or may not be true in any particular instance. When it is, the fact constitutes a rather grave indictment of the examiner. A paper properly prepared can be relied on to reveal the difference between the answer which results from real study and thought and that which grows out of a feverish conning and partial memorizing of a set of seminar notes or out of a few hours' high-priced tutoring by a specialist whose most valuable qualification is an alleged ability to read the teacher's mind and prophesy what questions will be asked.

Both of the attacks just mentioned, however, regardless of the truth of their premises, ignore the very close parallel between the questions on an examination and the problems which the graduate will have to confront in business or professional life. Few men are so happily situated as to be able to take an indefinitely long time for the solution of each problem that arises in their lives. Most of us must work under pressure. Most of us are confronted on many occasions by the necessity of giving the best answer possible within a certain very limited space of time. Most of us have had the experience of having to acquire the largest possible amount of information on a comparatively new subject within a few days or weeks. Most of us, in short, have to do at brief intervals exactly what the school boy does in preparing for and taking his examination. It is then altogether proper that the examination should furnish a test of temperament and of calmness under fire, as well as of familiarity with the subject matter of the course.

There is, indeed, nothing wicked about being able to cram for a test or about using that ability. We may regret that the occasional student, the envied of all his fellows, who can peacefully loaf for four months and then pass an examination with high standing after forty-eight hours of preparation, should have wasted the four months, but his ability to compress the normal work of a term into two days should call forth nothing but appro-

bation. His is the stuff of which genius is made. Our attempts to blast him with scorn are symptomatic partly of our envy, partly of a surviving trace of the grim puritanical spirit which holds that whatever is easy or pleasant must be fundamentally evil. Having taken the ant, the bee, and the tortoise as our ideals in nature, we are loath to see the human prototype of the jack-rabbit disdainfully winning the scholastic race.

It is easy to justify the examination, and to shatter the arguments brought against its use. Its greatest value, however, does not appear in the tabulated marks and is not likely to be clear to the student himself, for it should constitute a sign-post to point out to the teacher the defects in his method by displaying the weaknesses of his product. The potentialities of the examination as a revealer of character and of the real worth of previous training become apparent only to the instructor who has had to set scores of papers and to read answer-books numbered by the thousands. Analysis of such a mass of material furnishes a sad commentary on the average student's clearness and accuracy of thought and ability to concentrate, and it shows him lamentably unfitted for any sudden test where the answer must be correct and where his work is to pass under the stern judgment of an employer rather than under the teacher's comparatively lenient view.

Changing rôles, then, the author begs leave to lay aside the robes of the counsel for the defense of the examination system and to appear as the prosecuting attorney against the modern student. More accurately, the indictment should be levied against the training which the modern student receives, for he is only what his masters have made him. If he is careless, evasive, and indifferent, they must shoulder the blame.

The first item in the bill of particulars charges an unquenchable optimism, a virtue carried to excess. Not only does there persist a widespread belief that it is possible to "bluff through" a course, the instructor being so short-sighted as to be unable to distinguish between the student who works conscientiously and the one who studies nothing except his teacher's supposed weak points and idiosyncrasies, but in some cases the examinee goes to the length of supposing that he can dodge the intended

examination entirely, either by open or covert means. I have heard of a student who, after a brief survey of a mathematical paper, headed her book with the statement: "I cannot answer any of the questions, but this is what I do know," and then wrote for two hours on subjects entirely unrelated to those proposed by the professor. I do not know whether or not her ingenuity was rewarded by a passing mark, but I sincerely hope not. Correspondence school advertisements have familiarized all of us with the pleasing tale of the rapid rise of the young man who astounded the board of directors by answering the question which had balked them individually and collectively, but no one has yet given to the public the biography of the youth who told his boss: "Sir, I do not know how much business we did in Kansas last year, nor have I taken the trouble to find out, but the population of Rotterdam is 510,000." One suspects that his annals were short and simple.

Akin to the deliberate dodging of questions is the failure to answer a question completely because it is not comprehended as a whole. Only the exceptional student seems able to read a query running to over a hundred words set as a single paragraph and gain any connected idea of what it is all about. If the question is in two parts, and they are not separated by semicolons and marked by distinct symbols or segregated in different paragraphs, the first part will be answered while the other passes unnoticed in a large proportion of cases. The power of concentrating on what is read seems to have vanished from the earth.

That atrophied power should be brought back, and its return can best be induced by setting examinations which force its use. The Army psychological tests, loudly praised and hotly condemned, had at least one shining merit. Conundrums such as, "If New Orleans is not the capital of Tibet, and if the distance from Shanghai to Vancouver is not so great as that from Indianapolis to the moon, put a cross in the circle which is not outside of a square in the lower left-hand corner of the triangle containing a pentagon with six polka-dots," were useful for other purposes than to enact the rôle accredited to arithmetical division in the old rhyme, to drive the student mad. They had to be read attentively, word by word, and the luckless candidate who

attempted to follow the usual examination procedure of shooting a single piercing glance at the question as he started to write an answer might as well have saved himself even that glance. Something of their form might well be retained now and in future in examining on specific subjects.

In trying to force a class to concentrate on a question, and incidentally to test their ability to do so, I have on several occasions set questions on engineering with all figures and dimensions written out in words. The resultant collapse was practically total. Some increased difficulty, and some delay in the work, had been anticipated, but I had never dreamed that the effect of writing "seven thousand nine hundred and sixty-three feet" in place of 7963 ft. would be so utterly devastating that college graduates would become unable to make any rational approach to the solution of an algebraic problem, which, while rather long, was not particularly difficult. The same result is produced by any wording in the least complex, whether or not figures are involved.

The idea that it is the function of an examiner, by the use of trick questions or otherwise, to fail as large a part of a class as possible, has now disappeared if it ever existed, but such tests as that just described are worth trying if their meaning is afterward brought home to the class which served as the vehicle of the experiment. The boy or girl who is incapable of grasping the meaning of any sentence or paragraph longer or more delicately phrased than those affected by "writers with a punch" in the more sensational portion of the daily press is unfit to pass any examination, whether in English, calculus, or botany, and his or her deficiencies should be pointed out with enough force to insure a real effort to remedy them. The cause of the failing is mental laziness, and the cure must come from within.

Another item of complaint, no less serious than the lack of attention to the subject matter of the question to be dealt with, is seemingly total inability to use the English language as a medium of expression of thought when under pressure. Especially in dealing with technical subjects, students apparently throw the rules of grammar and of sentence structure overboard as unworthy of the serious attention of practical men, and produce

such astounding statements as: "Longitudinal stability of an airplane is when, after disturbing, returns into a path." That was actually written as a complete sentence. It would be conservative to say that less than 50 per cent. of all students of collegiate grade phrase their examinations as a whole in anything resembling literary English. A fairly large fraction, like the author of the quotation just given, are not only non-literary but positively illiterate, and a number of others produce books which suggest the pernicious influence of an excessive experience in the composition of ten-word telegrams, all articles and most pronouns being omitted.

While the new style of examination, the outgrowth of the Army psychological tests already alluded to, possesses many excellent features, it is having a disastrous effect on the ability to use English for answering questions. When the attempt is deliberately made to put a test in such form that every answer can be given by a single word or figure or by putting a cross in a vacant space, the ability to write grammatically when under stress necessarily suffers. Unfortunately, the problems encountered outside the schoolroom seldom arise in a form so ideally simplified that they can be answered in one word, or in a dozen. The examination should test not only knowledge of fact but also reasoning powers and powers of expression, and the result of a lengthy train of thought cannot be standardized or abbreviated to such a point that it can be said that there is only one correct answer, permitting of an unqualified verdict of "right" or "wrong". The ability to write clearly must then always be a factor.

Finally, as a last sub-heading in the indictment, a protest should be lodged against the offering of vast amounts of redundant and irrevelant information supposed to give an atmosphere of omniscience, and through which the unfortunate but conscientious examiner must wade in the hope of finding something that bears on the question asked. If the bad English commonly used is to be held attributable to the rules of the telegraph companies, this unconscionable redundancy and diffuseness and wandering from the subject might with equal fairness be ascribed to attention to the less profitable of the proceedings of American legislative

bodies. When a discussion of ship subsidies brings forth a two-hour speech on the history of political revolutions from one Senator, an extensive and intensive commentary on the exhumation of King Tut-Ankh-Amen from another, and a heated attack on the "sharks and wolves of Wall Street" from a third, the schoolboy can hardly be blamed for supposing that it is proper for him, after exhausting his very meagre store of information on the history of the United States in Jefferson's administration, to go on and write three pages more on the events which led up to the Civil War.

Once again, the fault lies with the system of training. Irrelevancy should be penalized in no uncertain fashion, and checked before the habit is acquired. The world is too busy to listen to rambling disquisitions by people who, like the Walrus, feel that the present hour is always the time to talk of many things. The ability to say what is to be said on one subject and then stop short, without wandering off into alien fields or saying the same thing over again in different words, is a rare one, and it should be diligently stimulated and carefully cultivated when it has once appeared. The educated citizen should attain the high ideal set up in Gelett Burgess's quatrain:

> A thoughtful man will never set
> His tongue a-going and forget
> To stop it when his brain has quit
> A-thinking thoughts to offer it.

Much of the disfavor into which examinations have fallen in some quarters is based on the excessive demand that the conventional type of test makes on memory. The publication of Mr. Edison's questionnaires has brought forward heated objections from a multitude of teachers who have very properly maintained that the temporary storage of a prodigious number of facts in the mind of the student is not the primary goal of education, and that the ability to interpret facts sought out at the proper sources is of far more importance. Those same teachers, however, as a whole, have been inconsistent in setting examinations which do in a half-hearted manner what Mr. Edison does whole-heartedly and straightforwardly.

The fairest test of a student's knowledge of a subject is given by putting a question requiring some original thought, a question for which no direct and complete answer can be found in print anywhere, and then allowing the use of lecture notes and books during the examination. With the usual limitations of time, the subject matter of the course must be well in mind, and there must also be a thorough familiarity with the literature of the topic, in order that the desired information can be located before the close of the test. The student who thinks to pass by sheer bulk of material employed, and who comes staggering into the examination room, as one of my pupils once did, with three suitcases full of books to carry him through a two-hour test, soon learns the danger of over-reaching himself and finds that all his portable library will avail nothing unless he is already intimately acquainted with the content of every book in it or unless he has at hand an information index of exceptional efficiency.

A professional or business man is confronted by two sorts of technical problems, those which require immediate answer on the basis of such information as is actually in mind and those which permit of some delay for the consultation of notes and authorities. The latter are the more numerous and the more important, and should be represented on every examination paper, at least in scientific or mathematical subjects. There is much to be said, however, for the division of examinations into two parts, the first to deal with questions of fact and to be taken without notes, the second to be composed of problems exacting a certain amount of originality in treatment. In the second part the student should be allowed to reënforce his memory with any literary or mechanical aids that he cares to bring with him.

When we discuss examinations and their usefulness we necessarily become involved with the question of marking, a question on which the community has elected, when it has thought about it at all, to practise diligent self-deception. Educational authorities and college entrance boards still cling fondly to the delusions that a passing mark is represented by a certain "percentage", and that that arbitrary figure has a real numerical significance. In very rare instances, it may have such significance. It is possible to give a test in mental arithmetic contain-

ing a hundred problems and to say that the mark is numerically equal to the number answered correctly, but the greatest scholar in the world might be defied to read a student's discussion of "Shakespeare's use of low comedy relief as illustrated by the rôle of Launcelot Gobbo" and say whether the "percentage of correctness" was forty-two or seventy-nine. Numerical ratios cannot be applied to complex and abstract quantities. One can no more set a correct numerical mark on the usual examination paper than one can define character by saying that a man is 52 per cent. educated, 78 per cent. honest, and 27 per cent. good-looking. Whether the so-called "passing mark" be set at 50, 60, or 70 per cent. is then a matter of absolutely no ultimate significance, and the lengthy discussions which have been waged over the exact location of that critical point represent a waste of breath.

It is perfectly possible to set an examination where the best student in the class will not be able to solve more than half of the problems, and there is much to be said in favor of following that course. It establishes a complete scale of gradation, with no bunching of almost perfect papers at the top, and it gives the brilliant student something to work for. The use of very long and hard papers would be much commoner than it now is, however, if the idea of percentage could be annihilated for all time, a purely arbitrary scale of marks being substituted, and if the students could be persuaded that they were not being subjected to persecution whenever such an examination was presented. The number of men failing, in a given class, should be no larger on a hard examination than on a comparatively easy one, for the real scale of marking is correspondingly changed, but undergraduate tradition neglects the existence of that equalizing factor.

Another phase of the marking question bears on the supposed uncertainty of the marks given. There have been, from time to time, reports of tests in which a group of teachers disagreed widely on the marking of a paper in English or history, and great efforts have been made to find some sort of examination which would leave the teacher no discretion in judging the results. The Army succeeded in that quest during the war, for the *Alpha* and *Beta* tests were marked with stencils. There was only one correct answer, and that one was wholly correct. The Army's

problem, however, was rather a special one, as uniformity of grading method at the various cantonments was essential and much of the examining had to be done by officers without previous teaching experience. Complete control by a central authority was therefore wise and necessary, but in civil life in times of peace the mere fact that two teachers may not exactly agree on the mark that a given paper should receive affords no reason for assuming all teachers incompetent and adopting as a result of that assumption a type of examination in many respects inferior to the present one. The test of the abilities of the student of an art should be analogous to the test which has to be met by its practitioners, and no one would be mad enough to suggest that a novelist's reputation ought to stand or fall solely on his success with a series of questions, each answerable in a single word, designed to test the extent of his vocabulary, or that a mathematician should be rated by the number of problems in mental arithmetic that he can solve correctly in a given time. Supposedly competent critics, like teachers, may disagree in their judgments, but their opinions are very much fairer than the results of any arbitrarily standardized test. As a matter of fact, the probable extent of disagreement is exaggerated, thanks to the pernicious influence of numerical marking already commented upon. One man may mark a paper 84 and another may give it only 52, but if each undertook to arrange ten papers in order of excellence they would certainly arrive at nearly identical results.

There are many possible points of discussion regarding the best type of examination and the best method of giving and marking it, but they are all sub-headings under one main issue. The really important thing is that the importance of the written test and its "practicality" shall be brought home to the student, and that can be done only if the questions set before him are similar to those with which he will have to deal after he leaves school or college. In that direction, and not through any violent revolution, lies the road of salvation for academic tests and grading systems.

EDWARD P. WARNER.

ANATOLE FRANCE

BY SAMUEL C. CHEW

I

"*Certes, c'est un subject merveilleusement vain, divers et ondoyant, que l'homme; il est malaysé d'y fonder jugement constant et uniforme.*" The famous words might have been written to epitomize the intellectual adventure which was the life of Anatole France; and they come to mind as one attempts to reduce to order the tangle of contradictory impressions and sensations of which his writings are composed. To his foreign admirers he has represented the most characteristic qualities of the French genius; but foreigners who have been in touch with the younger French intellectuals know that of late years his position of pre-eminence has been a lonely one and that his attitude of sterile æstheticism and ironic negation no longer commands unqualified sympathy and assent. His death has of course evoked tributes of extraordinary warmth from men of every shade of opinion and belief; but this homage has been paid to the artist rather than to the thinker, and is of a very different character from that offered less than a year ago to the memory of Maurice Barrès. The public esteem accorded him differed, too, in kind as well as in degree from that accorded to Pierre Loti and Marcel Proust. (For, alas! in little more than a year the French have lost their four leading men of letters.)

The contrast between his reputation at home and abroad is not the only paradox in France's life. Typically French though he was, he spoke to the widest European audience of all writers of our age. He was the offspring of the defeated generation of eighteen-seventy, yet he lived to offer his sword and devote his pen to the service of the Allies in the Great War. Preferring the cool seclusion of æsthetic and scholarly enjoyment, he nevertheless fought valiantly on more than one occasion in the arena of public life. He was a complete sceptic, yet was versed in the

subtleties of theological polemic; an anti-clerical, yet portraying with a fidelity born, surely, of affection a multitude of ecclesiastics. He viewed history as (in Gibbon's devastating words) "a record of the crimes and errors and follies of mankind"; yet to that melancholy record he was irresistibly attracted. He was an epicurean and voluptuary, yet dominated by the keenest sense of justice and easily swayed by pity. He was essentially critical, yet in a measure creative; cynical, yet touched by sentiment; cruel, and yet kind. The moment analysis begins to function, these and other contradictory traits appear, making it the more curious that the total impression of the man and his work remains singularly clear-cut, unified, and harmonious. A basic rhythm informs the diverse and undulating mass; there is no "constant and uniform judgment" but there is a constant and uniform point of view.

His death in Tours suggests a comparison with those great Tourangeaux, Rabelais and Ronsard, Descartes and Balzac. Tepid in his admiration for Rabelais, for he disliked loud tones and broad effects, he was Rabelaisian in the authentic sense of that much abused term in that he concealed a serious philosophy beneath ironic wit and mocking laughter. In common with Ronsard he was possessed of an ardent love of life and beauty and scholarship and France. To Descartes, howsoever little the easy resolution of the Cartesian "doubt" could satisfy him, he could not but owe—and he admitted the debt—something of his strictness of analysis and clarity of expression. From Balzac he differed as artistry differs from creative energy. He has himself called that master "the maker of a world," adding: "*Il ne faut pas être trop délicat pour créer un monde.*" The *Histoire contemporaine* betrays at more than one point indebtedness to Balzac's stories of provincial life, but in comparison with the *Comédie humaine* France's books mirror but a fragment of society. Such analogies might be pressed much further, for this heir to the central tradition of French art and letters recalls the qualities of many of his predecessors: Villon, Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire, Stendhal, Daudet, Taine, Renan.

Thoroughly French, he was also European. His mind and art stand out in clean, sharply defined profile against the background

of contemporary thought. To follow the academic mode and attempt to "place" a writer so personal, so illusive, so impalpable as Anatole France, were pedantry worse than idle; but certain broad relations may be briefly suggested. The closing decades of the century were marked by a philosophic gloom which mere material prosperity served rather to intensify than to alleviate. The past was strewn with errors and follies and the wrecks of creeds. The present was strident, hurried and confused. Thick darkness veiled the future. The few writers of recognised European eminence sounded a common note of pessimism. The "glad confident morning" of Browning's unreasoned optimism had given place to a sultry afternoon, presaging a night of storm. Meredith's vigorous naturalism became an anachronism. Rebellion, criticism and negation were voiced insistently. Tolstoi was dominant for a time. The vogue of Ibsen spread through Europe. Maeterlinck, followed by a little band of Gaelic singers, withdrew from struggle with the world into a mystical and mournful fairyland. Ruskin's æsthetic yielded in influence to Pater's cyrenaicism, which in turn degenerated into the petty cult of the French and English decadents with their squalid lusts and pitiable religiosity. Huysmans met with and recorded a complex spiritual experience. D'Annunzio surrendered with unscrupulous abandon to the beauty of material things and to the dictates of sense. Hardy, his sympathy tinged with bitterness, watched the vain efforts of humanity, bound to the wheel of an iron determinism and drawn hither and yon by the halyards of an implacable and purposeless Will. The one positive and bracing note of the period is that of practical meliorism. Another note, equally positive but not, save for a few minds, invigorating, was expressed in devotion to art—art which comes to man proposing only to give the highest quality to the passing moment.

It was amidst this ferment that the voice of Anatole France was first heard beyond his own country; and there is scarcely an aspect of the turmoil that is not reflected in his writings. He made no such complete act of surrender to sensuality as did D'Annunzio, for lust is a serious matter and cannot brook irony and derision; but his nature was profoundly voluptuous, in the narrow English as well as in the broader French sense of the word, and he

devoted the sharpest scourges of his wit to the chastisement of asceticism. The same yearnings that inspired Maeterlinck to build his own world of myth and fancy wafted Anatole France into a dream-world of the past; for has he not said that to dream even more than to laugh distinguishes men from beasts and proves their superiority? The cool detached criticism of his early manhood evolved into the practical reforming zeal of the Dreyfus period and the Socialistic addresses; and presently this enthusiasm was derided with mordant bitterness which in its turn subsided into the mellow, urbane, and for the most part gracious irony of his final phase. For his scepticism has been so complete that often it has mocked and taunted the negative conclusions into which it has forced him.

Of all the bonds that connect him with other modern Europeans the strongest is, I think, that with Walter Pater. The analogy is so close as to warrant further examination, for it has been seldom indicated by the critics. France's fame has been immeasurably farther-reaching; he has achieved without courting it a vast popularity which Pater likewise never solicited. His writings possess qualities of wit and irony and felicity that set them altogether above those of the English cyrenaic. Nor will many people be found to prefer the elaborate harmonies of Pater's style to the exquisite clarity of the French master. Pater embroiders a somewhat limited surface with studied arabesque; France hides immense effort and erudition beneath an utter simplicity and limpidity of expression. Pater's constant, Flaubertesque struggles for fine distinctions and subtle half-tones of meaning compare unfavorably with France's perfect ease and assurance. Pater is solemn and slow-moving, France delicate and debonnair. Moreover France's range of interest is less confined than Pater's, though the circle of his basic thoughts has no longer radius. He is less cloistered, more intimately attached to life; and his cyrenaicism is more deeply rooted, his scepticism bolder and more consistent. Yet the resemblance in thought is as distinct as is the dissimilarity in style. Both men envisaged life from the same point of view. Both—Pater by precept, France by example—sought to rehabilitate the Epicurean ideal. Indeed, one might, echoing Pater, use the general title "Anatole the Epi-

curean: His Sensations and Ideas" to embrace all France's works. To both men, the present moment, set between "two hypothetical eternities," being the one thing certain in a fluctuating world, the problem is "how to give the highest quality to the moments as they pass." That highest quality is the gift of art. Scepticism creates a new and intense interest in the past, an interest which France long ago noted as a peculiar characteristic of the modern spirit, for "*la curiosité était née avec le doute*"; and this intellectual curiosity is a salient trait in the temperament alike of Pater and of France. From it come their repeated experiments, in essence critical rather than creative in the sense that the supreme imaginative writers create, to "reconstruct" past epochs of human history, the choice being invariably of periods of religious unrest and intellectual ferment. With more space at command one might draw up elaborate parallels between *Thaïs* and *Marius the Epicurean*, or between the *Imaginary Portraits* and *La Rotisserie de la Reine Pédauque*. Each writer is most expert in a form of prose narrative that is near akin to but never merges into the novel. The only characters in their stories who act and think with any approach to the fulness of life imparted by the great masters of fiction are projections of the writer's own personality. The comparison of France and Pater might easily be pushed much further. Their ethic (if so fluid a thing can be called by a name so stable) is similar, consisting as it does in an example of comeliness and elegance in the relations of life. Their philosophy of criticism is identical, for both are personal, subjective, impressionistic, and eclectic. And in a passage of Pater may be found the formula to synthesize the diverse traits of France's work: in that sentence where he pleads against "the stupidity which is dead to substance and the vulgarity which is dead to form."

II

All the world is acquainted with the story of the childhood and youth of François[1] Anatole Thibault, who in after years rendered illustrious the happily chosen pseudonym of Anatole France, and

[1 I have often seen the statement that France's original first name was Jacques; but in a letter of his reproduced in *facsimile* lately I have read his own statement that it was François. —Author.]

who is reincarnated as little Pierre Nozière in four volumes of autobiographic reminiscence thinly overlaid with fiction. I shall not take the bloom from that beautiful autumnal second flowering of lost youth by attempting to retell the tale. It is sufficient to remember that Anatole's father was a bookseller of the Quai Malaquais, of a type that has almost disappeared from Paris, though the Librairie Champion on the same quai still retains something of the old flavor. To Thibault's shop came the brothers De Goncourt and other *literati*, not merely to purchase books but to linger and chat and pore over dusty volumes. The boy listened to their conversation, and browsed along the shelves and among the book-stalls which then, as now, lined the quais, gathering abundant material for reverie and ample suggestions for experiments in the adventure of living. These experiments never by any chance turned out successfully. His father seems not to have understood him; and his wise mother, who insisted that he stick to his letters instead of imitating Saint Simeon Stylites or some great military leader, impressed him as unsympathetic and uncomprehending, though she was not. The world of romance lay just enticingly beyond the limits of his daily walks with his old nurse.

He went reluctantly to school, learning in the class-room little save a detestation of pedantry. He visited the galleries of the Louvre across the river. He fell in love. He went to college. Taste, inclination, and environment joined to lead him into a career of letters; and in his first volume, a study of Alfred de Vigny (1868), he anticipated the methodless impressionism of his later criticism. The formative influences of the years of adolescence, while his mind was winning towards independence, were Leconte de Lisle, the De Goncourts, and especially Renan.

It was the period of the Parnassians, and the young author could not but publish in due course two volumes of firmly chiselled, tasteful, scholarly, and restrained verse, but cold, studied, and without glow. I have just turned anew to *Les Poëmes dorés* and *Les Noces corinthiennes*, and find in them, for all their polished assurance, no line or stanza that remains in the memory. But the poems are not negligible, for in them one sees the most personal of writers determined to conform to the doctrine of imper-

sonality in literature. Within a few years France had sweepingly denied, with quite exceptional peremptoriness, not only the desirability but the possibility of keeping the artist's self out of his work. Meanwhile his association with the Parnassians had inspired *Le Chat maigre*, a slight but witty skit upon the eccentricities of a literary cenacle. This is a first and trivial experiment in a manner which he was to resume with dire earnestness in later years, for in it we see the accomplished ironist turning, as the ironist must turn, upon himself and his associates. The atmosphere of *Le Chat maigre* is suggestive of Alphonse Daudet, whose influence upon Anatole France, though waning, had not disappeared when in 1881 he published *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, the book which first brought him into general notice. Herein is much autobiography. Books and booksellers play as large a part in it as do architects in the early novels of Thomas Hardy, and for a like reason. Bonnard himself is France's first full-length self-portrait, not as he was then at the age of thirty-seven but as he foresaw his development in later life. The portrait is to be hung on the line with those of the Abbé Coignard and Monsieur Bergeret, while if the reader will he may "sky" the somewhat less successful replicas in *Le Lys rouge* and elsewhere.

Another early influence, more quickly discarded than that of Daudet, was the work of the De Goncourts. It is seen in the repellent little tale *Jocaste*, a piece of apprentice-work in "naturalism". He returned for no more lessons in that school, and his distaste for the theories, methods and productions of the naturalists led him on more than one occasion to attack Zola with less than his customary urbanity. He deprecates the "inhumanity" of these writers who would tear the veils and strip the adornments from life and in so doing would undo the world's long effort to render existence more beautiful, more gracious, more seemly. In an article on George Sand he wrote: "*L'art naturaliste n'est pas plus vrai que l'art idéaliste. Monsieur Zola ne voit pas l'homme et la nature avec plus de verité que ne les voyait Madame Sand. Il n'a pour les voir que ses yeux comme elle avait les siens. . . . Naturalistes et idéalistes sont également les jouets des apparences.*" *Les jouets des apparences!* In the phrase there is the pith and fine distillate of the long series of critiques which he contributed

to the *Temps* and other journals and which are collected in the four volumes of *La Vie littéraire*.

III

To *Les Noces corinthiennes* was appended a prose note in which France describes the religious turmoil of the first Christian century, when "the triple world," at once Roman, Hellenic, and barbarous, lay open to an invasion of all the follies of morbid Oriental cults, outlandish prodigies, Thessalian magic, Etruscan rites, and a myriad of superstitions which poured over the strongholds of the religions of classical paganism. Keenly sensitive to "the fair humanities of old religion," he is yet already acutely aware of the relativity of truth. It must have been about this time that Flaubert's *Tentation de Saint Antoine* arrested his attention; and still more certain is the influence of Ernest Renan, the proximate master of Anatole France.

The final phase of Renan's life overlaps the first phase of France's maturity. The rugged work of the great sceptic's prime was well-nigh accomplished, and in old age he enjoyed the fire-side ease of scholarly dilettantism, condescending on occasion to flippancy. The war with Prussia, the foundation of the Third Republic, and the new vitality evident in the Catholic Church, were three facts which, running counter to his most firmly held opinions, strengthened Renan in his one remaining conviction—the distrust of all convictions. The motive which runs through his series of philosophic dramas and dialogues (his last great work) is that of the relativity and instability of all truth. In these brief and brilliant pieces (wherein the manner of Anatole France is more nearly anticipated than anywhere else in French literature) Renan seeks to distinguish between the infinitesimal shades through which opinion runs, from certitude, through the several degrees of probability, to the plausible, and on to the merely possible. In no programme, formula, preconception or system is absolute truth to be found. He doubts even the value of such a quest; perhaps were utter truth discovered it would prove to be a most melancholy thing. Thus Caliban, the protagonist of popular ignorance, dethrones Prospero, the personification of science; yet under the protection of Caliban Prospero completes his destiny

and dies in peace. Again, Antistius, the humanitarian priest of Nemi, seeks for the good of his people to abolish the ancient blood-thirsty ritual of Diana's temple, only to be himself immolated by that very people upon the altar of the Arician cult. By these and other parables Renan seeks to illustrate the tests of truth and probability which he had formulated years before in the preface to the *Vie de Jésus*. The various forms in which he set forth this doctrine of relativity made an ineradicable impression upon the mind of Anatole France. "*Je suis sûr de très peu de choses en ce monde*," says France; and of Jules Lemâitre he writes, in words that are applicable to himself: "*Il conçoit que sur toutes choses il y a beaucoup de verités, sans qu'une seule de ces verités soit la Verité.*" And elsewhere he announces "*le principe de notre éternelle ignorance, de l'ignorance à laquelle la condition d'hommes nous condamne, murés que nous sommes en nous-mêmes comme dans un rocher, et solitaires, hallucinés, au milieu du monde.*" The so often praised "simplicity" of his style is not that naïveté which Baudelaire described as "*la domination du tempérament dans la manière*"; rather it is the last refinement of taste and scholarship, that "second ignorance" of which Pascal speaks and which is the outcome of long inquiry and fruitless knowledge. Renan had said: "*Je n'ai jamais pu croire que, dans aucun ordre de choses, il fût mauvais d'y voir trop clair*," only to become convinced that few indeed were the things which it was possible to see clearly at all. In one of several appreciations of Renan, France analysed his qualities as a combination of critical acumen and scientific scepticism with a vital sense of the divine and a secret instinct of the needs of the human soul. "*Sans croire, il est infiniment apte à saisir toutes les délicatesses des croyances populaires.*" Yet the pupil makes free with the very master who endowed him with the gifts of scepticism and irony, for elsewhere we find the comment: "If we may believe this kindly shepherd of souls, . . . we shall all enter Paradise—unless, indeed, there be no Paradise, which is exceedingly probable." For Anatole France from the beginning of his career renounced the effort to discover absolute truth, thus starting from the point which his master reached only after decades of arduous intellectual effort. France jests without repeating Pilate's question.

It is this ultimate ignorance which renders the artist and thinker essentially of like sort with the *gendarme* and Crainquebille. "To think," says Anatole, "is to feel the tragic absurdity of life." Absurd, and therefore to be met with laughter; tragic, and therefore to be accorded pity. In his notice of one of Loti's books he remarks upon "the profound pity, the beautiful sympathy which it is the lot of beautiful natures to possess"; and elsewhere he has defined an "*honnête homme*" as one whose intercourse with his fellows is suave and confident, whose intelligence knows no fear, and whose soul is smiling and "*pleine d'indulgence.*" With such a point of view it was impossible to enclose his mind within any system. One is reminded of the experiences recorded by Baudelaire. "*J'ai essayé plus d'une fois,*" writes Baudelaire, "*de m'enfermer dans un système pour y prêcher à mon aise. . . . Et toujours un produit spontané, inattendu, de la vitalité universelle venait donner un démenti à ma science.*" Only France never made the fruitless attempt.

Murés en nous-mêmes! "Walled within ourselves!" Within that narrow chamber there is little room for any certitude; and at most France permitted himself but a diffident trust in his sensations, without ever affirming them to be valid for other people. He has declared that every book and every landscape takes on a different and distinct form in the eyes of each person who perceives it and in the soul of each person who conceives it. "*L'esprit du vrai critique,*" Baudelaire had said, "*comme l'esprit du vrai poète, doit être ouvert à toutes les beautés.*" Anatole France possessed and exercised this receptivity, being ever ready to taste and enjoy any "spontaneous and unexpected product of the universal vitality." The chances are less, he reckons, of our admiration deceiving us utterly if we admire very diverse things. He has been aptly called "the Don Juan of ideas and feelings, desiring to caress and possess them all"; and like Charles Lamb, he is an Ariel of criticism, carried on the wings of fancy from flower to flower.

IV

By middle life France was firmly established in popular reputation and his vogue had spread abroad. We find Henry James,

for example, recommending this "real master" to R. L. Stevenson, who refused to regard him as other than a mere "pretty writer." *Thaïs* (1890) was the offspring of the intensely energetic and fecund period which lasted till about 1908. Popularized by the sentimental and inappropriate music of Massenet, whose librettist passes in silence over the tremendous episodes following Paphnuce's return to the desert, this romance has often been pronounced, even by good judges, a concession to sentimentality. In reality it is one of France's largest studies in irony. The *volte-face* which he invariably accomplishes comes when, having retold with insidious loveliness the old legend of the conversion of the Alexandrian courtesan, he narrates the after-courses of the monk's life when, the prey to pride, the *fons et origio* of all the sins, his soul becomes hideous as a vampire. Considered more broadly, the book is, like *Marius*, a picture of the last days of the ancient pagan world at whose death-bed stands Christianity, its inheritor. A perfect mosaic of scholarship drawn from a thousand sources, it is yet pieced together in a smooth and lustrous pattern with a mastery that invites comparison with the laborious and bristling documentation of *Salammbô*. The slyly reticent sensuality of some episodes points forward to Pierre Louys's *Aphrodite* and to the indiscretions in France's last romance, *La Révolte des Anges*. The characteristic interest in conflicting creeds includes allusions to that Manichæan heresy which has fired the imagination of so many modern sceptics. These allusions provide a key to the dualism of *La Révolte*. In a manner more indirect and subtle than that of Pater or Renan, France hints at semblances inherent in modern problems and ideas.

Such allusions to contemporary thought become more open in *La Rotisserie de la Reine Pédauque* and *Les Opinions de Maître Jérôme Coignard* (both 1893). The former has generally and rightly been regarded as France's masterpiece. It is not so well constructed as *Thaïs*, but its very looseness of articulation renders it more typical. The Abbé Coignard is one of the very few figures in his books that have captured the popular imagination and have been retained in it as types. He is, like Bonnard and Bergeret, a "portrait of the artist as an old man." He is kindly, tolerant, sceptical, learned, tasteful, voluptuous, witty; a composite, were

such possible, of the virtues of Epicurus and Saint Francis. A wealth of fancy and scholarship is lavished upon this dream-like evocation of the spirit of the *Arabian Nights* wafted into eighteenth-century France.

Le Lys rouge (1894) is an aberration, a solution of continuity in Anatole's development. The sentimentalism which some readers find in *Thaïs* is on the surface of this story of modern life. The talent for delicate landscape-drawing, which had provided the lovely background of the Alexandrian romance, is now more ambitiously employed upon the elaborate evocation of the Florentine atmosphere. The characters are largely transcripts from actuality; and the portrait of one woman is generally known to be the caricature of a certain English æsthetician. France is here guilty of a bad taste similar to that which permitted his "Boswell," M. Paul Gsell, to introduce the episode of Professor Brown into *Les Matinées de la Villa Saïd.* The true line of growth was resumed in the four volumes of the *Histoire contemporaine* (1896–1901), known to all lovers of Anatole as "the Bergeret books." Under the thin disguise of "editorial" notes France had already introduced into *La Rotisserie* allusions to current ideas, preparing the way for the complete abandonment of his position of serene detachment which came about when he championed the cause of Dreyfus in the famous *Affaire.* To narrate his part in this *cause celèbre* would take me beyond due bounds. It is enough to say that his sense of justice combined with his anti-clerical and anti-militaristic sentiments to ally him with Zola in the struggle which at length secured Dreyfus's rehabilitation. The *Affaire* occupies a large portion of the last two volumes of the Bergeret tetralogy. And later, in *L'Ile des Pingouins* (1908), a parable of the history of modern France, he excoriates both parties to the quarrel. From his championship of Dreyfus he was led on to connect himself with the radical wing of the Socialist Party, his articles and speeches being later collected in the somewhat uncharacteristic volume, *Vers les Temps meilleurs.* It is very doubtful whether France, in moments of cool and aloof self-criticism, really believed that humanity was moving towards better times. Certainly the final pages of *L'Ile des Pingouins* bear no witness to such a faith. In the same year

with that mordant satire there appeared the biography of Joan of Arc upon which France had been working for twenty years. Inspired in part by his interest in the development of popular legend, in part by his anti-clericalism, and in part by the example of Renan's *Vie de Jésus*, this life of the national heroine was widely regarded as an offence similar to Voltaire's *Pucelle*. Andrew Lang's rival and contrasting biography quickly followed; and in one of his letters Henry James contrasts "Andrew bristlingly yet *bêtement* wrong, and Anatole sinuously, yet oh so wisely, right!"

The fine gesture at the beginning of the Great War and the nationalistic attitude which Anatole France at once assumed under stress of those heroic times are remembered by everyone. There followed six years of mellow and cloistered ease. *Datur hora quieti.* He found himself out of touch and sympathy with various tendencies in his country, and turned back to his own childhood, weaving from old memories new pictures of Petit Pierre. His last public utterance, characteristic alike in its grace and in its subdued irony, was, I believe, the tribute to Byron on the occasion of the centenary last April: "*Il est beau de mourir jeune, pour une cause étrangère, sur la terre des vrais dieux.*"

V

A disillusioned philosophy wins little popular attention unless it be conveyed to men in terms of beauty. France's function was to transmute ideas into beauty. The skeleton at his feast is robed in fine linen and crowned with flowers. The heavenly alchemy of his style gilds the pale clouds of his thought. Style, he said, "*c'est à dire les nuances infinies de la pensée.*" The definition suggests his limitations. His quality is that of finished artistry rather than creative energy. None of his books, save possibly *Thaïs*, is well constructed. Not only does he lack imaginative inventiveness but he questions the power of the imagination to invent. His narratives are deficient in action, and what action there is moves generally through inarticulated episodes. By choice he turns to subjects which lend themselves to loose treatment. His books would have furnished illustrative material to the old æstheticians and psychologists who debated the distinction between the imagination and the fancy. In delicate

landscape, daintily suggested atmosphere, epigrammatic dialogue, arch allusion, insinuated thought, covert irony, perpetual under-statement, and lucid graciousness, his art is supreme. He is never confused or pompous or empty or obscure. He is more than the perfect expression of the genius of the French language, though he has the colour of the Renaissance, the dignity of *le grand siècle*, and the clarity of Voltaire. He is the type of the Latin genius, *le Génie latin*. His is the last refinement, the quintessence of the Latin tongue.

I fear that I have laid hands somewhat heavy and pedantic upon the most polished, subtle and impalpable of literary artists. If so, the remedy lies in his books. You will find no heaviness or pedantry there.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

ORA PRO NOBIS

BY STARK YOUNG

I SAT down at my table at Teresa Fusco's a little after noon on that day in August, with the light from the sun pouring over all things, over the spaces of the pavement stones, over the reeds growing in great jars to screen the café from the café next door, over the water of the bay, and in the distance over the island of Capri and the long shore toward Sorrento and the Amalfi road. Out in front of me, at the end of the raised causeway from the quai, rose the shape of the Castel dell' Ovo, brown, golden, sharp with shadows and white light. Overhead hung the same brown, the same shadows, shot with rifts of the same light, where the awning stretched above the tables. And near at hand, lapping constantly at the quai, the water lay. A little inlet of the Bay of Naples glittered and washed, and on it, in the gleaming blue and the sunlight, moved the boats, fishing boats, skiffs, and tiny sail boats gliding back and forth and curving here and there upon the bright water, with their white sails, the streak of their masts, sailing and gliding through the light, and over the water and through the music that filled the air.

Antica Trattoria, it was called, and the guests were sailors, prostitutes, tradesmen, and families with children; and, scattered around, men of other ports, Greeks, Sicilians, an Arab or two and sailors from the islands south and east. The musicians were playing, a violin, a mandolin and a guitar; the voice of the violin poured out, unbrokenly, high, shrill, a little wild. It spread into the air, with the rustle of the awning, the flap of the sails, the cries of the boatmen and the hum of voices everywhere, and with the lapping of the water close at hand. And underneath the violin the strum of the guitar bound the music to the scene, to the earth underfoot and to the pulse of life around.

I ordered my lunch and sat there, with the music in my ears, around and about me, and in my eyes the far-off sky and the

shining water with the sails gliding back and forth. To the poetic and intense mind every moment moves within a quality larger than itself. No moment exists to itself but is a participation in a continuous life. From this larger quality and continuity every moment and every action and thought draws down upon it a beauty and lustre and significance. And now at this hour in this Italian August these sails before me there in that wide air moved in and out of the music; they glided and dipped and curved and glinted and went and came again, all in that streaming music that held the place and gave to all the elements present, to the visible aspects, the living voices and movements, the wind and light and space, a unity. Life there lay pooled within itself, deeply and simply, and at the same time open, without bounds, and luminous like noon. All life, I thought, moves in music.

In the midst of these thoughts, my eye fell at length on a young man sitting at a table in the corner. I had seen him daily at the hotel above the town, walking about the terraces, standing at twilight after dinner looking out over the bay and the sea, doubled over in the library writing letter after letter, always alone. I had never spoken with him, though I had wondered what things might be in that troubled head of his, what thoughts carried him through so many solitary hours, and led him up and down the terraces and gardens in moods so fixed and constant.

I looked at him now as he sat there. The light outside shone over his pale, fine hair like a bright dust. He was perhaps twenty-six or seven. The eyes were looking out of that face directly and yet at the same time vaguely; they were gray eyes, large and heavy, the lids of them a little red. The nose was straight and clear, with wide nostrils. The mouth was loose and pale and a trifle conscious of itself; the chin was square and heavy without being firm, like a plagiarism, in fact, of manliness. Looking at him your intuition told you that this young man would be neither satisfactory nor interesting; but your curiosity wanted more and more to know just why that should be so. In the course of time our eyes met over an ominous basket of sea urchins that the *padrona* passed about for the tables to see; we smiled at the sight, and I went over and sat down at his table. We began to talk.

I had seen him so many times at the hotel, I said, he had seemed

to me an artist at work; if so, I added with a handsome platitude, I hoped his purpose was finding happy results.

Seeing him and taking him for an artist had plainly been the right thing to do, for the young man began shyly but with a strange fluency to talk. Meanwhile his eyes looked into mine and around and about us and off into space by turns. Every now and then he gave a little, timid laugh, and when he did so you could see his white, strong teeth.

From this beginning on I said little more. I seemed to have opened up a stream, ideas, observations, remarks, intimacies, philosophies, coursing one after another, uttered neither fast nor slow, sometimes with direct implications, sometimes with no connections whatever that I could trace; mad, learned, wild, egoistical things, things that I would not have believed if I had not heard them with my own ears.

He had been born in Central America, of a Catholic family, he had attended a Catholic college, then a country college of engineering, then he had studied architecture. He had had two years in a New England college. Now he was at school at a German university, he was in his third year of Medicine and was to be a doctor.

At one time he had decided to be a Catholic Archbishop. An Archbishop was a man who celebrated mass, wearing those rich vestments of the Roman Catholic Church; mass was a grave dance where all the movements were significant. That dream, like many other dreams that he had had, passed away at last, to his relief (he was glad to confess). He had followed natural reactions, he was no longer a Catholic, and today he was just civilized—whatever he meant by that.

I began to ask God and the saints to help me to remember clearly the extraordinary remarks of this young man. He spoke, in a way, so very well, as if he had written many of the things he said or had composed them and practised them for the golden moment when he might express them to some right listener or perhaps, I found myself thinking, I fear, to any listener at all. And with every other sentence a truth seemed imminent, something of depth and value, brilliance even, though it never quite arrived; the speech flowed on past into mirage again, until there was a hint

of humiliation to hear your best theories and your finest thoughts so easily thrown up into the air and off again, and back into this rosy, rattling limbo of words.

He often had the feeling when he read certain authors that he was of the same blood as they. "This man," he would say to himself of the author as he read, "says what I think, he must be a relative of mine, though our names are different." Sometimes he would search out a picture of such an author; he would show it to a friend, yes, the friend would admit, you look like him. A critic once had written that the movements in a statue must have beginning and end; he had known that instinctively when he was quite young. If the critic, as it seemed, got such a thing out of himself they must indeed be descended from some common ancestor. If there had been any permanence about art he would have given himself up to it. Also it must be confessed if he had felt really sure of success, he would have stuck it out, but the prospect of failure seemed terrible to him. Still it ought to be true that he, by profession, a doctor, ought to be able to act, to be an actor.

"Are men happy in an industrial civilization?" he asked you. Still, he did not think that artists could give so much to the world as men of science. When the time comes when men of science have made the world a fit place for humanity to live in, ah! then, he granted you, there would be time for artists. He did not think that many of us have a right to become artists, in the professional way, so long as humanity suffered as humanity is suffering today, do you see? Besides so many people as artists would be useless, but as doctors they could help a little.

The trattoria was almost empty, the visitors gone off to their work or pleasure in the town. A little crowd of people stood near the spot where the musicians played; the violin, the mandolin, the guitar were still playing, and now and then one of the musicians stepped forward out of line a foot or so, singing parts of the music in a shrill, unmodulated voice, *La Bella Spagniola* now, and a moment afterward the *Foxtrot de la Nostalgia*. The young man talked on. I smoked cigarette after cigarette; he declined, he thought tobacco most injurious to the system.

He began to tell me of a long mirror that he had in his room

back at the German university. In front of that mirror when he had time, and that was mostly in vacations, he liked to act and dance. *La Vida es Sueno*, did I know that drama of Calderon's? He often tried to dance that play, trying to get the right attitudes for that soliloquy where the young man—who must have looked as he did—is in the lonely tower a prisoner; but the attitudes would not come, so he decided to act and not look in the mirror till he felt that he had the right attitude and expression. Everyone, he added philosophically, knew how it is with the face, it is as expressionless and shallow as a wax doll's at a barber's. But from one's body and gestures much more could be got.

He went on talking about this acting and these thoughts, sometimes on the verge of saying a wonderful thing, and almost as soon muddling it into chaos. Zarathustra said, he said, "*Ich bin nicht der mund für dissen Ohren*" (or something like it) and Oscar Wilde in *De Profundis* said that Christ wanted to be a voice to the voiceless.

"I want to be a voice to the voiceless," the young man almost shouted, as he rose slightly from his chair, and some of the Italians around looked up for a moment as if merely to see what new mad *forestiero* had come among them. "I want to be ears to those who have no opportunity for hearing. For that I must combine many arts. First I must be able to cure men's bodies, *mens sana in corpore sano*, if that is the quotation. Only with healthy bodies have men a right to go to other things. And there, you see, come the rest of my aptitudes for making people more happy into play! 'Yet do not grieve though thou hast not thy bliss, Forever wilt thou love and she be fair.'" He added, did I like Keats? I said that I did, much of Keats. The young man went on—

He had been brought up on a plantation that belonged to his father, he grew up seeing no white people—surrounded by Indians whose language he never understood—except the members of his family. He had seen a man on the ground being beaten with long elastic rods till he bled. Also many others treated like animals. And in the midst of the misery in Europe after the war he had discovered that there was no fatherly God.

He talked on about Zarathustra and the saying that God was

dead, which he had not at first understood. Were there not sunsets and trees after rain? There must be a God! He had watched rivers at sunset and tried to tear from them the secret of our nature, as Goethe might say.

Such moments he must bring to others. But his work he must bring to the Amerindians.

On he went, then, this young man, always seeming to be on the verge of something, something beautiful, rich, full of light and implication, and always ending in nothing. And yet one listened to him, and marked his searching, vague eyes and his loose pale lips.

And still people were so strange, he observed in the midst of other opinions, and the human body was a thing so complex, so filled with mystery. Take Lord Bacon, who always went into a syncope at an eclipse of the moon; and Erasmus, who fainted at the smell of fish; and Catherine de Medici, who swooned to see a rose, even in a picture.

When he was a child, he said, he heard that he was descended from the family of San Antonio. St. Anthony was a Saint, and it followed that he too had to be one. But of course he could not hope to become a saint, but he would try to be good, he would not tease his dog any more (he really did not think he teased his dog, because he loved him so much he always noticed the times his dog got pale, but he probably thought he did not treat him well enough). He had had to be worthy of his ancestors.

He did not know how he should reach the Amerindians. In New York he had worked in a Settlement House, but from Settlements he did not hope anything for the mass of the ignorant and oppressed. His experience in Europe since the war had made him sceptical of our culture—it is superficial, things have to be lived to become a part of ourselves. Material prosperity is necessary up to a certain point. What the Labor Party in England would do to secure a man's material prosperity is right. But more is needed.

From organized religion he hoped little—he poured himself a glass of water and drank it as if he were perishing—hoped little. He himself was officially a Quaker today, and he thought Quakerism would be more helpful than Roman Catholicism, but that was

a personal thing. Almost everyone had his own religion, and he did not want people to have any dealings with sects and such antiquated rot.

As a physician he hoped to reach the Indians and perhaps eventually he might organize something, but he trusted it would not be necessary to organize anything, as organizations like all things run their course and afterward they remain like a dead weight hindering men from going after better things.

Did I think he looked at all like the heads in the earlier Titian? If I had read Whitman I might remember the line, "Who knew too well the sick, sick dread lest the one he loved might secretly be indifferent to him," in *Calamus*. These marvelous lines he quoted, and dashed from them at once into others known to me. But, he said, the finest thing of all about love, something that said everything to be told of it, its power, its universality and its irony as well, was in the Greek Anthology. "This man, mean, inconsiderable, yes, a slave, this man is loved and is lord of another's soul."

Would this young man have no mercy, I thought, would he mock me to the end? To quote thus this incomparable poetry, that rose above our experience, scattering beauty and darkness in its wake! With these remembered words from those great lips out of the past so to bring his hearer up to a pitch where he himself was not—

I must at this point have begun to look as well as to be silent, for the young man, as his eye roved upon me, paused for a little before he went on. There was for a change an interval of silence. Then he brought me safely back to our mild chaos of folly.

As for falling in love, he said, and the pretty ring time, Landor had written that to the strongest natures love is always of second interest. He himself could tell me as we sat there, he had been in love once, but love was not sufficient; *odi et amavi*, as Catullus said. And *sed excrucior* you are tortured. He had met this girl on a voyage across the Atlantic. At last she had won her family's consent to be alone, to try her career; she had written poetry; she was dreaming of being a great poet. One of the poems she had written to him—he could recite me the

whole of it—however, they had talked and talked. She loved him, his dreams had been hers. But before the voyage ended she had changed somehow, he never knew why. She had retreated from him and said nothing why. Ah, well, he said, as for love, one moved on and into a life of aspiration and effort.

I cannot remember what came then, for I had begun to listen somewhat faintly. It was like hearing a burlesque of memoirs, an anthology of philosophic fragments, a modern lecture symposium, the confessions of a rambling and loose young saint; but it was also too continuous and vague and copious to follow without moments of absence in one's own thoughts. In such a confusion of chatter I found, as you do in a kaleidoscope, designs, ideas that remained out of a confusion of patterns, and dilated themselves in the mind. I could hear the voice, beautiful, rich, prophetic, going on and on, see the nervous hands moving, and feel the body shifting and conscious of itself beside the table. I only know that the speaker went on rather infinitely. And then finally, and all of a sudden, I think, something was being said that I heard. I recall exactly the words of it.

The young man had been talking about his life at Williams College, somehow, and then about Socialism, I have no idea just how; and then he must have drifted to his early life. I took in very little of it. "And here I stand today," he said, "not sorry I selected medicine." Then he said straight along as if he had written out all this long ago for himself:

"In my childhood I heard the Litany that is said with the Rosary in Latin, in the deep, tropical evening. And I remember once I was standing looking at the distant sea—so distant that it was only like a silvery streak in the horizon hardly to be distinguished from the sky—leaning against a tree and my sisters were reciting the Litany in Latin and I and a younger brother I had, who died when I was about fifteen (we were brought up together), answering '*Ora Pro Nobis*'; but my sisters did not know the Litany very well, and that made them laugh in such a happy, innocent way. The place where we stood was very high and mountainous, and the evening with its colors and its silence enveloped us and the whole prospect."

He talked on after that for some time, but I heard nothing of

what he said. At length he excused himself and went away, up the steps from the quai to Santa Lucia.

Teresa Fusco's was deserted now, save for some women and old, bent sailors tying a net in a far corner. The evening had not yet begun. The little boats that had crowded the water nearby had gone to their fishing and their small cargoes of freight; some were tied up along the edge. The sails were furled, a few of them, but most of them had put to sea. The place was quiet, the bay lay there in the full light of afternoon. The musicians had long since gone. And I sat on there for a long time, thinking. I was moved, lifted out of the time and the place by the thing that this man had created, something so beautiful and pure and complete, all of a sudden in the midst of his intense and scatter-brained monologue and his jumble of egotism, confession and culture. I had the sense then of a surrounding unity in all life, of life moving in music, of the participation of this moment in some wide and deathless perfection. I was humbled to think of our ignorance and crass haste, and of how in the drab substance of life suddenly something divine appears. Out of this fluent muddle of meditation, study and personal mood, and from this vague, erratic and powerless being, I had seen created this picture,—the Litany, and innocence, gentle affection, that elevation and that simplicity, in the evening light,—and I had heard the inexplicable cadence of the words. I had tears in my eyes as I heard again in my mind what the young man had said; in his childhood, hearing the Litany, said with the Rosary in Latin, in that deep tropical evening.

Leaning against a tree and looking at that distant sea and sky —"and my sisters were reciting the Litany in Latin and I and a younger brother I had, who died when I was about fifteen (we were brought up together), answering '*Ora Pro Nobis*'. But my sisters did not know the Litany very well, and that made them laugh in such a happy, innocent way. The place where we stood was very high and mountainous and the evening with its colors and its silence enveloped us and the whole prospect."

Ora Pro Nobis, and pity us for what we do not know. And I thought of how defenseless and immortal life is, and of the eternal surprise in all things.

STARK YOUNG.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE: POET AND CRITIC

BY LLEWELLYN JONES

WHILE popular English writers are as well known in America as in England, there is a lag of a few years in our recognition of English writers in what may be called the severer modes—or at least the modes that do not appeal to popular taste. The chief reason for this is purely adventitious. It is our tariff on imported books. Unless an author is almost certain to appeal to a large audience, in which case his book will be manufactured in America, the publisher can import only a small edition in sheets and sell it at a relatively high price. That means that he cannot do anything to push the book, and so the author who is not known, so to speak, to begin with, has very little chance with the American public.

Thus Lascelles Abercrombie, one of the most widely recognized poets of the present day in England, and the author of several important works of criticism, is known at first hand to only those American readers who in 1908 saw his *Interludes and Poems*, or in 1912 saw *Emblems of Love*, both imported. Since then he has published a number of books in England, but, with the exception of his poems in one or two volumes of *Georgian Poetry*, none of his work has been published in America.

That Mr. Abercrombie's early work did not immediately surmount the handicap of being imported in a very small edition is due in part to its character and in part to our taste. His books came when we in America were having a very self-conscious renaissance of interest in poetry, and we were particularly interested at the time in free verse and that limited sort of poetry called imagism—the appeal to the visual, tactile and auditory senses.

But if (let the injustice be condoned for the sake of convenience) we were to sum up Mr. Abercrombie in a phrase, we should have to say that he is the poet of nobility: nobility in love—and

nobility contrasted with ignobility—the drama of life as lived by people with ideals, sometimes imperfect ones, but ideals which line their holders against the forces of environment. These, of course, are major themes, and our critics and anthologists were not in sympathy with them. Thus in *The New Poetry*, edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson, Lascelles Abercrombie is not represented.

Born in 1881, Mr. Abercrombie in years and in certain of his publishing arrangements has been associated with the so-called Georgian group of poets—he was, for example, one of the four, Brooke, W. W. Gibson and John Drinkwater being the others, who issued *New Numbers*, a quarterly periodical of their own work which might have been running yet if the war had not ended its publication—and ended the life of Rupert Brooke. But Mr. Abercrombie is not a Georgian poet in the "school" sense of the term. From his thought to his language and his rhythm he is strikingly individual.

To read his early poetry and then to read his theoretical essays on art is to be reminded of Yeats's dictum that in poetry a man expresses his anti-self, that is to say, whatever in life he is not. Thus, according to Yeats, Landor's marmoreal quality in his verse was determined by and was the obverse of his fiery tempered and passionate attitude toward life; Keats's love of palaces and luxury in his verse was a compensation for the lack of them in his daily living; Lady Gregory's all-forgivingness to the characters in her comedies is the obverse of her tendency in life to pass judgments on friend and foe. I do not think the generalization a very sound one, but it is interesting to see how, in the case of Mr. Abercrombie, a man of scholarly interests, by profession a teacher, and a most lucid exponent of æsthetic theory, goes, in his early poetry especially, to country people, to illiterate people and to people of the most violent passions, for his themes and for his situations. Indeed with few exceptions his characters are all people of the earth—and country earth at that—who draw their sustenance and their culture alike from Nature. They are people of strong passions, and he likes to exhibit them in violent crises. This does not mean that Mr. Abercrombie is melodramatic; even in his most violent dramas he is exhibiting human

character, and in his later work he has depended less and less on the unusual circumstance as a factor in the drama.

The two books to which I have already referred, *Interludes and Poems* and *Emblems of Love*, are at present out of print. One of the finest poems in the earlier, and characteristic of much of the author's work, is "Blind" in which an old beggar woman has brought up her blind son with one object: when they meet the father who deserted her before the child was born, the son must use the strength of his arm to strangle the man. The lad, a natural poet in feeling, though rather "simple", is constantly being drilled in his task:

> . . . "Here, my son,
> Let me make sure again of your arms' strength:
> Ay, these are proper cords; and there'll be need
> To take him firmly when we find him, child.
> Active he is and tall and beautiful,
> And a wild anger in him.—See here, boy,
> My throat's his throat; take it as you will his,
> No, tighter, tighter, where's your strength?
> Ah—"
>
> Son.—"O mother, did I hurt you?"
>
> Mother.—"Simple lad,
> You weren't half cruel enough; you barely brought
> The red flames into my eyes this time at all.
> Oh, but it's good the grip you have, and good
> To feel it on me, try the pains of those
> Who strangle; they will be *his* some day."

And then the mother, leaving her son at a gorse fire she has kindled, goes off to beg for food. The son muses by the fire, going over in his mind those experiences of daily life which he feels keenly but lacks words to express—relatively, that is, for his meditation is an opportunity which his creator does not fail to make the most of:

> I like this hour the best of all the day:
> The evening cool upon my skin, the dark
> And stillness, like a wing's shelter bending down.
> I've often thought, if I were tall enough
> And reacht my hand up, I should touch the soft
> Spread feathers of the resting flight of him
> Who covers us with night, so near he seems

Stooping and holding shadow over us,
Roofing the air with wings. It's plain to feel
Some large thing's near, and being good to us.
But you it is, fire, who mainly make
This time my best. I love to be alone
Except for you, and have a talk with you.
What are you? There, I'm always asking that,
And never get but laughing flames for answer.
But I believe I've found you out at last.
You, fire, are the joy of things; there's naught
Would stay in its own self, if it could find
How to be fire and joy. For you're the escape
From strictness and from nature laid on stuff
That once was freedom, still remembering it
Under its show of tameness; and there is
Nothing that is not waiting for a chance
Out of duty to slip, and give way madly
To the old desire it has in it of joy,
Standing up in a flame and telling aloud
That it is fire and no more a shape.
The wonder is, when here some leaves and furze
Have found the way to burn, the whole wide land
Leap not up in a wild glee of fire,
For all the earth's a-tiptoe to join in. . . .

That is a remarkable expression of how the feeling of life and its *élan* would come to one who is blind, and it is also one way of expressing an attitude toward life and freedom that we shall find the poet exhibiting again and in other ways. To come back to the drama here enacted, the boy's meditation is interrupted by the appearance of a tramp who talks to him and who, it appears, has that very skill in words which the boy is seeking. While they are talking, the mother reappears, and soon begins to recognize in this battered tramp the man who in her thought of him was still active and tall and beautiful. Her old love returns, and she—made by that return oblivious of her former intention—tells the boy that here is his father and that from now on they will be together. The lad, thinking that his mother's cunning way of signalling him, does just what she had told him to. And the sheer tragedy is heightened by the feeling of his mother, while she is talking to her old lover, that some danger impends—but she cannot, she tells him, think what it is.

It will be seen that this is a tragedy in which circumstance plays a part, and in *Deborah*, a three act play published in 1913, circumstance again plays a part—an almost Hardyan part—but in his later plays Mr. Abercrombie has put ever more emphasis upon character and less on outer happening.

Before mentioning those, however, we must look into *Emblems of Love*, a volume of poems on the general theme of the secular growth of love, from the days when primitive man looked upon woman as sacred because she was the mother of the tribe's increase, through the days when she became primarily an instrument of pleasure, until the perfect fulfillment of love in self-conscious individuality. Many poets, of course, have tried to elevate love into a spiritual rather than a biological or hedonistic activity, and usually they have done it by adopting the conceptual framework of Platonism. The results have often been artificial and certainly today are not very convincing. Mr. Abercrombie has too keen an intellect to be satisfied with a framework which is, to modern people, only a metaphor. So instead of the Platonic idea he envisages love as a possibility—an ideal but not a pre-existent and static one. Given, then, the possibility, we are only living, in the value-creating sense of the term, in so far as we strive toward that possibility. And from that point of view, remembering that the power addressed is not a thing, even a Platonic thing, but a "chance" so to speak to succeed, it is no longer a Platonic conceit but a literal truth to say, as Mr. Abercrombie does say in the "Hymn to Love" announcing the theme of this volume:

> We are thine, O Love, being in thee and made of thee.
> As thou, Love, were the deep thought
> And we the speech of the thought; yea, spoken are we
> Thy fires of thought outspoken:
>
> But burn'd not through us thy imagining
> Like fierce mood in a song caught,
> We were as clamour'd words a fool may fling,
> Loose words of meaning broken. . . .

And the hymn goes on to picture the futility of life lived merely on the natural plane and not taken up and given significance by this permanent possibility, as one might call it, of significance and meaning:

Yea, Love, we are thine, the liturgy of thee,
Thy thought's golden and glad name.
The mortal conscience of immortal glee,
Love's zeal in Love's own glory.

And as Mr. Abercrombie has placed—to drop for a moment into technicalities—accent marks on his first stanza it is evident that he sees the likelihood that his stanza form may be misread. The second lines have four beats, "Thou, Love" each carrying a beat, and "deep thought" likewise.

Of the poems which follow, possibly "Vashti" and "Judith" are at once the most dramatic and the most revealing. In the former we have Ahasuerus's conception of love as the tired king's ivory tower, and Vashti's satirical reply to him from the point of view of the woman who has become conscious of herself as person and not merely as instrument of pleasure. And in "Judith" we have the woman suddenly come into consciousness of the spirit of virginity. It is after Judith has given herself to Holofernes that she may kill him and save Bethulia that the praise of her townsmen suddenly reveals to her the spiritual uselessness of her sacrifice. It is their blindness to the essential thing she has lost—their taking it for granted—that suddenly comes to her as an astounding insult. She turns upon them and bids them cease praising her, for she has not, after all, killed Holofernes. They assure her that it was none but her—could it be said that any one or more of them had done it?—and Judith answers:

No, nor I.
That corpse was not his death. He is alive,
And will be till there is no more a world
Filled with his hidden hunger, waiting for souls
That ford the monstrous waters of the world.
Alive in you is Holofernes now,
But fed and rejoicing; I have filled your hunger.
Yea, and alive in me: my spirit hath been
Enjoyed by the lust of the world, and I am changed
Vilely by the vile thing that clutcht on me.
Like sulphurous smoke eating into silver.
Your song is all of this, this your rejoicing;
You have good right to circle me with song!
You are the world, and you have fed on me.

But the poem should be read in its entirety to see the full force of Judith's conception of what virginity is, spiritually, and her scorn of the citizens who by the manner of their acceptance of her sacrifice show her that to them her spirit as a thing in itself is naught.

Mr. Abercrombie's later poetry, with one or two exceptions, notably "The Sale of St. Thomas", has been in dramatic form and is included in *Four Short Plays* and *Phœnix*. Of the short plays "The End of the World" may be mentioned for its humorous exploitation of the reactions of a number of people to the prospect of the imminent destruction of the world. The characters are country people, a farmer, a wainwright, a carpenter and others. An extremely hot day, with a haystack fire on the horizon, gives color to the tale of a wandering "dowser"—a man who finds hidden water—that a comet then visible in the sky is about to collide with the earth and end it. What ensues may be called a comedy of the transvaluation of values. Huff, the self-righteous carpenter, to take one example, at first greets the coming event as if it had been staged expressly to punish Shale, the laborer, and Huff's wife with whom Shale had run away—though he had not even done Huff the honor of running very far—some time before. He gloats over the picture of Shale and Mrs. Huff cringing as they begin to feel the ineluctable rise of temperature, while he, the righteous man who left even his vengeance to God, remains psychically and one would imagine from his talk even physically cool. But when he does begin to think about himself and his past life, a curious thing happens. The essentially factitious nature of his piety is revealed by his sudden repentance of it. He remembers opportunities for carnal sin that he had not taken advantage of, and as it was really fear and not goodness that had prompted this abstinence, he is now regretting it. And in the midst of this regret Shale walks into the inn parlor, dragging Mrs. Huff, whom he would fain deliver to her rightful lord so that he may not have her on his hands in the final moment. The whole thing is done with a fine sense of humor, a command of a true country speech that is yet raised to the level of poetry, and a real insight into human nature.

In *Phœnix: a Tragicomedy*, the latest of Mr. Abercrombie's

plays, we have a fine study of nobility, ignobility, and a simple and natural sort of non-nobility that is not ignoble. Phœnix is a young prince in a small and ancient Grecian kingdom, and just when he has killed his first tiger and is enraptured with the life of manly action, he comes home to find that his father has a strange woman in the palace. Phœnix does not know that she is a bought woman with whom the old King fancies himself in love. The Queen, jealous of her rights and status, uses Phœnix to lure the bought woman from the King; and succeeds but at a cost which she had not reckoned. It is a tragicomedy in which the comedy is a subtle revelation of the ignobility of the King's character and the utter simplicity of Rhodope's. When the King brings her to the top of his palace he talks in this strain:

> Amyntor.—"This is my pleasant place; and here we'll keep
> A kind of heaven, where we shall find our moods
> Made one with things. For look how white and smooth
> Idleness has become a marble place;
> And this is our day-dreaming passion glowing
> Over it, this blue and shadowy light.
> O colored like the summer of the gods
> Our life shall be up here; here it shall pause
> Like that immortal fortune of the gods
> In unconcerned perfection of ourselves.
> No world's left here for love to gaze upon
> But what must seem love's imagery—the blue
> Trembling flame of the sea's infinite gleam,
> And clouded snows that pace about the air
> With towering motion, breathing shadowless light."

And the language that would be fitting as well as beautiful for two young lovers in an empty world is, in its very height, the index of the depth of ignominy, coming from a senile King and addressed to a slave whom he has bought for money. Indeed the slave is herself not ignoble at all, for she is frank. She yawns at this harangue:

> Ah—La!
> The bench is comfortable and the view pretty.
> But not all day up here, surely!—A goddess,
> When she can wear the love of a wealthy god,
> Needs to show off.

And Rhodope has sense enough to see, too, that a heaven with an enraged wife intruding on it and two sentries prying on what is going on is hardly worthy of the King's superlative characterizations of it as the care-free abode of perfect love.

We must be content with a very rapid survey of Mr. Abercrombie's critical work. It ranges from a philosophical and æsthetic appreciation of the work of Thomas Hardy to a detailed study of *The Principles of English Prosody*, of which the first part only is yet published. Then, though we must mention in passing his philosophical work, *Speculative Dialogues*, we have a short study of *The Epic* and, most important of all, perhaps, his two latest books in this kind, *Toward a Theory of Art* and *The Theory of Poetry*, in which the principles of the more general work are applied to poetry in particular. *Toward a Theory of Art* is the only work which I will consider here. Mr. Abercrombie starts out in agreement with Croce that a work of art is a technique which enables the spectator to reproduce in himself experiences which the artist felt—either of the outer or inner world—and that these experiences are taken by the artist as such—that is to say at their face value before the analytical intellect has broken them up into scientific categories or the moral judgment separated them into its categories. Mr. Abercrombie's main departure from Croce is that whereas Croce recognizes only expression in the inner sense of the word—that is to say, regards the work of art as essentially completed when imaged in the artist's mind and the technical expression as only a sort of *memoria technica*—Abercrombie regards the artistic impulse as essentially motor and calling for outer expression to the end that it be shared; this outer expression Mr. Abercrombie calls publication, and he differs from Croce by saying that no work of art exists before publication in that sense is made.

And where Croce is interested only in the philosophy of the matter, Abercrombie translates the whole thing into terms of human life and gives us really an eclectic theory of art, using the insight of others to complete his total picture of the artistic activity. Summed up, what he tells us amounts to this: that all experience when we take it as such, for its intrinsic interest, may be called æsthetic experience, but is not always in point of fact

beautiful experience. When some part of this experience appeals especially to one with the artist's endowment, when, for him, it is expressive, he seeks by the use of the appropriate medium to put down certain symbols which, on our reading, seeing, or hearing them, will reproduce in us a corresponding experience to his original æsthetic experience: this latter experience is now no longer æsthetic only, but artistic. What symbols will convey it —or to be more accurate reproduce a corresponding experience— is a matter of empirical discovery. The artist's chief task is to separate from his æsthetic experience all that is alien to it: for in life we have little if any æsthetic experience in a pure state: practical or moral ends and the contingent are always mixed up with it, diluting or destroying it. Form, in the work of art, is simply the symbol of this banishment from the experience of all that is non-æsthetic, for the chief characteristic of form is unity and every work of art must have unity: that is to say, it must contain no element which is not strictly necessary to express part of the experience, and the experience itself must be a unified one, for our very consciousness itself insists upon unity: a divided consciousness is a self-contradiction in terms and in fact means a neurosis or a split personality.

And while in practical life we have to put up with mixed and incompatible experiences, have to deal with chaotic situations— Mr. Abercrombie gives the simple example of people missing trains—which is a sort of insult to our rationality, we insist in our mental life upon something better than that: upon having experience which wholly satisfies because it all hangs together, the parts being interdependent and a whole which, as a whole, can be imaginatively held and enjoyed. And it is for this reason, he tells us, that in art we even enjoy tragedy, the subject matter of which in real life would revolt us. For in art we do not see this subject matter as we see it in life—as something merely dreadful, a murder, for example. But we see it as something which, given its elements, is inevitable. It all hangs together. And we enjoy the inevitability, despite the hurts involved, simply because this interdependence of one thing on another, this strict reasonableness, this wholeness and oneness of experience, is the deepest desire of our mind. And it is in this sense that Mr. Abercrombie

interprets Bacon's saying that in poetry we have "the shows of things submitted to the desires of the mind"—in that sense and not in the careless sense that some people would give it that poetry deals in comfortable things: for comfortable things would not be the desire of the mind but of the senses.

And on the basis of this theory Mr. Abercrombie even ventures to restore that venerable and Platonic phrase, "absolute beauty." Perhaps as a speculative possibility rather than as, for us, a fact. But, he tells us, the word beauty, in its strict sense, is simply the name for the state of mind of one who judges that expression has been successful; beauty is a judgment just as truth is. And, if a possible god could see the universe at once on the æsthetic level, could envisage it all as pure experience, see it in every part interdependent, with all that is to us contingent and chaotic seen to fit in, to belong, to be necessary to the functioning of the whole, that experience of that being would be an experience of absolute beauty.

But for us, art alone can give the experience of beauty, because art is the only realm in which man can fully realize that state of unity to which, in all other planes of living, he can only strive, and that at a distance, to approximate.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

THE PHILOSOPHY IN THOMAS HARDY'S POETRY

BY ROBERT M. SMITH

LOVERS of the Wessex novels are legion. Every year increases their number; every birthday of the greatest living master of English fiction brings heartfelt tributes to Max Gate; and in the course of the years to come, nothing seems more certain than that the novels of Thomas Hardy like their neighbors, the monoliths of Stonehenge, will stand as enduring records of humanity in its elemental and universal strivings. Admirers of Hardy's poetry, however, even readers familiar with it, are few. Not many of that legion who read and reread the novels have followed the author farther than 1898, when he definitely abandoned fiction for poetry. Since that date Thomas Hardy has been for them, as for readers at large, the last of the Victorians, whose fire has gone out, a querulous old man who could write great fiction if he would, but who still perversely issues volumes of poetry, the flickering embers of a dying genius. Now and then one of the younger poets or critics takes a hurried excursion into Hardy's poetry, but quickly retreats, repelled by the mortuary atmosphere, or by the cramped and freakish versification, or perhaps by the many misgivings, the many wistful recollections, and the many regrets of the He and She who mourn and sigh through the volumes.

The poems of Hardy, it is true, may never win the hearty approval of even that ever increasing group of thoughtful readers. Lyrics, narrative poems, ballads, reveries—all sound a dominant minor key. Their atmosphere is persistently heavy with gloom. Here are no "aching joys and dizzy raptures", no ecstasies over the beauty of the natural world, no rush of warm and happy love, no greetings of comradeship and good cheer, no enchanting music to beguile a weary hour. Here on the contrary are a series of "life's little ironies", of "satires of circumstance" in the toils of which the fairest hopes of patient humanity are strangled. The

poems offer no such rounded pictures of village life as are found in the novels; there are no sombre landscapes of Egdon Heath awakening at sundown, no rich and eldritch comedy of Wessex peasants arguing religion over their beer mugs, no superb dramatic pictures of Gabriel Oak on the hayrick in the thunder storm, no fateful scenes of Tess and Angel Clare groping for shelter amid the monoliths of Stonehenge while the night winds hum about their heads. For want of such riches, for lack of sunlit gleams among the shadows, Hardy lovers have often doubtless shut his volumes of poetry with a sense of disappointment, tired out with his doleful dreeing of the weird.

One need not reprehend nor chide those who have had this experience with Hardy's poetry, but for those of more speculative mind there are rich compensations, because to any one who would understand the philosophy of Thomas Hardy in its maturity, the poetry is indispensable. I refer especially to those poems, rightly termed reveries, which conform to the definition of poetry that Hardy accepts with Matthew Arnold—"the powerful application of ideas to life". In these poems, setting aside for the nonce his time's laughing stocks, Hardy puts forth sometimes to himself or sometimes to the Almighty various philosophical queries, and then propounds tentative answers to these riddles of man's destiny. Although these poems are, it is true, few in number, rarely more than four or five in a single volume, they afford when gathered together an inner history of the poet's mind as it has journeyed down the years, searching through the reaches of time and space for an answer to the eternal question, "Why?" To *Wessex Poems* and *Poems of the Past and of the Present* have now been added *Time's Laughing Stocks*, *Satires of Circumstance*, *Moments of Vision*, and the recent *Late Lyrics and Earlier*. In addition there is the colossal poetic drama of the Napoleonic wars, *The Dynasts*, which Mr. Wells in his *Outline of History* justly terms "one of the great stars of English Literature, too little known as yet to the general public".

Hardy's persistent inquiries and sombre answers concerning the ways of destiny are not as some have said the pervasive melancholy of a recluse that clings to Wessex and shrinks from contact with the hurly-burly world; nor is Wessex itself, as

others have said, with its sinister Egdon Heath, its Druidical monuments and Roman ruins, responsible for the poet's sense of the futility of existence. Even less can we find anything in the events of Hardy's life that would warrant such an outlook. Unlike the careers of his heroes and heroines, his life as a whole has fallen in pleasant paths, and received its rich rewards. Nor however much the conclusions of his philosophy may seem to be derived from the same *Zeitgeist* that produced a Schopenhauer, the differences between the two men, apart from their mutual conception of an Immanent Will, are so marked as to refute the contention sometimes made that Hardy is merely an offspring of the German cynic. The Immanent Will is rarely conceived by the poet as deliberately malignant, but supremely blind and therefore indifferent; and his feeling for humanity is never tinged with the egotism, misanthropy, and rancor of Schopenhauer; but on the contrary is replete with sorrow, sympathy, and admiration for its brave but helpless struggles. The roots of Hardy's philosophy lie deeper than any of these explanations; they are inextricably a part of his natural endowment—an artistic sensitiveness and an acute vision; a probing intelligence and an imaginative sympathy that knows no bounds. With such endowments Hardy is destined to behold pain and suffering wherever he turns. If he takes a walk in the fields, he does not like Wordsworth see

> The young lambs bound
> As to the tabor's sound,

or

> Land and sea
> Give themselves up to jollity.

On the contrary the dumb creatures of nature appear to him like chastened children crying,

> We wonder, ever wonder, why we find us here!

If he goes forth to observe the life of his fellow men, he returns sorely depressed by what "man has made of man". Every wind seems to bear to his listening ears the groan of all creation; and destined to perceive these things, his questioning spirit is equally destined to seek some explanation.

His efforts to answer the age-old problem of "the presence of evil and the incongruity of penalizing the irresponsible" assume two phases around which these poems of philosophical reverie may be conveniently grouped. The first group embraces all those poems that question the orthodox theism of Hardy's early years; and when this phase has finally been discarded the second group puts forward various tentative solutions which are finally gathered together and woven into the great philosophic web of *The Dynasts*.

I

From such poems as "The Impercipient" and "God's Funeral" we may judge that the loss of the Christian faith was attended with a spiritual struggle. Hardy was brought up with the expectation of entering the ministry, and even now expresses a lingering admiration for the Established Church. At just what time Christianity became for him a meaningless fable we shall, perhaps, never know, but these lines from "God's Funeral" breathe the story:

> How sweet it was in years far hied
> To start the wheels of day with trustful prayer,
> To lie down liegely at the eventide
> And feel a blest assurance He was there!

In the poem "A Sign Seeker", as well as from his conversation with William Archer, we perceive with what passion he sought to escape the conclusions of scientific materialism, and to discover some certitude for the existence of a genuine supernatural. He has

> . . . lain in dead men's beds, have walked
> The tombs of those with whom I'd talked,
> Called many a gone and goodly one to shape a sign,
> And panted for response. But none replies.

If perchance the wise and powerful God of Love exist, in spite of all searchings, why does He allow this vale of misery? And receiving no reply, Hardy calls upon Him to inquire. These persistent queries and answers are originally conceived, subtly phrased, and powerfully suggestive; they differ markedly from the familiar verdicts of preceding thinkers. Hardy cannot

accept the philosophy of Divine, or Poetic Justice. He cannot agree with the miserable comforters of Job that disaster is the logical outcome of wrongdoing; nor can he rest with Job in the faith that God is just even if His ways be past finding out. He cannot accept the belief of Æschylus that Nemesis apportions to every man his deserts, nor of Sophocles that Destiny in the end will be found law-abiding. He will not put by the cloud of mortal destiny with Omar, and seek the relief of an epicure; nor don with Marcus Aurelius the armor of the stoic. The very essence of life is too full of misery to be shunted off in any of these easy ways. The wrong must lie not with mankind, but with the contriver of existence.

Having arrived at the conclusion that the originator of things is responsible, Hardy then endeavors to account for evil by questioning the three attributes of Power, Wisdom, and Love with which the Creator has been endowed. It is significant that Hardy seldom if ever doubts that the World Will, whatever else it may be, is all-powerful. He does not join hands with popular thinkers of our time like Shaw, Wells, and William James, who in a frantic endeavor to preserve Deity, believe in James's phrase "that there is a God, but that He is finite". It is the attribute of wisdom or omniscience that Hardy constantly puts to test. In "God-Forgotten" when the attention of the Lord is called to the sufferers of earth, He faintly remembers having fashioned earth and man in the long ago, and replies:

> Thou should'st have learnt that *Not to Mend*
> For Me could mean but *Not to Know*.

Then realizing how dark must be man's lot, the Lord in pity dispatches messengers to destroy the planet, and put its tenants out of misery. Likewise in "By the Earth's Corpse" the Lord confesses that He *unwittingly* let enter the "wrongs endured by earth's poor patient kind", and repents that He created "earth, and life, and man".

Or the third attribute of Love may be questioned. When Hardy's sympathy has welled to the bursting point, when his outraged sensibilities can endure the injustices of life no longer, he levels his doubts at the benevolence of God. His

first arraignment of this kind comes at the end of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, when Hardy closed the tragedy with words that shocked and pained many readers: "Justice was done, and the President of the Immortals had ended his sport with Tess." In like manner in the poem "A Dream Question", when the interrogator dares to inquire how God's alleged benevolence and omnipotence are to be reconciled with the agonies of existence, the Lord replies sneeringly:

> Mouth as you list, sneer, rail, blaspheme,
> O, mannikin, the live-long day,
> Not one grief-groan, or pleasure-gleam
> Will you increase, or take away.
>
> Why things are thus, whoso derides,
> May well remain My secret still.
> A fourth dimension, say the guides
> To matter is conceivable,
> Think some such mystery resides
> Within the ethic of My will.

That the Lord has forgotten earth's tenants, that He made them by mistake, that He intentionally keeps all His ways dark, and derides their efforts to understand—these are the first fancies that come as Hardy turns the problem over and over in his mind. The poem "Hap" shows further how the assurance of a malevolent deity would be a relief. With the certitude that the sufferings of humanity serve some purpose, even a malignant one, Hardy would willingly go the Calvinists one better, and be damned for the glory of the Devil. It is the very *purposelessness* of mortal misery that is inexplicable:

> How arrives it joy lies slain and why unblooms
> The best hope ever sown?

Brought to this point, Hardy makes his last effort to reconcile the ways of God to man. May not the error lie in holding responsible a God who is after all merely the weak creation of men's fancy? In "God's Funeral", which is certainly one of the most striking poems of our time, Hardy laments the loss of a faith so comforting in less enlightened days, and chants the solemn requiem:

O man-projected Figure, of late
Imaged as we, Thy knell who shall survive?
Whence came it we were tempted to create
One Whom we can no longer keep alive?

Framing Him jealous, fierce, at first,
We gave Him justice as the ages rolled,
Will to bless those by circumstance accursed,
And long-suffering, and mercies manifold.

And, tricked by our own early dream
And need of solace, we grew self-deceived
Our making soon our maker did we deem
And what we had imagined, we believed.

Till, in Time's stayless, stealthy swing
Uncompromising, rude reality
Mangled the monarch of our fashioning,
Who quavered, sank; and now has ceased to be.

So, toward our myth's oblivion
Darkly, and languid-lipped, we creep and grope
Sadlier than those who wept in Babylon
Whose Zion was a still abiding hope.

II

After this last farewell Hardy ceases his attempt to reconcile life with the Deity of tradition, and begins working out his own constructive philosophy. What then is the nature of the force determining the universe? In the poem "Nature's Questioning" he ventures several proposals. Is it some "Vast imbecility", or "an Automaton unconscious of our pains"; "are we the live remains of Godhead dying downwards", or is there some "high Plan not yet understood of Evil stormed by Good, and we the Forlorn Hope over which achievement strides?"

Out of these tentative proposals grows sombre metaphysics. Still retaining his former denial of omniscience, Hardy suggests that the cosmic flow of circumstance is the working of an Immanent Will, all-powerful, but blind and therefore purposeless, who weaves by senseless, mechanic rote the web of the years, and who does not recognize the mannikins of Its own fashioning,

and therefore could not pity them if It would. The first steps in this direction are found in early poems like "The Lacking Sense", "Doom and She", and "The Sleep-Worker", in which the Immanent Will is conceived as feminine—the blind Mother of Destiny. But as Hardy works out his mature metaphysics, the World Will becomes the great impersonal It—the mighty protagonist of *The Dynasts*, in comparison with which Napoleon with all his schemes is a puny mannikin.

The nineteen-act drama, *The Dynasts*, which is unrivalled in magnitude and scope, presents not merely the tragedy of individuals and the struggle of nations, but a panorama of human destiny in all its phases. Behind all of its impressive scenes, whether they depict the ruthless casting off of Josephine, or the birth of the King of Rome; the pitiful senility and madness of George III in the hands of the leech doctors, or the drunken squabbles of the stragglers of Wellington; the brilliant battle of Austerlitz, or the fateful retreat from Moscow—behind all is the great Foresightless One who ubiquitously "urges on and measures out the droning tune of Things". This conception of the all-pervading One is graphically described in prose passages interspersed between the scenes:

> The films or brain tissues of the Immanent Will that pervade all things appear like breezes made visible, ramifying through the whole army, Napoleon included, and moving them to Its inexplicable artistries.

The great Emperor himself, who is one of the few men in Europe to discern the workings of this higher urge, realizes that he is but a man of destiny, harried from without and within by a force that baffles his intents. The freedom of the will is a sad fiction, a foolish illusion, for it is ruled by

> A Will that wills above the will of each
> Yet but the will of all conjunctively.

To the earth-born inquirer It assumes sentience long enough to reply:

> My labors logicless you may explain, not I.
> Sense-sealed have I wrought without a guess
> That I evolved a consciousness
> To ask for reasons why.

> Strange that ephemeral creatures who
> By my own ordering are
> Should see the shortness of my view,
> Use ethic tests I never knew
> Nor made provision for.

The great tragedy, then, for mankind is seen to lie in the chance development of sentience—without that, nothing in the Cosmos had suffered. All went well before the birth of consciousness, but when "the disease of feeling germed, primal rightness took the tinct of wrong".

Has Hardy then nothing with which to assuage the persistent longings in the hearts of men? There are two hopes, faint and wan at best—a practical hope, and a metaphysical hope. The first of these Hardy terms "evolutionary meliorism", and on this account he has warmly resented the constant application to his writings of the word *pessimism*. His recent "Apology", which prefaces the last volume, reiterates the necessity for sincerity in facing the disagreeable and cruel facts of life, and also for human brotherhood in the struggle against them:

> If way to the Better there be, it exacts
> a full look at the Worst.

> And looking down the future these few hold fast to the same: that whether the human and kindred races survive to the exhaustion or destruction of the globe, or whether these races perish and are succeeded by others before that conclusion comes, pain to all upon it, tongued or dumb, shall be kept down to a minimum by lovingkindness, operating through scientific knowledge and actuated by the modicum of free will conjecturally possessed by organic life when the mighty necessitating forces—unconscious or other—that have "the balancings of the clouds", happen to be in equilibrium, which may or may not be often.

This last reply to hostile criticism reveals that Hardy's metaphysical conception remains unchanged from that which he promulgated in *The Dynasts*.

But there remains also his second, metaphysical hope, and a much greater possible consummation. After long centuries or æons, the "Sleep-Worker" may gradually become conscious —perhaps through the united efforts of the conscious mannikins that form parts of Its being—and perceiving Its misdoing will

"fashion all things fair". Until then, no matter how men through kindly coöperation may reduce the sum of human misery, there will always remain an irreducible amount caused by the blundering Foresightless One. Even this outcome is only a possibility, not a surety, for The Spirit Ironic of *The Dynasts* says that "the groping tentativeness of an Immanent Will cannot be asked to learn logic at this time of day"; and Hardy wonders in "The Sleep-Worker" if the Will should become conscious, what would He do? Amazed at His æons of past misdoing, which could never be atoned for, would He

> . . . destroy in one wild shock of shame,
> The whole high-heaving firmamental frame
> Or patiently adjust, amend, and heal?

III

Such is the tentative philosophy revealed in the poetry of Thomas Hardy. For our age its significance takes on a new importance, because it expresses all the final implications of that philosophy of relativity which science has been forcing the world to accept as the fundamental postulate of its thinking. Through Hardy we see the life of man from the point of view of a perpetually moving and shifting cosmic flux. To find fault with his painful reading of earth in view of his deep sincerity and sympathy would be impertinent, for all that we can legitimately ask of the artist is that he give us the inner necessity and truth of his vision.

But we should remember that the mystics and seers of the ages, proceeding also from human experience,—men of the same unquestioned sincerity,—have never ceased to tell us that in contemplation they escape the welter of relativity, and perceive unity, stability, and harmony as they gaze into the heart of things. They sing with Shelley:

> The One remains, the many change and pass;
> Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
> Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
> Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
> Until Death tramples it to fragments.

Perhaps the mind of man will never be able to bridge the abyss between those who maintain that "everything changes", and those who proclaim that "the Eternal abides". How to reach a reconciliation of this inherent dualism of existence is still "the insistent question for each animate mind" which "many centuries of philosophy have failed to explain to our sense of order". And though we are not called upon to be either cynics or pessimists, we are certainly recreant if we will not exact of ourselves "a full look at the Worst"; if we refuse, as Archibald Henderson says, to share the mood of Thomas Hardy, and to make the most we can

> Of what remains to us amid this brake Cimmerian
> Through which we grope and from whose thorns we ache,
> While still we scan
> Round our frail faltering progress for some path, or plan.

ROBERT M. SMITH.

FLAPDRAGON

BY CLEMENCE DANE

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum—

In the third line, the text is obviously corrupt. Isn't that the proper thing to say when you can't make this or that passage in Shakespeare or Mother Goose fit your theory? As if any little boy would be allowed to eat his Christmas pudding all by himself in a corner! "He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum—" The enterprising child was, of course, playing *Flapdragon.*

Flapdragon—Snapdragon—I prefer Flapdragon for Poins's sake, who "drinks off candles' ends for flapdragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys"—does anybody play flapdragon these modern Christmas-tides? Or has the game gone out of fashion with seasonable snow, brown bowls of ale with roasted crabs in 'em, and night-watchmen, and the life of the great country houses that is pictured so vividly in that newly published volume of reminiscences, *The Passing Years?* We used to play flapdragon, I remember, as it drew to midnight, while we waited for the bells of the New Year. On the polished table in the dining-room was placed the biggest dish in the house, a crackled, oven-browned, blue-and-white Victorian with a channel and a gravy puddle at one end. On it were laid threepennies and sixpennies and bright new shillings, and upon them were piled up the fat Christmas raisins, prunes and French plums. Over all was poured a bottle or so of brandy and the lamps were turned out while a responsible uncle put a match to it—and the fun, the rather terrifying fun, began! The leaping thin flames, blue and yellow like wild pansies, turned the laughing players into a shifting, shrieking witch's circle. The known planes of familiar faces sank and vanished in unaccustomed shadow, while the lower lids, nostrils,

the downward curve of an upper lip, the upward swell of a lower one, were illuminated for the first time in one's knowledge, as odd to look upon as trees lit up from beneath by a passing motor lamp. And then these glimpses of familiar unfamiliars would be merged again in a whirl of darting hands and skirls of laughter and pain. The imagined must have in it the germ of the real, says Charlotte Brontë somewhere, but that real can be a trivial thing, as insignificant as the mustard seed in whose branches in the end all the birds of heaven rested. Who knows if the Brocken scenes of *Faust* were not first born in the brain of the small Wolfgang on a New Year's Eve as he watched, with those all-absorbing black eyes of his, a flapdragon party in full swing? Or is flapdragon a purely English diversion? Where's the dictionary?

> Flapdragon—Snapdragon.—A sport in which raisins or grapes are snapped from burning brandy and eaten. See example!
>
> "The wantonness of the thing was to see each other look like a demon as we burnt ourselves and snatched at the fruit. This fantastical mirth was called Snapdragon."
>
> Steele, *Tatler*, No. 85.

Now isn't that hard luck? Why must the king of all journalists have had the notion of writing about snapdragon two hundred years before me, and have put it into two sentences instead of a laborious page? "Wantonness"—"like a demon"—"fantastical mirth!" Why couldn't I have pulled out plums like these?

But indeed it must have been a glorious adventure to be a journalist in Steele's day, when you wrote what you pleased so long as the public pleased, when time and all the subjects in the world were your own, when Christmas articles had not to be written three months ahead in order to cope with the problem of producing—and reviewers were not once a quarter confronted with those out-of-season and immense dishes of literary flapdragon that we call "Publishers' lists". Pity a poor reviewer thrusting a tentative thumb into dish after dish in search of plump plums, juicy plums, plums not to be dried up by any thin blue flame of criticism, proper plums to pop into the Christmas present list of all the Jack and Jacqueline Horners who rely on him to save them a burning. For how can you burn fingers and pocket more disastrously than by spending seven and sixpence on a book that

doesn't appeal to you? A book is such a particularly delightful Christmas present, because it is the donor's obvious duty to read it first. But to dislike it, to shift it doubtfully from name to name on your list, from niece to lesser uncle, from uncle to second cousin, from cousin to courtesy aunt, and be forced to leave it on the shelf at last, dusty, unbestowed, "to do for a birthday", that is a souring of the whole Christmas adventure, from the preliminary October shopping to the final curl-up on the sofa on the day after Bank Holiday, with a saucerful of Christmas dinner, relics—devilled almonds and candied cherries for choice—and a book for company, your own sort of book, the book you've been meaning to read this month of Sundays: the new Munroe probably, or that volume of Eugene O'Neill's plays that, in fact, you had bought as a little Christmas present for yourself! Pity the conscientious reviewer who, foreseeing all this, swallows down the newly published plums by the handful, until his literary digestion is completely ruined, and still must go on burning his fingers and his tongue that your Christmas dish of snapdragon may be a toothsome one!

Nevertheless he has his rewards. He may have to taste a sufficiency of windfalls and withered fruit, but there is always the chance that some strange new plum has been dumped into his dish, delicate in flavor, unique in shape. Those who declare that a reviewer is a blasé creature, who never credit him with rejoicing over his occasional opportunity of letting his feelings run away with him know little of human nature. Ask your old-timer, ask your collector, ask your Columbus, ask your street arab begging cigarette pictures or fishing in a choked gutter, if treasure seeking is not the most thrilling of all occupations! But what is the discovery of the Americas or a bit of old Chelsea compared with the thrill that will sometimes come over you, however hardened you are to new books, as you pick up a volume with a strange name on its cover and a virgin title-page, and running your hand through its half-cut leaves, exclaim—"I don't know—I'm not quite sure—but I think it's got a feel to it!"

> Oh Waring, what's to really be?
> A clear stage and a crowd to see! . . .
> Some Junius—am I right?—shall tuck

> His sleeve, and forth with flaying-knife!
> Some Chatterton shall have the luck
> Of calling Rowley into life!
> Some one shall somehow run amuck
> With this old world . . .
> Contrive, contrive
> To rouse us, Waring!

Something of this faithful impatience a reviewer feels with every first novel, first poem, first play, that falls into his hands; and feels, too, a certain personal terror before the unknown new thing. Horrific legends creep into one's mind, recollections of the "Quarterly, so savage and tartarly!" bidding an apothecary's 'prentice return to his pestle and mortar: of Byron's boast that—

> I've learned to think and sternly speak the truth;
> I, too, can hunt a poetaster down—

as he selects for the pillory—Scott, "vulgar Wordsworth," and Coleridge! Yes, he writes of Coleridge as one—

> . . . who takes a Bixy for a Muse,
> Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
> The bard who soars to elegize an ass.
> How well the subject suits his noble mind!
> "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

And Coleridge wrote *The Ancient Mariner!* And Coleridge wrote *Kubla Khan!* And in *Kubla Khan* are enshrined three of those five lines which Kipling calls "the pure vision: the rest is only poetry!" Yet Byron was no fool: nor was Johnson a fool, but a great and lovable man. Yet Johnson's comment on the sheer loveliness of *Lycidas* is: "The diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, the numbers unpleasing." But indeed the whole passage (you will find it in the Milton essay in his *Lives of the Poets*) is one of the finest pieces of unconscious humor in all literature, from that wonderful opening sentence to the equally wondrous conclusion: "Surely no man could fancy he read *Lycidas* with pleasure had he not known the author!" Finally there is poor Greene's bitter fleer at the "upstart crow beautified with our feathers . . . that supposes that he is as well able to bombast out a blanke-verse as the best of you; and being an absolute

Iohannes-fac-totum, is in his owne conceyt the only shake-scene —in a countrey!"—a titter that has won him a sort of ignoble immortality that he did not deserve, that he would have died a hundred deaths to avoid. Oh, vanity of human opinion! With such an array of laughing-stocks of genius to warn against "hasty jedgements", what can a poor reviewer do but mutter a "God keep me humble!" and continue, the eternal Jack Horner of literature, digging an inky thumb into pie after pie, to pull out—and out of its context—a plum or two for you to do your own judging by.

Sometimes the plums are already pulled out and then, human nature being what it is, one is not always grateful. That delightful absurdity, *The Young Visiters*, suffered not a little when Barrie in his own inimitable fashion hornered out all the best of the plums to serve up in the preface. And Joseph Conrad recently wrote one for an adventure story—which any writer might be proud to read in front of his work; but it drove one reviewer at least quite distraught. It was hard to have to confess that, but for that magic signature, the end would not have been reached, and that, arrived there, one was still incapable of appreciating a book that Conrad liked. Is then one's judgment more easily disgruntled by praise than blame? Yet here, on the other hand, comes a measured hand-clap from Mr. Galsworthy to a tale, *The Spanish Farm*, that I cannot conceive myself failing to acclaim as an unusual book even without such backing. The experiment of painting a portrait of a race through the relation of the history of a child of that race has been tried before. Ibsen does it in *Peer Gynt:* Goethe does it in *Faust:* Cervantes in *Don Quixote.* But it has never been done in precisely this fashion, and it is significant that these exemplars of literature can occur to one's mind in reading, without altogether dwarfing or dulling the effect of this profoundly interesting and original portrait of a woman, a period and a people.

That's all very well, says Mrs. Horner, shopping list in hand. I'll take your word for it that you think it a fine book; but is it a book for my purposes? Can I give it as a Christmas present?

It depends on the presentee! If you have any lover of literature on your list, I think you will find yourself very heartily thanked for giving it, even though it is not a Christmas book in

the usual sense of being appropriate to "the glorious time of great Too Much". People, I suppose, don't want to think at Christmas time, especially as they grow older: thinking is remembering, and remembering is a heartbreaking kind of Christmas amusement. Let us be joyful! What about a tale of "deadly murder, spoil and villainy"? There is nothing like good blood and thunder to keep your menfolk happy when Christmas afternoon is fogbound; so long as it is cook's blood and sheet iron, not the real horror. And so I should pile upon my flapdragon dish such triumphant shockers as *The House of the Arrow*, *The Three of Clubs*, and *The Third Round*—not to mention that sprightly essay in the detectabilities, *The Majestic Mystery*. Then there is *Clubfoot the Avenger*, who suffers from his own predecessors. Mr. Williams, like Conan Doyle before him, will soon be obliged to annihilate his own creature in sheer literary self-defence. Nevertheless the *Avenger* is extremely exciting. I confess, too, to enjoying the handless villainy of that super-crook Iggy in *The Whisper on the Stair*.

For your feminine visitors here are two pleasant tales in the domestic manner, *So Big*, and *Rose of the World*, written round those wonderful small town women who beat business men at their own game, or stand up to the blows of fate and husbands for years and years and years without once imperilling their personal charm, or the slightly more sophisticated *Green Bay Tree* which might be described as a boudoir version of *The Old Wives' Tale*. For the romantico-historically minded there is *Stiletto* by the author of *The Duchess of Siona* and a new Bailey, *Knight at Arms*. There is also, if you prefer the modern Mr. Bailey, the sequel to his *Call Mr. Fortune*, and *Reggie Fortune* I have always thought the most original of all the sons of Sherlock.

For your own more curious taste there is Willa Cather's fascinating *Lost Lady*, or *Sandoval*, irritatingly written but very much worth reading; or the olives and dry champagne of Mr. Birrell's new volume of *Essays*, or E. F. Benson's *tour de force*, *David of Kings*, a book which reduced me to such a helpless hysteria of laughter that I was forced to go and read it by myself in a cold room without a fire, because the company could not do with my immoderate chuckles. But Laughter is a chancey visitor! She

may prefer to meet you arm in arm with the new Stephen Leacock; though, when in *The Garden of Folly* she was not by, to introduce us.

But whatever you give a visitor, withhold the new Buchan! or it will be impossible, Christmas dinner or no Christmas dinner, to drag him from his arm-chair until the last page is turned. This I have proved. And, I will not deny, comprehend. For here is Richard himself again, Richard Hannay, some years older, settled down into married life and post-war peace, and not a ha'porth less imaginative, resourceful and self-deprecating. If the yarn is not as completely satisfying as *The Thirty-nine Steps*, it is only because, for the first time, the villain is a trifle incredible. And it is perhaps that one touch of incredibility that makes one for the first time begin to analyze Mr. Buchan's earlier yarns, makes one decide why it is that they are so much more to one's taste than even such excellent thunderers as *Clubfoot the Avenger* and *The Third Round*. The villain of a shocker is incredible as a matter of course, and so the fact that one notes that Medina in *The Three Hostages* shares their incredibility, makes it obvious that Mr. Buchan's other villains have always been credible. The bald archaeologist in *The Thirty-nine Steps* is as credible as *Long John Silver*. It is indeed that peculiar flavor of reality in all Mr. Buchan's books, that flavor like the taste of sea salt in a south wind, that makes, except for its villain, *The Three Hostages* almost as good a yarn as *The Thirty-nine Steps:* and *The Thirty-nine Steps* is certainly the best yarn since *Treasure Island*, just as in turn *Treasure Island* is the best yarn since *Crusoe*. It is, I suppose, the flavor of literature as opposed to fiction. "You mustn't take a razor to cut kindling!" says the proverb; but when a man of letters takes to such whittling the kindled public is not inclined to complain. It shuts its eyes and opens its mouth and takes what the king has sent it whenever the king pleases, and the rulers are often generous. It is the translator and herald of Ibsen, the most dreaded dramatic critic of the old nineteenth century, who has presented the young twentieth in *The Green Goddess* with the best melodrama it has known. It was a famous mathematician, the author of such appallingly entitled works as *An Elementary Treatise on Determinals* and *The Fifth Book of Euclid proved Algebraically* whose

. . . art
With topsy-turvy magic
Sent *Alice* wandering through a part
Half comic and half tragic.

And with "enchanting Alice" we are arrived at the books with which these lists should have been headed, the Christmas plums for the front-row guests of the Snapdragon party—the children. Being an old-fashioned aunt, my list-making is easy. "To every new book add at least two old ones!" is my recipe. *Jibby Jones's* adventures on the Mississippi is the latest boy's book. Ronald shall have it, but sandwiched between *Tom Sawyer* and Richard Jeffries's *Bevis*. My present to Pat is nothing less than a collection of last year's *Punch* (all children love *Punch*) and that for the sake of the "*When we were very young*" series you find in them by A. A. M. Who can resist "Has anyone seen my mouse?" and the enchanting history of the three small foxes who "kept their handkerchiefs in cardboard boxes"? But it is a shame that the child who loves them should not become acquainted with that other older *History of the Seven Families*, and so I add Lear's *Nonsense Songs and Stories* and round off the parcel with the *Little Maya's* classic adventures with the rose-beetle and the dragon-fly: and perhaps those utterly old-fashioned *Cautionary Tales*, *The Cowslip* and *The Daisy*.

Yet not one even of those classics would I bestow until I was sure that there was to be found on the nursery bookshelf an unabridged Grimm, an *Arabian Nights*, and a volume of Hans Andersen. For of all Flapdragons dishes, there is none like Hans Andersen for sweet fruit and harmless flames of faëry.

"It was on a bitterly cold, snowy New Year's Eve. A poor little girl was wandering in the dark, cold street; she was bareheaded and barefooted. She certainly had slippers on when she left home, but they were not much good, they were so huge."

Who can remember that familiar opening without remembering also the first time one heard it read aloud in the firelight as Christmas Eve drew on? The spirit of the "mother-night" itself is in the story of *The Little Match-Girl*.

CLEMENCE DANE.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE RISE OF THE RACE

HUMAN ORIGINS: A MANUAL OF HUMAN PREHISTORY. By George Grant MacCurdy, Ph.D. Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

AN informing and fascinating book, written by a man wholly competent to write it. Dr. MacCurdy is one of the foremost American anthropologists. He is Curator of Anthropology and Research Associate in Prehistoric Anthropology, with professorial rank, at Yale, and Director of the American School of Prehistoric Research in Europe. He has done admirable work himself as anthropological investigator and discoverer, and he is thoroughly informed and a competent judge of the work of others. The book itself is written simply and clearly, and is handsomely printed and abundantly illustrated. Its first volume treats of the Old Stone Age and the Dawn of Man and His Arts, and the second volume of the New Stone Age and the Ages of Bronze and Iron, a convenient chronological separation of subjects.

The author defines what he has intended and attempted to do in the first paragraph of his preface. "In scope," he says, "this work covers not only the origin and development of the *genus Homo*, but also the origin and development of human mentality as reflected in man's discoveries, inventions, and all the activities which enter into the warp and woof of human culture. Since it has to do with man's organic evolution as well as his cultural evolution, the name *Human Origins* has been chosen as the title best designed to describe the field to be covered. The theme of cultural evolution has received fuller treatment than that of organic or physical evolution; hence the sub-title, *A Manual of Prehistory*."

Despite the existence of other recent books on human prehistory, and especially that other excellent one, *Men of the Old Stone Age*, written by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn only six years ago, it is well to have this newer one. The "finds" of new mate-

rial and hence of new facts in connection with prehistoric man have been so many in the very last years and promise to be so many more in the immediate years to come, that we need a rapid succession of books of authentic information about them. Beside that, we need to have the different approaches to the subject of prehistoric man which come from men of varying training and point of view. Each book complements the others and all together provide an illuminating mass of facts and theories concerning the origin and history of man and his manners.

With what I have now said, I might, perhaps, well refrain from saying more. Professor MacCurdy's book is a good book, a timely book on an important subject, written carefully and intelligibly by an authority in the field of his subject. What more needs to be said?

But to stop with that is not the approved way of a reviewer, particularly of a scientific reviewer of a scientific book. He should point out some errors of fact, or at least some errors of typography. Also he should pick out a few special points to praise—unless he thinks the whole book bad.

Well, I have little competence to recognize Professor MacCurdy's errors of fact—if he has made any; and I am not interested in the book's typographical errors—if there are any. But I can cheerfully express some special appreciation of a few of what seem to me especially good things in it.

I particularly like the way in which Professor MacCurdy has fulfilled his declared intention of pointing out not alone what we know, from a study of actual human and near-human fossils, of man's physical development, but what we know, from a study of prehistoric artifacts, concerning the development of human mentality and culture. To the general reader this is the feature of Professor MacCurdy's book which will most highly recommend it to him. If he is not already aware, by other reading, of the extent and detail of the picture of man's early cultural development which can be drawn on a basis of our present-day knowledge of prehistoric man and his ways, he will be amazed by what he learns from this book. Especially will he be impressed by the early and vigorous flowering of man's artistic nature. (See Chapter VII of the first volume and Appendix II of the second volume.)

Prehistoric man is already ornamenting his tools and weapons, drawing pictures on cave walls and carving statuettes, when he emerges from his low Neanderthal stage, when he was decidedly but "animal among animals", into the suddenly much higher stage of the Aurignacian race and culture. Yet this "much higher stage" was still in the Palæolithic or Old Stone Age. It was in a time when wild horses, reindeer, bison, mammoths and wooly rhinoceroses, and other creatures now long extinct, roamed over Europe even to its southernmost borders. It was in the Glacial Epoch, when great ice-sheets covered Scandinavia and part of Great Britain and extended into northern Germany.

From that time on the most fascinating part of the story of prehistoric man is that of his development as artist. There are long limestone caverns in Southern Europe whose walls are veritable picture galleries of prehistoric art. Drawings plain or colored with ochre and paint, purely superficial or cut in relief, pictures, realistic and impressionistic, of the wild animals of the time and of prehistoric man himself, cover every available foot of wall surface in these caverns. Scattered elsewhere in his natural rock shelters or buried in the rock and soil which cover the sites of his open camps and gathering places, are engraved and carved ivory and bone and stone implements and ornaments of great variety and real beauty. These pictures and carvings show obvious degrees of artistic skill. There were Palæolithic Michelangelos and Leonardos. And there were also those who had the impulse but not the capacity.

Professor MacCurdy did not have in mind, probably, when he was writing his book, the idea of making it an argument to sustain the thesis, to which all professional biologists subscribe, that present day man is a result of a long gradual evolution from more primitive animal types, instead of being a sudden creation on the sixth day of the beginning of things; or that he has lived as man or near-man on this earth several hundred thousand years instead of the few thousand years since Adam's time. But the book is, nevertheless, a direct and unimpassioned and convincing argument for that thesis. It is a simple record of facts that prove it. They are not discussed as facts to prove anything. They are just presented as facts that we should all be glad to know. In

this time of guesses and emotional cries we should be glad to know any facts. We should be glad to be told anything authentic about the origin and development of man. I wish Mr. Bryan might read Chapter VIII (Fossil Man) of the first volume of Professor MacCurdy's book. In fact, he should read the whole book. So should the members of the legislatures of Texas, Georgia, Kentucky and certain other States, becoming uncomfortably known to fame because of their tendency to try to turn back the clock.

Scientific men have an obsessing interest in "origins". But so do many others. Especially are we all interested in human origins. Professor MacCurdy could not have chosen a more appealing title for his book. Nor, as we see when we read it, a more truly descriptive title. He has done admirably what he has tried to do. And I, for one, am very glad that he has taken the time, even away from the hours he has at his disposal for investigation, to make so conveniently and interestingly accessible to laymen and to less advanced students of human prehistory the wealth of already known facts about these ancestors of ours whose names are all unknown to the compilers of vainglorious family genealogies.

VERNON KELLOGG.

BIOGRAPHIES OF MYSTICS

GEORGE MACDONALD AND HIS WIFE. By Greville MacDonald. New York: The Dial Press.

LETTERS TO THREE FRIENDS. By William Hale White. New York: The Oxford University Press.

THE GROOMBRIDGE DIARY. By Dorothy V. White. New York: The Oxford University Press.

Omitting the interesting parallels in the external lives of George MacDonald and William Hale White, such as their services to the Church or their friendship with Ruskin or their novels, the mind instinctively fastens on the deeper resemblance of their geniuses. They were both men of a rare and perhaps too subtle spirit: both adventurers, often to their cost in this world, in the

realm of white light. Both were, to use the unsatisfactory word, mystics. Moreover, their quests lay along unfamiliar paths. To understand Augustine or Crashaw or Edwards or Newman does not mean that we may understand George MacDonald and "Mark Rutherford". The student of mysticism would say that their ardors and searches were special. Only a kinship of spirit assures an understanding. Particularly is this true of "Mark Rutherford", whose vagaries often let us down into moods of amusement, of bewilderment.

Perhaps this consecration to the other world accounts for the failure of the two men to make quite an indelible impression on their age. For, in spite of our friends' enthusiasms for one or the other; in spite of the occasional ecstatic tributes since their deaths; in spite of their considerable body of writing—they fell short of that type of genius which impresses the world. They were not causative. They led no movements. Though their thought was clear and highly original, it seemed to reach only individuals endowed with minds like their own. Thus distinguished and beloved as they were, there is a curious silence about them in the annals of this world. All the commonplace records and histories and dictionaries yield them small place, and they are likely in the future, if one dared hazard a guess, to join not the company of the immortal dead, but the dim ghostly spirits who wait generations for affinities. I mean mystics like the de Guérins who are discovered by lonely souls, and enshrined by such far above the great teachers, gaining in the eyes of the single worshipper because of their very rejection by the world.

If we already know the inner mind of George MacDonald, we can renew our reverence for him very happily in this biography by his son, Greville MacDonald; but, it must be confessed, it is not meeting him alone as we meet "Mark Rutherford" through the *Diary* and *Letters*, but rather in the family sitting-room. Such is the disadvantage, though its uses be many, of the filial biography. It is well to know more fully of his heroic struggle against illness, but we learn too much about what he wears, and too little about what he thinks. It is like looking at a great religious painting with too voluble a cicerone; or read-

ing *The Dream of Gerontius* with heavy notes on the choruses of angelicals. It may be interesting to know that in childhood he rode a mare with supple limbs; that as a young man he liked a scarlet cravat; or who took care of the MacDonald family cat. It may be so, and I have never seen a biography of this scope which scorned such details; but the mood of the maiden aunt and the family album diverts us from a study of the mind of George MacDonald. I do not regret that this huge volume includes these personalia. I only hope that some day a more precise and more critical study may be forthcoming.

So we come, after a while, to skip from letter to letter, pausing to note his spiritual growth, as he takes issue in religious controversy, or to enjoy—and now we are grateful for the detail—the echoes of his friendships and travels. George MacDonald did not care for literary society; he preferred a pipe with a cobbler, a characteristic which his son thinks unusual. Hardly strange in scores of writers from Burton to Hawthorne or Ralph Hodgson, it was less so in MacDonald, whose bent was not distinctly literary but theological. The men of letters whom he knew in England struck no spark from him, and the contemporary writers who impressed him most deeply seem to have been, in England, Maurice and Ruskin, and in America, Emerson. The letters from Ruskin illumine the latter far more than MacDonald. The prophet is in the depths, and lashes out half-playfully, half-bitterly at his friend. Unluckily, the biographer does not publish the replies to Ruskin's digs at the Deity, though he intimates that MacDonald's disposal of Ruskin's objections to life would have been easy for him. This is unfortunate. Still more so is the biographer's easy assumption that the two men were of equal intellectual power. Ruskin, in despair at the industrial turmoil, writes: "Alas me—I've been born again with a vengeance—twofold more the child of darkness—not Hell, (for I'm heartily uncomfortable whenever I come near the hells they are making of their great towns with steam and avarice and cruelty and accursed labor) but of darkness—I'm so puzzled with everything, and so dead to everything. But I can't write more." What is MacDonald's answer? None. Well, perhaps we should not expect one to this question. Yet there should be a

reply for this Ruskinian depression: "As far as I can see," he writes, "or have known anything of the Deity, He makes noble and beneficent laws, which if one keeps—it is fairly probable—not by any means certain—that one won't come to any terrific misfortune,—but if one doesn't there's but one word for you. Fire is on the whole pleasantly warm—if you choose to burn your fingers with it—and then go to God for 'comfort' He only laughs at you and says—'What did you do it for?' " What does MacDonald say? No answer. The particular reply was not available, but silence would have been better than the feeble response marshalled from the works by his biographer.

Perhaps this is unfair, for this book is not a critical study; it is the biography of a father by his son, and it will always remain the source-book for George MacDonald's life. The journey to America, for example, is an admirable narrative about what must have been an adventure for the Scotchman. Who tires of an Englishman's impressions of America, whether it be those of Charles Dickens or of the bar-maid at the Horseshoe Tavern? And here are new impressions of an Englishman quite different from Thackeray, to say nothing of such gentry as Marryat and Captain Basil Hall. George MacDonald and his wife arrived in Boston on September 30, 1872, and within a week Mrs. MacDonald writes her daughter that she has met Emerson, visited Longfellow and Lowell's sister, and has encouraged Phillips Brooks, "a tremendous big boy with large open eyes who had travelled a good deal and talked charmingly." (It is only fair to state that Mrs. MacDonald discovered later to whom she had been talking, for on the following Sunday she adds with humorous chagrin that she has been to church and "heard a really lovely sermon from the Mr. Brooks whom I had talked to and been *so kind as to encourage to speak his mind*".) The "wise, weighty, poetic, and passionate words" of the lectures continued on *Burns*, *Hamlet*, *Tom Hood*, the *Lyrics of Tennyson*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Milton*. MacDonald was a popular lecturer,—even with Matthew Arnold's enemies, the Chicago reporters, one of whom noted his "diamond pins, jewelled shirt-studs, massive watch-chain, daintily shod feet and Christ-like countenance". In New York they were won by the ease and grace

of his gestures, a virtue which was celebrated as follows: "His hands and fingers are full of significance, pointed with meaning and dripping with emotion." In spite of the horrors of "palace cars", public dinners, and Pittsburgh, MacDonald established personal contacts with thousands of souls who knew his books, and who loved him anew. In some ways this American journey is the most vivid episode in his life.

We end by being one of these souls. We cannot quite see George MacDonald through his son's eyes, but we surrender to his sincerity. If his intellect does not overcome us, there are in him depths of emotion, and understanding. Not the least beautiful part of his spiritual communion with his wife is his humble admission of terrible doubts. "I am," he writes her, toward the end of his life, "sometimes hard put to it with the Apollyon of unbelief." Or he cries out:

> Have pity on us for the look of things
> When blank denial stares us in the face.

His soul was well-knit. Yet not without struggle. This doubt was part of him; it was intellectual, not spiritual. It was, as is sometimes the case in mystical faiths, a spur, or rather a stepping-stone. It is difficult to think of George MacDonald without this last image. He had, as he repeats again and again, a passion for stairways. This is the overtone in his mysticism which marks him out extraordinary. In spite of his robust nature he continues to tread these hidden stairways. They are in *Lilith*, *Donald Grant*, *The Princess and the Goblin*, and *At the Back of the North Wind*. Climbing these secret stairs we may defy the law of gravitation and know as we are known. It is very strange, but it is part of his faith.

Reading the *Letters to Three Friends* is rather like living happily in that society which George MacDonald thought inferior to that of cobblers. To dinner at Hale White's comes William Morris, broad-shouldered, ruddy, in a blue shirt without necktie. Swinburne reads to White some comical passages on animals in an old book. White looks at the Pre-Raphaelite pictures. He is reading new books too, and, as often, old ones; and he is full of vivacious talk about them. When Morris dies he laments that

the good old Victorian days are passing, and he finds the future of literature very barren indeed. This little volume is full of wisdom on literature and life. A certain debonair critic of whom Hale White seems to have been unaware would have liked the flexible literary criticism which White tossed off after reading or chatting with friends.

Yet as in MacDonald, here is the profoundly religious mind, the same hard ascent of stairways to mysterious chambers of the spirit. Hale White was educated for the Congregational ministry, but in vain. The *Autobiography* and *The Deliverance* are among the most thrilling confessions of an age which was not reticent about its soul-maladies. We put them on the shelves with Newman's *Apologia* and Mark Pattison's *Memoirs*, and less permanently. For the steel in the churchman and in the scholar is not part of Hale White's nature. He can flash out into terrible anger, but it is anger born of pity. His compassion for souls confused by life is never wearied. The pictures of "Peterloo" in *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* are as strong as Carlyle's in *Past and Present*. Yet external interests mean very little in Hale White. To know him at all we must follow him in his searchings of the spirit. Like St. Telemachus, he has one foot beyond time. We may judge ourselves, by our failure or success in tracing his involutions of the spirit.

But it is this last adventure of the spirit that has left Hale White's devotees somewhat breathless. The fact is noted in the *Letters to Three Friends;* the circumstances of the divine accident are narrated in the extraordinary *Groombridge Diary*. On April 8, 1911, he writes Philip Webb: "You will not be surprised when I tell you that Dorothy and I were married this morning." Hale was then eighty years of age, and Dorothy Vernon Horace Smith was thirty-four. To smile is a preparation for being ashamed. No doubt the newspapers made the most of it; no doubt gossip was busy. But there are no explanations or demurrals in the records of this union, and no reader of *The Groombridge Diary* will desire them. He will merely be thankful as he reads this story that sometimes the world is cheated; that such things can happen in it.

The unity of minds was instant and complete, nor is it less

beautiful that these two use the language of youthful lovers. They *are* youthful; it is only Time which has been ironical with them. On September 22, 1909, White tells Webb about his singular experience. Though reserved and naturally hesitant, his conviction about what it means is as certain as Dorothy Smith's in the *Diary:* "Directly," he says, "I saw her I was much struck with her. She possesses singular genius, not in any particular province, but—what is better perhaps—in her way of looking at life and the world." And she: "I have been to see 'Mark Rutherford' at his cottage at Groombridge. . . . It is like being with a boy, he is so eager, shy, and tender; his feelings so fresh and acute, as if he feels a thing now for the very first time. . . . It is a wonderful pathetic face; far, far too sad." He was then seventy-eight.

Then follows the story of the marriage of minds with all its beautiful embroidery of fancy, yearning, and hope. Out of the wilderness they flee to that repose which Nature vouchsafes only once or twice in a lifetime, if as often: to the communion of minds so attuned that all shadows vanish. For what they have found is peace. In vain the enemies raise their heads. White is conscious indeed that he is nearly thrice her years, that he is broken in health. The infirmities of age envelop him. There is morphia. There is the sick-room table. There are the moods of irritability. There is the fear of the last parting. It is the tragedy of the briefness of life and love intensified, with an end as definite as that of Mycerinus. Through the pages of this unique *Diary* we live again the moods of the wooing, the betrothal, the marriage, and the bereavement. It is difficult not to quote. But the sense of intrusion which we feel prevents this. This justice we owe them: to read the whole story or none. For the book may be a text either for the cynic, or the dauntless believer in life. By all the tokens of this world, the experience of the Whites is absurd; but by all that we hope for from the vision, it is beautiful. And of such pictures of life we cannot have enough.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

TWO IMPORTANT NEWSPAPERS

MEMOIRS OF AN EDITOR. By Edward P. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE STORY OF AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. By Richard Hooker. New York: The Macmillan Company.

It would be hard to find a more delightful book than *Memoirs of an Editor*, by Edward P. Mitchell, long time editor of *The New York Sun*. Any well written story of a life is interesting, but the story of such a life as Mr. Mitchell's, by such a brilliant writer as he, is a choice addition to the literature of the country. It carries with it not only the author's personal experiences which, in travel, cover almost the whole of the globe, and in personnel refer to a countless number of prominent people, but also the history of a remarkable newspaper, and, incidentally, of the politics of the country in the last fifty years.

Mr. Mitchell was born in Bath, Maine, in 1854, and his story ranges from childhood to a point beyond seventy years of age. His narrative of his early boyhood is written with all the humor and sympathy of Aldrich or Warner, and makes a charming opening to the more serious part which follows. His family removed to New York in 1860. His memories of New York as a boy recall the visit of the Prince of Wales, Barnum's Museum and its destruction by fire, the fights of rival hose companies, and the Draft Riots, in which his own household was seriously upset by the fact that they had a colored servant whose life was in danger from the mob.

At the close of the Civil War, Mr. Mitchell's father undertook unsuccessfully to conduct a plantation in the South, and from there the boy went to Bowdoin College, from which he was graduated in 1871. He began newspaper work on *The Boston Advertiser*, then a famous newspaper under Col. Goddard. From there he went to Lewiston, Maine, to *The Journal*, conducted by the Dingleys, and had his first sight of *The New York Sun*. After sending it a couple of contributions, which were accepted, he applied for a position and secured it in 1875. From there on it is a story of *The New York Sun*, the remarkable people with

whom he was there thrown into contact, and his own interesting and varied experiences. The personal factor on the editorial page of a newspaper is always a matter of conjecture, unless it reveals itself so plainly as to be unmistakable. Studying *The Sun* at Lewiston, he was impressed by the three different styles in the editorials, and finally learned that, instead of Mr. Dana writing the different articles, there were three other writers. Of one style were the contributions of Francis P. Church, author of the charming little letter written in 1897 demonstrating to a child of eight that there is such a person as Santa Claus; another style belonged to Gen. Fitzhenry Warren, and the third was that of William G. Bartlett, counsel and friend of Mr. Dana. Mr. Dana's personality prevailed all through *The Sun*, as a matter of course. He had a choice vein of humor and the same quality appeared on the editorial page, whoever wrote. His personal magnetism is very evident from the devotion felt for him among all his subordinates. He gathered about him a remarkable group of talented persons, and their loyalty to him and *The Sun* was evidence of the attractiveness of Mr. Dana and of his rare qualities. Mr. Mitchell says of him:

> Mr. Dana wrote much less of the editorial matter in *The Sun* than was generally supposed to be his own by the readers of that paper; much less than Raymond or Louis Jennings or Miller or Ogden in *The Times* or Greeley in the old *Tribune;* very much less, certainly, than Henry Watterson in *The Courier-Journal* of Louisville or, probably, Henry W. Grady in *The Atlanta Constitution.* What Dana did write for his editorial page was of that high grade of literary expression which distinguished all his acknowledged productions.

When Mr. Dana was away, the second in command was Thomas Hitchcock, the next largest stockholder in the company, and Mr. Mitchell tells us how *The Sun* missed the great opportunity which *The New York Times* took up:

> It was to Mr. Hitchcock, in the temporary absence of Dana, that Sheriff Jimmy O'Brien submitted the Tweed Ring accounts and incriminating documents in the summer of 1871, when O'Brien decided to strike his blow of vengeance. Mr. Hitchcock was naturally unwilling to assume the responsibility; and the sheriff, unable to reach Dana, carried the Ring figures to

George Jones of *The Times*, dumped the bundle and left the office without sitting down.

There is no knowing how many popular phrases originated in *The Sun*, but surely the "office cat" ranks high, and here is how the cat came to be:

One warm night in the Eighties the flimsy telegraph copy of a Presidential message fluttered out of the window and was lost in Nassau Street: "*The Sun* had nothing about it the next morning, and in the afternoon, when Mr. Bartlett called on Mr. Dana, the matter of the lost message was under discussion. The editor remarked that it was a matter difficult to explain to the readers. 'Oh, say that the office cat ate it,' suggested Bartlett." A paragraph appeared next day, creating the cat, and the animal immediately became popular as a polyphage in hundreds of other newspaper offices.

The Sun was backed by many prominent New Yorkers, including Cyrus W. Field, Seth Low and Amos R. Eno, and yet when Mr. Hitchcock went to it, it was "excluded from the reading rooms of institutions like the Century Club". In time, of course, all this hostility disappeared and *The Sun* became one of the most popular newspapers, not only in New York but of the country.

Like Mr. Dana, Mr. Mitchell had a fancy for cranks, which showed early when in college he entertained the famous Daniel Pratt, G.A.T. (Great American Traveler). Pratt was a chronic self-nominated candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Mitchell quotes part of the candidate's oration, but omits the conclusion which used to clinch his demand for the Chief Magistracy. It was: "A goose saved Rome—why should not I," etc. Later, George Francis Train, and George, the Count Johannes, received his special attention. Madame Blavatsky was another peculiar character whom he describes at length. Mr. Mitchell at one time was quite interested in spooks; but, when he found that the ghost of Professor Münsterburg did not understand German, he concluded that further research was unnecessary.

The first great change in the proprietorship of *The Sun*, since Charles A. Dana bought the newspaper from the Beaches in 1867, came on Washington's Birthday, 1902, when it passed into the control of William M. Laffan. At the death of Mr. Laffan, William C. Reick became the chief owner. In June,

1916, Frank A. Munsey purchased the majority stock of *The Sun* Corporation. Paul Dana, who had been editor since his father's death in 1897, retired in July, 1898, and Mr. Mitchell succeeded to that post, which he held until the merger. Mr. Mitchell's comments on William M. Laffan and Frank Munsey indicate an affectionate appreciation of both men. The story of *The Sun* ends with its absorption into *The New York Press* which, subsequently, was merged with *The New York Herald*. *The Sun* was a great newspaper, brilliant and eccentric, but always clear and positive, so that nobody ever doubted where it stood on any important question, and Mr. Mitchell did a large part in making it what it was.

The Springfield Republican, one of the great little newspapers of the country, was established by Samuel Bowles on September 8, 1824, and, in September, 1924, its managers gave a dinner to all connected with it; about five hundred being present. Another detail of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary was the publication of *The Story of an Independent Newspaper*, by Richard Hooker. There are comparatively few newspapers in the country that are one hundred years old, though there are some much older. But very few, indeed, have always been published in the same place, using the same name, and it is safe to say that *The Republican* is unique in being the only newspaper of this class in the country that, for a hundred years, has been owned and controlled by the same family.

The first Samuel Bowles was a part owner of *The Hartford* (Connecticut) *Times*, a paper which was established in 1817 to give expression to the growing anti-Federal and anti-Congregational sentiment which had been steadily increasing in New England following the election of Jefferson to the Presidency. The sentiment prevailed the next year. It suggests the conservatism of the people of Connecticut that, from the time when the three towns of Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor united in 1639 in forming the Colony of Connecticut under the guidance of Thomas Hooker, the people had moved along through all the Colonial period, the Revolution, and more than forty years later, without any other Constitution than that of Hooker's Fundamental Orders.

In 1818 they adopted the Constitution, now 106 years old, under which they still live. Mr. Bowles decided to carry into western Massachusetts the same anti-Federal sentiments that he had been advancing in Connecticut, and, borrowing $400, he loaded his press and type on a flat boat and had them poled up to Springfield.

In March, 1844, the second Samuel Bowles, who was born in 1826, induced his father to begin publishing the daily *Republican*, and it was he who, later in life, gave the newspaper that "independence" which has made it a national institution.

Samuel Bowles, the father, lived until 1851, and, at his death, the whole responsibility of *The Republican* fell upon Samuel Bowles, the second. He was a man of remarkable ability in many ways, of high personal character, and abundant courage and patriotism. He recognized no leader but his own conscience, and the story of the paper carries with it accounts of many clashes. He bitterly attacked and helped break up the Know Nothing Party. He fought the Fugitive Slave Law and carried on many brave fights, some local and some national. He joined the Republican party early, and *The Republican*, beginning with Fremont, advocated the election of every Republican candidate for the Presidency down to Grant's second term.

It was then that Mr. Bowles became especially prominent. He was one of the "Independent Republicans" who went out to Cincinnati to nominate their candidate against Grant. *The Republican* had long urged Charles Francis Adams for public office, first for Governor of his State, and later as the candidate to oppose Grant. It was the general feeling through the country that Adams would be the nominee chosen by the four leading newspaper men, Bowles of *The Republican*, White of *The Chicago Tribune*, Halstead of *The Cincinnati Commercial*, and Watterson of *The Louisville Courier Journal*. When they met, however, the convention nominated Horace Greeley, to the great disappointment of all New England, at least. His nomination was endorsed by the Democratic party and he, himself, was buried by the voters of the country. It is an old story that Isaac H. Bromley, one of the wittiest men produced in newspaper work in the country, who attended the gathering, was asked

upon his return where he had been, and he replied that he had been "out to see the Mammoth Cave—and it did!"

Mr. Bowles was a most inspiring person, and his newspaper was one of the earliest schools of journalism in the country. It is related of him that a young fellow who had applied for a position asked him what his pay would be, and Bowles turned on him with "Sir, you are asking me to pay you to educate you! I am willing to educate you, but not to pay for the privilege of doing so." This incident, however, occurred years ago. Among the well-known graduates of *The Republican* are Talcott Williams, Professor Emeritus of the Pulitzer School of Journalism in New York; Hon. George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; the late Herbert L. Bridgman, publisher of *The Brooklyn Standard-Union*, and the heads of the departments of journalism in Northwestern University, and the Universities of Iowa, Minnesota, and a multitude of others. Solomon B. Griffin, who was engaged upon *The Republican* from 1872 until 1919, and who for forty years was managing editor, had much to do with the shaping of the policy of the paper, and proved himself one of the great men in New England newspaper work.

On January 16, 1878, Samuel Bowles, the second, died at the age of fifty-two, and was succeeded by his son, the third Samuel Bowles, to whom Mr. Hooker fittingly dedicates his interesting book. He founded *The Sunday Republican*, and made many other changes, devoting his whole life to the newspaper of which he had been put in charge. He was born in 1851 and died in 1915, lamented by a multitude of admirers and friends.

The Republican is now conducted by Richard Hooker, editor and president of the Corporation, and Sherman Hoar Bowles, general manager, both grandchildren of the second Samuel Bowles, Sherman Bowles being a son of the third Samuel Bowles, and Mr. Hooker, a nephew.

CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK.

ASPECTS OF THE CONSTITUTION

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION AS IT PROTECTS PRIVATE RIGHTS. By Frederic Jesup Stimson, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

RECENT CHANGES IN AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL THEORY. By John W. Burgess, LL.D. New York: Columbia University Press.

FEDERAL CENTRALIZATION. By Walter Thompson, Ph.D. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

AMERICAN STATE GOVERNMENT. By John Mabry Mathews, Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

CHILD LABOR AND THE CONSTITUTION. By Raymond G. Fuller; with an Introduction by John H. Finley. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

NON-VOTING. By Charles Edward Merriam and Harold Foote Gosnell. Chicago, Ill.: The University of Chicago Press.

AMERICA'S INTEREST IN WORLD PEACE. By Irving Fisher. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By Alejandro Alvarez. New York: Oxford University Press.

A HISTORY OF POLITICAL THEORIES. By Students of the late William Archibald Dunning, LL.D., Edited by Charles Edward Merriam, LL.D., and Harry Elmer Barnes, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY. By C. S. Leavenworth, M.A. New Haven: Yale University Press.

There was doubtless only too much truth, in a certain sense, in the recent remark of Governor Silzer, of New Jersey, that "Americans of today are not much concerned about the Constitution of the United States". Attention of a kind there doubtless is; paid by those who would deform the Constitution under the guise of amendment, or annul it altogether. Such hostility has this year attained an unprecedented degree and extent. In former years issues were raised over interpretation of specific clauses and provisions; by Josiah Quincy, by John C. Calhoun, by Robert Y. Hayne, and others. But it was reserved for the present year to see scores of resolutions for amendments introduced in Congress in a single session, and a nation-wide movement organized and led by two Senators of the United States for an amendment specifically designed to invalidate the entire Constitution. In the midst of such hostility, favorable attention, for intelligent and efficient support and vindication of the Constitution, has been regrettably lacking. The majority of its friends have contented themselves with passive support, while some, through lack of information or

discretion, have actually given aid and comfort to the enemy. Even so fine and high an authority as Mr. John W. Davis permitted political exigencies to betray him into making the slighting remark that the Fathers "fixed it so that the kickers could rule".

In these circumstances all serious and intelligent writings on the Constitution in its various phases are to be welcomed, as calculated to arouse and engage that thoughtful attention which the fundamental law merits from every worthy citizen, and which, if given, should infallibly enlist for the Constitution resolute support against the open or insidious attacks that are being made upon it. Particularly commendable is such a work as that of Mr. F. J. Stimson on *The American Constitution as It Protects Private Rights*, because it is precisely that aspect of the Constitution which is most readily understandable by the average lay citizen, and which most strongly appeals to his interest. The proverbial Man in the Street may be at a loss to understand just why the Senate should and the House of Representatives should not be associated with the President in treaty-making power. But he instantly understands the value of a guarantee against the taking of his property without compensation, or against being compelled to testify against himself, or being arbitrarily arrested without warrant. It is, moreover, for the breaking down of the Constitution's protection of private rights that the chief of the present campaigns against that instrument—directed by Mr. La Follette—is intended. Mr. Stimson, whom we affectionately remember as "J. S., of Dale", has a felicitous combination of the novelist's gift of popular interest and the trained jurist's power of logical and convincing presentation. The result is what we may call, in hackneyed phrase, a human interest exposition of the Constitution, showing how closely and vitally it concerns every individual citizen. If I were asked to name the one single book about the Constitution which it was most desirable for every American citizen to read, and the general reading of which would be most advantageous to the maintenance of the American system of government, I should have little hesitation in naming this volume of Mr. Stimson's.

To the more contemplative student, who has regard for the mutations of time in governmental affairs, Professor Burgess's

little treatise on *Recent Changes in American Constitutional Theory* may be commended, for its various sound and valuable suggestions and warnings, and in spite of its occasional aberrations of judgment. Nothing could be finer, more pertinent and timely, or more valuable, than his arraignment of the evil tendencies, toward centralization of power, involved in the last few Amendments to the Constitution, and in the extraordinary special legislation of the World War, and his exposure of the un-American and indeed anti-American features of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Thus, speaking of the demand, which still persists, that we shall subordinate, somehow and in some degree at least, the constitutional independence of the United States to a world association of nations, he says:

> This thing cannot be legally effected otherwise than by an Amendment to our present Constitution. This should be kept distinctly in mind from the outset by every citizen of the Country. It cannot be done by a treaty in the ordinary way. A treaty between the United States Government and any foreign Power, or all foreign Powers, cannot change or modify the Constitution of the United States in the slightest particular.

Equally to the point is his scathing rebuke of the glib prattlers about "isolation" and "exclusiveness":

> Nobody seems to recognize what an affront it is to our own Country to even hint that we have heretofore preserved ourselves in selfish isolation from the world or have ever failed to discharge our duty to humanity. We have always taken our part in the economic, commercial, educational and charitable affairs of the world, and often at the forefront. . . . Our isolation has consisted simply in not interfering with the internal political or governmental affairs of other countries and not allowing them to interfere in ours. This is not isolation in any proper sense of the word. It is simply the recognition of national political independence, and the right of every people to fashion their political government in their own way.

Those are golden words, and it is a pity that their pure metal should be subjected to the juxtaposition of such a bit of dross as the intemperate denunciation of our policy in Panama as "one of the most unqualified and arrogant violations of international law known to the modern history of man".

Closely akin to and correlated with the efforts to destroy the Constitution's guarantees of individual rights is the tendency toward infringement upon the rights of the States and the centrali-

zation of power in the Federal Government; a subject treated with exquisite lucidity and "sweet reasonableness" and with the convincing force which proceeds from those fine qualities, in Dr. Thompson's *Federal Centralization*. Two generations ago the extreme pretensions of Calhoun and his followers, and the strenuous reaction against them, cast unmerited odium upon the phrase "State Rights". I can recall the time when, throughout the major part of this country, for a man to avow himself a believer in State Rights was to brand himself as little better than a traitor to the Nation. From that state of mind we have happily recovered, and we are—or should be—able to remember that State Rights existed before National Sovereignty was born, and to realize that our whole system of government rests upon three kinds of rights—the rights of the individual, the rights of the States, and the rights of the Nation—and that to trespass upon any one of them is as evil and as mischievous as to trespass upon either of the others. It was largely to safeguard the integrity of these three kinds of rights—or perhaps I should say, also, powers—that the Constitution was made, and its treatment of them is most significant, varying strikingly among them. Thus: The powers of the people are unlimited; they may do whatever they please. The powers of the States are limited only by explicit prohibitions; they may do anything that is not expressly forbidden. The powers of the Federal Government are limited by the bounds of special grants; it may do nothing beyond what it is expressly authorized to do. Dr. Thompson discusses, in encyclopædic scope, the exercise of Federal power in commerce, police, postal service, transportation, health, morals, education, prohibition, labor, and what not else; all with philosophic breadth of vision and judicial impartiality of spirit, and with a monumental multiplicity of citations of authorities; making a treatise of unsurpassed value to all who have concern for the essential principle of the republic as expressed in the motto of Illinois: State Sovereignty; National Union.

A fine companion volume to Dr. Thompson's work is that of Dr. Mathews on *American State Government*. The former tells of the tendencies toward Federal infringement upon State Sovereignty. The latter tells what State Sovereignty is, and what it

should be to resist infringement and to vindicate its own perpetual existence. It is not so much an argumentative as an expository work; though of course exposition is sometimes the most effective argument. The author surveys intelligently and appreciatively the various State Governments of the forty-eight members of this Union, their likenesses and differences. He studies their actual workings, and notes their points of efficiency or inefficiency. He considers the changes that have occurred in them from time to time, and the general trend thereof. He analyzes the relations of the State to its component parts, of counties, cities and villages, and also those to the Nation of which it is one of the component parts. It is well that such a volume has been written, on State Governments and Constitutions, amid the multiplicity of books about the Nation and its Constitution. I do not mean that too much has been written and published about the latter, but that there has been far too little about the former. There is also a certain peculiar fitness in the writing of such a volume by a professor in the great State University of the State whose suggestive motto I have already quoted.

Of all the pending proposals to extend the power of the Federal Government at the expense of the States, and to do so by amendment of the Constitution, by far the most conspicuous and important, and, I may add, the most plausible, is that relating to Child Labor. Mr. Fuller's volume on *Child Labor and the Constitution* is written from the humanitarian rather than the constitutionalist point of view. The burden of its argument is that child labor is always liable and in many cases is actually subject to grave abuses, which seriously impair the physical, mental and moral stamina of the rising generation. That is something which no informed observer will dispute. Whether that admitted evil can be abated only by practically changing our theory of government, by putting into the Constitution a provision radically at variance with its original intent, and whether it is best to be abated by an act which in turn would itself be susceptible of equally grave abuse, is another question. There will be wide disagreement with many of Mr. Fuller's contentions, as also there will be wide approval of them. But there will be no challenging of his authority or his sincerity as the spokesman of his side of the great contro-

versy, or of the value of his book as a detailed presentation of the arguments and pleadings for a child labor amendment to the Constitution.

Seeing that the Constitution was and is the creation of the People of the United States, and that the people perform their political acts through the medium of the ballot, it is obvious that the Constitution is practically based upon and is indeed dependent upon the suffrage. If a decisive majority of all the people vote, directly or through purposely chosen delegates, for a change in the Constitution, the moral as well as legal validity of that change is not to be questioned. But if such a change is effected by a mere minority,—a majority of a minority of the whole,—what moral weight can it have? It is an ominous fact that not only has all the national legislation of late years been the work of representatives of a minority of the nation, but that also the latest Constitutional Amendment voted upon by the States was recommended to them by what I may call a minority Congress. For the appalling fact is that at the last two Congressional elections before the present year, and at the last preceding Presidential election, fewer than one-half of the qualified voters of the United States went to the polls. President Harding was elected in 1920 by a popular majority so tremendous as to dwarf all others that had ever been cast. Yet he was elected by a small minority of the American people. For the votes cast for him, and for his various rivals, all lumped together, were less than half of the votes that might have been cast. Fewer than one-half of the electors took the trouble to go to the polls. The seriousness of this state of affairs, with its possible bearing upon the constitutional integrity of the nation, is ample warrant for the intensely practical volume on *Non-Voting* which Messrs. Merriam and Gosnell have prepared from actual investigation. It is a volume compact with facts and figures, and with the suggestions inspired by personal observation of a great and growing evil.

The chief relation to the Constitution of Professor Irving Fisher's astonishing volume on *America's Interest in World Peace* lies in its blithe and insouciant disregard of that instrument. Perhaps I might properly take exception to it upon that ground. Yet, what is even the Constitution of the United States, that it

should expect to be better treated than Truth itself? Let me cite two examples—there are many more—of the extraordinary passion for inaccuracy—all the more extraordinary because so entirely unconscious and involuntary—which seems to possess the author. Thus:

> Even in the Senate, the final vote by 57 to 39 was that we should enter the League of Nations, with some reservations. That is an important fact which some have almost forgotten. . . . Had there been just *seven more* men in the Senate as magnanimous, public-spirited, and patriotic as Mr. Taft and Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover, America would have been in the League of Nations today.

The important fact which Professor Fisher seems to have forgotten is that had not merely seven more but the whole thirty-nine more Senators voted to enter the League, with reservations, America would still not be in the League today, because the President had declared that he would not accept ratification with effective reservations, and would not report to the other Powers, for exchange of ratifications, or for deposit with the Secretariat, the treaty thus ratified. Again:

> The Monroe Doctrine is that America undertakes to respect and preserve, as against European aggression, the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Central and South American States.

For accuracy and completeness, that account of the Monroe Doctrine is comparable with a description of the great University of which Professor Fisher is an honored member as an institution for the promotion of football and Junior Proms. However, let me disclaim any thought of impugning the perfect sincerity of Professor Fisher in making these astounding statements. I must try to be as courteous as he. And he generously says: "We need not impugn the sincerity of *all* objectors to the League." The italics are his.

The monumental work of Mr. Alvarez on *The Monroe Doctrine* is of chiefly academic and historic interest. It gives a unique compilation of the history of the attitude of Latin America toward one phase of the Doctrine, the texts of many official documents, and the utterances of many authoritative statesmen and jurists in all countries, upon the same subject. I do not suppose that it was contemplation of this volume that moved Professor

Fisher to concoct his version of the Doctrine. But it is with the very aspect of it which he seems to have had in mind that it deals. And that is, through the triumphant logic of time and its achievements, precisely the least important aspect. Once, no doubt, it seemed paramount. Certainly it was of all most discussed and most challenged. And certainly it is potentially as valid today as ever. But it has long since passed into the state of an accomplished fact, with which we are no longer likely to have acute concern for the reason that the fact which has been accomplished is by far too formidable to be undone.

In *Political Theories*, by pupils of the late Dr. Dunning, and in Mr. Leavenworth's *Lessons of History*, we have thoughtful discussions of many and varied theories and systems of government, ancient and modern, chiefly serving the useful purpose of confirming the wisdom of those who one hundred and thirty-seven years ago transformed the old and futile Confederation into a Constitutional Republic, with a fixed and limited Constitution based upon a triplicity of rights and a corresponding triplicity of powers—the People, the States, and the Nation; and the Legislature, the Executive, and the Judiciary. One need not be what Signor Mussolini calls a melancholy zealot of superconstitutionalism to hold that a system of government which has produced such results as have marked the history of the United States for more than a century and a third is abundantly vindicated by its own works, and is not lightly to be transformed or overthrown.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

WALTER DE LA MARE

WALTER DE LA MARE: A Biographical and Critical Study. By R. L. Megroz. New York: George H. Doran Company.

It is true, in a sense, that criticism has undergone momentous changes in certain aspects during recent years. Whereas it used to take into consideration a number of objective gestures and experiences on the part of the author in order to better reveal the essential node of the work under examination it now deduces (or pretends to deduce) subjective phenomena from the work itself

and so reveals the essential man to us. Of course, this psychoanalytical approach has been carried to excess with the result that, to certain critics, no writer may set a phrase down on paper or remove a comma from its grammatical position without betraying some sort of an inhibition. Even admitting all the evils attendant to fanatical zeal and imperfect and badly adjusted knowledge, however, it is obvious that immeasurable values and surprises are implicit in this new system. Here the dream dominates the man and the unspoken urge becomes the guiding principle. No better and more restrained application of this method of criticism has come to hand recently than Mr. R. L. Megroz's *Walter De La Mare: A Biographical and Critical Study.* Mr. Megroz is not perfect by any means; he errs because of an excessive enthusiasm and veneration for his subject, whom he would place with Donne and Coleridge; but, in the main, he proves to be an impressive champion and a critic who has opened a new door on the bulk of De La Mare's work and flooded it with a light as unearthly as that in which it glimmers itself.

To put his thesis in a nutshell, Mr. Megroz finds Mr. De La Mare to be one of the supreme examples of those geniuses who reveal their subconscious selves in associational dream-poetry. These faeries flitting over dark lawns and through shadowy trees, these mystical figures knocking at moonlit doors, these nostalgias for the rapt lutes of dream-like Arabias, and, above all, this imaginative faculty that enters so supremely into the domain of the child, all prove to be phenomena of the "regressive dream", the subtly intensive cry of a sensitive being for domains that magically exist in some fourth dimension out of the plodding routine of his days. And when we learn that for eighteen years Mr. De La Mare labored in the statistical department of the Anglo-American Oil Company we may see from what sure foundations (sure from the psychoanalytical viewpoint) Mr. Megroz builds. He carries his writer beyond these regressive dream-states, however, into metaphysical domains where Mr. De La Mare's Scotch and Huguenot ancestry manifests itself in subtle ethical evaluations. It is all put forward with a high degree of skill, and, for the most part, it appears to be convincing. If one were to quarrel with Mr. Megroz, it would be on other grounds than the main deduc-

tions and structure of his book. It would be on such minor matters as, say, his belittlement of Poe, and on a too consistent emphasis of praise, for so many high lights run into one another inadvertently do Mr. De La Mare an injustice. Of course, the instant retort to this is: if Mr. Megroz did not think an awful lot of Mr. De La Mare, he would not write a book about him. But the book is not called "An Appreciation"; it is called a "Critical Study".

Now Mr. De La Mare does have certain failings. He is not to be depended upon as a revealer of the world, and the very greatest poets have always revealed the world to itself. His failure lies in an inability to adjust himself to normal things and to understand that the high imaginative faculties do not always need the abnormalities of existence for their proper food. While one may adore them and give full-hearted assent to the art with which they are invoked, it is not representational to insist continually on symbolical monkeys, queer midgets existing in an atmosphere of evil, and such monstrosities of life as Miss Duveen, Seaton's Aunt, and some of the other figures in *The Riddle*. None of these things are to be decried as a part of Mr. De La Mare's art, for they have their place and Mr. De La Mare would not be Mr. De La Mare if he did not immerse himself in their curious and crazy moonlight. But their very existence as so great a part of the writer's expression removes him from that high category in which we place Donne, Coleridge, Goethe, and Shelley, to name but a few who have touched that mysterious borderland of dreams in their poetry. In other words, Mr. De La Mare lacks that breadth that is a necessary quality of real greatness. If it were not for that unremitting naïveté of childhood and an inborn ethical perception, Mr. De La Mare might be admitted to that astonishing group that includes Poe and Charles Baudelaire. This looks very much as though Mr. De La Mare were being indirectly called a decadent writer but, of course, this is not so. It is enough, perhaps, to affirm that he sometimes employs the implements of decadence to achieve his own ends.

Primarily he is the child-imagination coloring a mature attitude toward life. And this attitude is revealed through a subtle perfection of rhythm and a dream-like atmospheric veil that Mr.

Megroz does very well to extol. There are few poets living today with his technical equipment, and in at least one poem, *The Listeners*, he has evolved a method of writing that is quite unique and which has brought a new element into English poetry. It is a system based upon delicate stresses in which lines of varying syllables have identical values. Indeed, it is more than this, for it is to be doubted that any other writer could handle it quite so superbly. One would need to possess Mr. De La Mare's personality, his way of looking at things, his sensitivity of reaction, his individual turns of phrase. Therefore being so unique Mr. De La Mare affords any critic more than an opportunity to reveal a man and his work; he affords him the subject-matter for a consideration of the poetical perception and its distinctly original application in a time when most new things turn out to be no more than readjustments of the old. It is because of this, and because of Mr. Megroz's frankly psychoanalytical approach, that such chapters in his book as "Poetry as Dream" and "Psychology of Dream" become of more than personal interest.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

SOME PHILOSOPHERS IN FICTION

A PASSAGE TO INDIA. By E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

ARNOLD WATERLOW. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

CHRIS GASCOYNE. By A. C. Benson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE RED RIDERS. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MY profound conviction is that every writer of fiction who is worth his salt must be in his way, humble or great, a bit of a philosopher, and this justifies me, I think, in grouping under my title a number of writers who resemble one another only in their prestige. Personally I am not so insistent on the nature of the philosophy as on the need of its presence. It may very well be a

no-philosophy, like Joseph Conrad's, or a worse-than-no philosophy, like Thomas Hardy's. These are consistent with the glory of literary illumination, and with the power of literature. Pseudo-philosophy, spiritual melodramatics, and the realist's too common affectation of having no point of view, of being as impartial as God and as unassuming as a bit of clay—these are not.

All the writers about to be considered have added something to the sum of feeling; they have imparted a point of view; they have written humanly of human beings, without any idle pretense of not being themselves a part of the endless stream of life. And so they are all philosophers, giving, or trying to give us, something to think by and to live by.

It is a curious fact that Mr. Forster could scarcely have written so effectively (and so impartially) about the futility of attempts at social *rapprochement* between English people and natives of India, if he had not had as the background of his thought the possible futility of all life. Perhaps no other writer since Montaigne has so acutely realized the "imbecility" of human intellect. But for this he must have written some sort of propaganda. But he has avoided the too sharp issues of the controversialist because he realizes that we all live after all in a kind of stupor: we pretend that we are wide awake all the time, acutely aware, though really we have been half asleep. So all but the most fortunate blunder through life.

In India these things are emphasized. "Mrs. Moore . . . had come to that state where the horror of the universe and its smallness are both visible at the same time—the twilight of the double vision in which so many elderly people are involved . . . a spiritual muddledom for which no high-sounding words can be found: we can neither act nor refrain from acting, we can neither ignore nor respect Infinity." As for our ennobling dreams, our mystic insights: "Visions are supposed to entail profundity, but—wait till you get one, dear reader!"

One thing is perfectly clear: a man who writes in this strain cannot write as a partizan.

Yet Mr. Forster is anything but depressing. He is the tonic satirist, the philosopher possessed with the comic spirit. Though he sometimes makes the ground gape under our feet or cleaves

right to the center of our consciousness with a phrase, his is not the manner of the tragedian. He does not really seek to terrify. Instead of making his satire unendurable, his philosophy makes it kindly—for are not all of us too human? So we are amused—amused by the ineptitudes of the well-intentioned Abdul Aziz, amused by the frustration of the honest-minded, flat-breasted Miss Quested, amused by the officialdom of the "Burtons and Turtons"—amused and made sympathetic. We enjoy it all like gods, and yet we are not required to strain our minds above the common pitch of nobility.

Unsparing but never cruel, and admirably free from the vice of preaching the "spirit" of a land as if it were a kind of black gospel (as if one must be a materialist because life is gross in mid-Africa, or a mystic because the desert appears to the observer to be limitless!), Mr. Forster is at once a philosopher, a humanist, and a wit—and hence that complex creature, a novelist!

His wit is unconscionable, but never unkind or atrocious. What other English writer would have dared to make one of his characters think, as Mr. Forster does,—it was the thought of Miss Quested on the eve of the trial in which she was to testify against Aziz,—"God, who saves the King, will surely support the police"? What militant skeptic has said a more shocking thing than Mr. Forster's (quite accidental) remark about "poor talkative Christianity"? Yet this does not offend; it is all in the picture—a picture irresistibly true. None would wish it incomplete in the least touch.

From his skeptical point of view—with kindness, with impartiality, without solemnity or derision—Mr. Forster gives us a lively, critical view of one portion of British India. The romantic view, as well as the critical view, has its place no doubt, and surely it is a waste of breath at this time to inveigh against romance. But if Kipling has shown us India as a pageant, full of picturesque figures, human enough, yet incomplete, after the fashion of romance, Forster has convinced us, and has proved that the destruction of illusions may be neither a base nor an uninteresting business. Like Chekov, best of realists, he sees not only people's motives, but the very wrinkles in their consciousness. Yet, unlike Chekov, he is always the artist, never the diagnostician. He

scarcely approaches the borders of pathology, physical or spiritual. Always he keeps within our range—well within the range of conceivable human interests and passions. And when he is subtlest, he is clearest.

The baffling misunderstandings that enter into all human relations, and especially those between numbers of alien races! No sermon can be preached about them. No clear lesson can be drawn from them. They are too complex, too subtle, and too true! Before the pluralism of life, we are very likely to stand amazed. Aziz says that the only cure is "kindness, kindness, and then more kindness"—or well, let us say, the millenium! Does Mr. Forster agree with Aziz? One does not know, but one cannot doubt that he has written an exceptional novel—a novel in which all is clear as daylight, and nothing, absolutely nothing, is said as any one else would say it or from the point of view of any common observer. This novel is one of the great literary victories over the inherent commonplaceness of words—a triumphant escape from the stereotyped.

Mr. Forster (besides knowing India) is certainly a master of our astringent modern comedy—a comedy that excludes alike the savagery of the satirist and the wistfulness of the half-repentant skeptic. To be so terrible a philosopher, yet never to boast of it or parade it, or half withdraw it, but to use one's comic spirit zestfully in the criticism of life, is no small thing.

As has been said, one does not suspect Mr. Forster of being a partizan or even of having a "message". One does begin to suspect Miss Sinclair of having a message, but alas! what is it? I for one cannot surely say, except that it is all about sex and God!

In two novels—*Arnold Waterlow*, recently published, and the earlier *Mary Olivier*—Miss Sinclair has told us essentially the same things. She has told us how a child grew up, and she has told us of the passionate love affairs of the grown-up child, and she has told us of the finding of God through a certain mystical process. First there is a sympathetic (and somewhat Freudian) account of childhood, then there is consuming passion, and finally, at the magic age of forty or thereabout, there is mysticism and victory.

We begin with Arnold Waterlow's childhood—distinctly de-

scribed in Miss Sinclair's fashion—and yet is not here another instance of the cult of the child? For a time the Christian child was the accepted type; the abused child has scarcely lost his vogue; Barrie gave an undeserved popularity to the child who refuses to grow up, and now we have the Freudian child as father to the man. One begins to ask, Is not the importance of childhood perhaps a little overdrawn? And has not the new psychology given the writers another occasion for somewhat one-sidedly viewing it?

But to pass on, Arnold—he has a hard, humdrum, unideal sort of life, of course—falls in love with a little musician; and here we have a personality drawn with more than Miss Sinclair's customary charm, a personality pure, spiritual, devoted to art, warm with passion. Sex is realized at its best for a chapter or two. But after marriage, the artist wife runs away with a musician protégé—really couldn't help it, is the inference—and Arnold forms a connection with Effie, the affectionate and comprehending. The union is of the mutually-congenial, physically-satisfying type, which, after all may not be made in heaven any more than the average mating. I suspect that Miss Sinclair cares less for Effie than she seems to care. At all events she arranges her early death. Arnold welcomes back his wife whom her lover has deserted. About this time he learns that by closing his eyes and inviting the darkness to come on, wave on wave, he may identify his will with the will of God. Thus, after the quieting of his passions, he attains completion.

It may be granted that Arnold Waterlow, despite his moral unconventionality, may take rank, on the whole, as a Christian gentleman. His righteousness is somewhat greater than that of the Scribes and Pharisees. But this hardly appears to be the point. When one is told that Arnold, apparently because he restrained, for a few minutes, his desire for the gratification of his senses, had a vision such as lifelong ascetics have prayed for in vain, we gasp. This may be true psychology, but what about its ethical implications?

The tone of this critique ought not to be hostile; for really I have always been an admirer of Miss Sinclair. I appreciate, or think that I appreciate, her artistic exquisiteness, her intellectual purity, her spiritual fervor, and her commendable desire to show

that man is soul and flesh in one. Above all I would do justice to her sincerity. But it appears to me that of late she halts emotionally between the primitive notion of religion as magic, and the equally primitive notion of religion as worshipful submission. The result, I believe, is ethical confusion, which becomes artistic confusion. The truth is, according to my somewhat conventional view, that "sublimation" forms too weak a link between the teachings of Freud and the teachings of Christianity. The old antithesis between God and the Flesh has doubtless been overstressed, and harm has resulted, but "sublimation" will not charm away the essential dualism of the soul.

Yet without her philosophy, her passionate love of truth, Miss Sinclair could not have become the distinguished writer she deservedly is.

Miss Sinclair seeks to penetrate beneath the surface of life and sometimes succeeds. But there is also a philosophy of the surface. Psychology, it is predicted, will some day solve our criminal problem and our labor problems. But it has not yet done so. Therefore we seek to grasp these things in the older way—posing issues, and applying to them ideas of common sense, sympathy, and fairness. Our philosophy in these matters is the philosophy of healthy-mindedness, and we owe to it our most successful expedient, mediation.

To get rid of hysteria and of bias, to see the workingman as he really is without illusions rosy or otherwise, to see the wrongs on both sides and the difficulties—this is a point of view sensible, but not at first seeming to lend itself to artistic expression.

Yet we have to thank Mr. Train not only for robust thinking and vigorous writing, but for a spirited piece of fiction—in *The Needle's Eye*—thoroughly alive in its viewpoint and its (possibly inadequate) philosophy.

In this story of the rich young man who inherits with the responsibilities of wealth an unsuspected load of responsibilities for human beings, there is obviousness of theme (as the title implies); there is a certain lack of subtlety (the persons of the story strike one as about half stereotyped, a little less than fifty per cent. conventional); there is a certain crassness of contrast between the grossly rich and the nobly rich; but there is a degree of

originality, and now and then there is a passage that very nearly —if not quite—carries us off our feet. The remarkable chapter entitled "On to Pango", describing in a kind of free verse the march of the striking coal-miners, employs an art like that of Vachel Lindsay and is undeniably effective. Some touches of very modern truth relieve a tale that is on the whole a bit too objective and commonplace in its telling. Just how long such a story as this will remain the characteristic American novel it is hard to say. Whatever else our novelists do, they can hardly fail, if they are truthful, to mirror a certain crudity and confusion of mind along with vigor and aspiration. If we must have something typically American, Mr. Train's coal strike seems preferable on grounds of genuineness and representative quality to Mr. Lewis's Main Street. But already such a novel begins to appear a trifle old-fashioned.

If the philosophy of A. C. Benson's *Chris Gascoyne* were only a little more robust, it would not matter much that this story also seems to be a little less than modern in its thought. In fact it is just the serenity of a mellowed understanding of life which gives the tale its undeniable charm. It is very pleasant reading and it makes the reader continually feel that he is on the verge of making spiritual discoveries. Yet the fable is weak, and the philosophy fits the fable so nicely that it almost seems made for it.

Perhaps Chris Gascoyne took a momentous step when, against the protests of his unconsciously selfish and, for the most part, ill-natured friends, he gave up his busy artificial London life and went to live by himself in a little house in the country. Perhaps nothing is unimportant! But as a writer Mr. Benson appears to lack the special grace and talent that would convince us concretely of the truth of this *perhaps*. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that Chris was greatly missed—and rightly so, for he was one of the very few genuine and instinctive peace-makers—yes, Mr. Benson persuades us of this. Almost without awareness of his own function, but not without effort, Chris was always adjusting differences and making the best of people—a sort of very polite, very gentlemanly, extremely unassuming, quite sophisticated Lodger in the Third Floor Back. Without him, his

circle rapidly degenerated, fell to quarrelling, backbiting, and all unkindness.

But Chris could not be tempted back; he was absorbed in his own great adventure of living. I do not quite know whether his suppressed personality now asserted itself and obtained release from old censorships, or whether his conscious mind simply couldn't help feeling happy in getting rid of so troublesome a lot of people, or whether his conscience now told him that he was free to do more good than he had ever done before; or whether, as is most probable, his state was a resultant of all the causes I have suggested. But he was happy—really happy—and good. And the spectacle of a man being really happy and good is of course rare and fascinating. Exactly what Chris found out through his venturings into the lives of a new set of people, it is hard to know; but it is easy to believe that there was spiritual power in him.

But while the story leaves one with the pleasant impression of having been in the society of some very clever people and of at least one remarkably good person; leaves one serious, and a little ashamed, and with a sense of having been better entertained than perhaps one deserved to be; it does not tell us whether life is a tragedy or a farce or an affair of honor to be decently discharged, or anything of the sort. The narrator seems to feel that a sort of mild and benevolent bewilderment is the only really civilized and high-minded attitude to take toward the harsher and less controllable facts of life. Chris, too, often appears bewildered. The reader is bewildered. In this tale, gentlemanly scruples take rank as issues; social obligations, the ordinary requirements of tact and courtesy, seem to be inextricably interwoven with life and death and personal religion.

To live well, however, may be a fine art, Mr. Benson seems to say, and this art needs the support of the spiritual self. Without a word about religion or a definite declaration about morals, Mr. Benson has written a book pervaded by a really religious feeling and filled with the sentiment of goodness; and he forces us to reflect that there is perhaps more in life than meets the eye. He is never priggish or didactic, but perhaps he takes excessive pains to avoid appearing so. The mystery of good and evil in personality,

and of the aura that seems to emanate from some of the modest good, has been more forcibly presented.

Really, what Chris was after, as I make him out, was not the adventure of meeting new spiritual issues, or the discovery of new truths in his retirement; but rather the re-discovery in his own soul of his hereditary and traditional instincts and values, obscured by the triviality of his London associates. These ideas and feelings are of the Victorian stamp and color.

Yet while new times stress different qualities of mind and heart, there is always value in the remembrance of what was best and finest in feelings now no longer relevant, and in ways of viewing the world that have ceased to be possible.

With the passing of the old régime in the South went something of beauty and stateliness. This, many writers have attempted to tell us, some haltingly, others eloquently, but all with a sincerity that has convinced the world. So now, if there is a "legend" of the South before the war, we know that there is much truth in that legend.

There is a philosophy of retrospection which joins the old to the new; which, looking backward, says, "These things were to be loved," but knows that men must meet the conditions of a new age, carrying over into it in changed form the virtues of the older time. Such is the philosophy of Thomas Nelson Page's *The Red Riders*. A novel of the Reconstruction period—could anything be harder to write? That time of lowered morale and of moral confusion is not the pleasantest to consider! It lends itself ill to romance; and, remember, the writer who loves the South can hardly think of it without resentment, while his literary opportunities are confined to the presentation of a fading scene not yet illuminated by the light of memory. To write of the South as it once was, and to write of it in dissolution, are two very different things. The old plantation invaded by ruffians in the wake of the Union Armies has not the glamor of the old plantation as fondly remembered in its flourishing prime. So Thomas Nelson Page chose anything but the easiest way when he fixed upon this theme.

But the story is sweet in spirit—not lacking in humor, just and sincere, with no undue attachment to the old order. If we miss the unity and the emotional unction of such stories as *Marse*

Chan, we need not feel surprise. Hardly does the theme admit them. But there is a veracious and attractive picture of the plantation life as it was after Lee's surrender; there is the summoning of courage to deal with the new order of things, and there is the gradual dawning of a new conception. The author sends his boy hero in cheerful mood to face the new world and to hold his own in it, not without struggle, but without bitterness. In such young men as Sinkler Ashley obviously lay the hope of the New South.

Young Ashley actually applied for an appointment to the United States Military Academy. He went to Washington, and had a personal interview with Lincoln, who granted his wish, overruling the objections of Stanton. Sinkler was standing near Ford's Theater on the night when Lincoln was shot. Much happens in this tale, the like of which could have occurred in no other period, and all is tolerantly and truly described, with many a genuine touch of personal character and of domestic manners. As for the dramatic interest of the novel, the promise of which is somewhat over-emphasized by the title, we must often take the will for the deed; for, as it appears to me, the author, with every intention of writing a stirring narrative, never quite succeeds in doing so. But the thing is noble-spirited, and it has a true relish of the past.

What would a scholar living in the remote future make of our minds and of our civilization if he had only these books to judge by—books almost eccentric in the marked difference with which they reflect upon life and criticize it? I think he would be forced to conclude that we were a nervous, courageous breed of men, restless, inquiring, fond of sensation even in our soberest moments, and almost unduly interested in our own characters and our own souls.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

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